

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Paris

THE gentlemen came to talk of peace. Their French hosts provided them with pretty little blue lapel pins ornamented with a white dove, olive branch, and gold scroll stamped "Conférence de Paris, 1946." (The pins were made in April, before the Russians agreed to call it a peace conference.) But after the delegates began talking on July 29, the sounds issuing from the Luxembourg Palace seemed much more prophetic of war than of peace.

In making specific provisions for peace with Italy, Finland, and the Balkans, the unanimity of the great powers, created by common necessity during the war and barely maintained during the founding of the United Nations, finally collapsed. The fundamental cause of the break was the conflicting conceptions of the organization of the post-war world. Each point of view was defended idealistically — but each was calculated to give its supporters the controlling voice in world councils.

As the division became more manifest, it was reflected in harsher words around the peace table and in political power moves elsewhere in the world, notably Russian demands on Turkey and United States remarks to Yugoslavia. These might be dismissed as customary maneuvers preliminary to driving a hard bargain for peace, but it remained a question of how often public opinion could be inflamed without having people become resigned to another war.

As long as delegates went on talking, ominous as the sounds might be, the situation was not hopeless. One wise diplomat expressed earnestly and privately the hope that this might be a hundred-year peace. He implied that this peace conference and those to deal with Germany and Japan might last that long — keeping peace without making it. Annoying and even dismaying as it might be, the laborious talk of peace was better than any other apparent alternative.

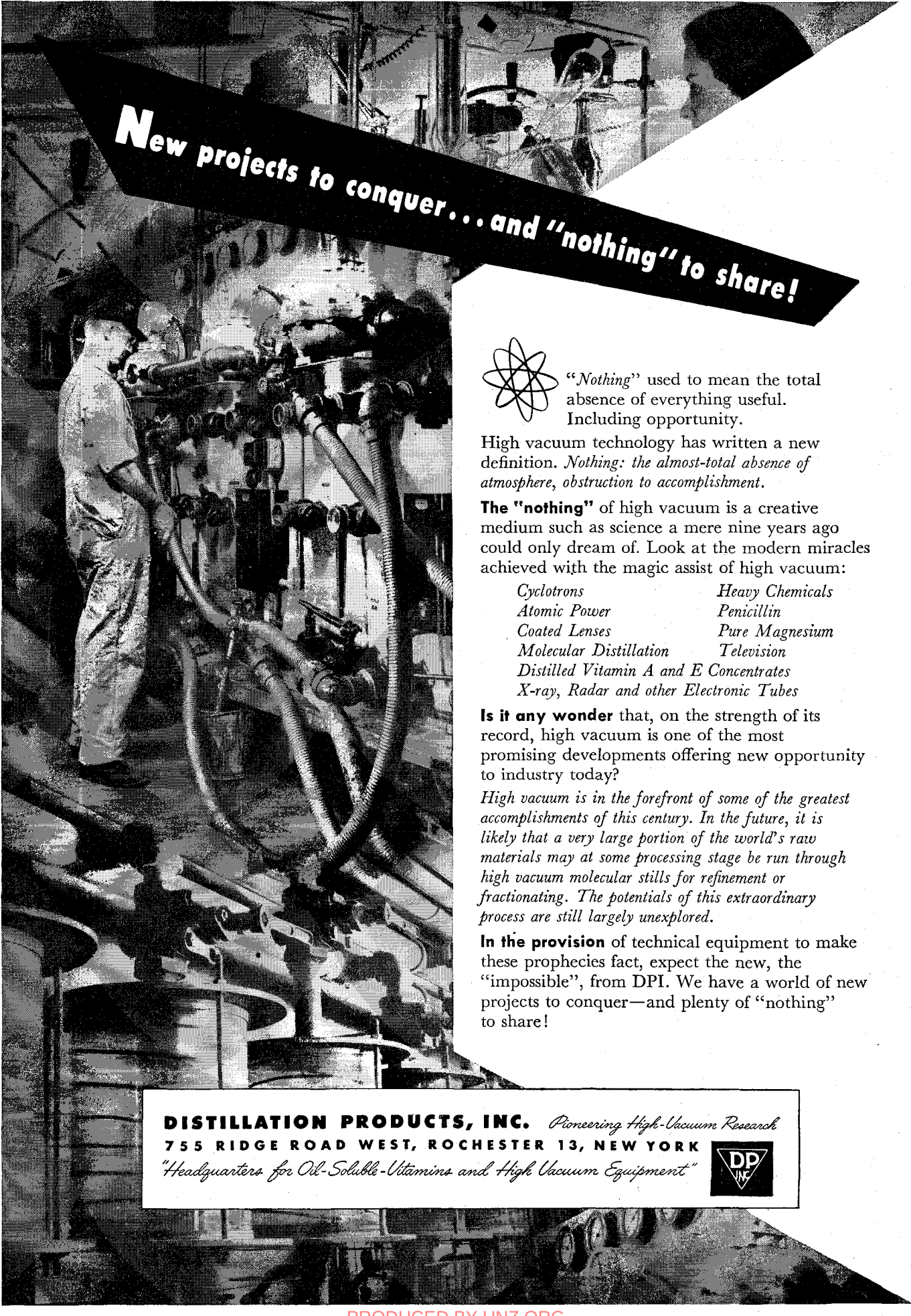
But in the absence of any assurance of peace and in the presence of a finally evident division, the world was engaged in a struggle that would lead no one knew where. Always inherent in relations between the Russian and the Western bloc, the contest began in the Council of Foreign Ministers, where the United States refused to agree to anything more than tentative rules of procedure. The conflict came into the open at the peace conference of twenty-one nations when the Big Four started amending tentative agreements previously reached and calling for support of countries within their blocs.

For the championship of the world

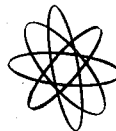
Once the punching had started, it was a clear encounter between the United States and the Soviet Union. The fiction of a clash between small and great powers was ended. The farce of the debate between Australia and the Ukraine was dropped.

The United States took the initiative, perhaps not wisely and certainly not well. Byrnes saw fit to engage the Russians in open combat in meetings of the Committee on Procedure even before the conference had organized its work. Although the immediate result was a ritual fifteen-to-six victory for Byrnes's point of view whenever a single small issue came to vote, the long-range effect in terms of peace or war could not be calculated from the show of hands.

Early in the conference Byrnes startled the delegates by rising to attack the Russians. He charged them with trying to dictate rules of procedure to the conference by their insistence on a two-thirds vote for any conference recommendation. He complained that Molotov's little-publicized remarks of the previous day, criticizing his support of majority rule for conference recommendations, were a personal attack. He challenged Molotov to "secure or permit" publication of his statement in the Soviet press.



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Byrnes wrote that speech the evening before its delivery. It was carefully weighed and rehearsed. But it sounded ill-advised and even petulant to some of its hearers, particularly the passage about its publication in the Soviet Union. This challenge could be regarded by the Russians as an attempt to use freedom of information at the conference to attack the Soviet leaders in such a way that the Russian people would hear of it.

If that was Byrnes's intent, it misfired. Molotov rose to *ad lib* his reply defending the principle of unanimity among the great powers and accepting Byrnes's challenge to publish his speech in Russia. It was published textually there as a shirttail to Molotov's reply, and if it had any effect it was only to increase Soviet suspicion that the goal of the United States foreign policy was to overthrow the Soviet regime.

After the Western bloc put through the rule that a simple majority vote should suffice for conference recommendation, Byrnes defended Italy and Greece against the criticism to which they had been subjected by Russia, and made a fundamental expression of United States policy of economic equality among nations.

This speech received a generally better welcome. It was dismissed less effectively by the Soviet delegation with the reminder that the day's agenda was devoted to other subjects: the Balkans and Finland — not Italy and Greece.

In his first three-day turn as chairman of the conference, Byrnes again became involved personally with the Russians over the question of whether they should have the right to reply to addresses made by representatives of former enemy nations. For once the Russians were on the side of freedom of speech, insisting on the privilege of immediate reply to enemies, while Byrnes wanted to restrict debate.

This time he went down to ignominious defeat. Without knowledge of the minutes of the previous meeting and ill-advised by the international secretariat, he thought debate should be limited to hearing enemy states. But the Russians, better informed, proved that the conference had already agreed to hear a general discussion of the position of enemy states.

Byrnes's aid — Bohlen

Through all this period a curious paradox was noted by many observers. While speaking, Byrnes assumed a marked resemblance to the late President in the tilt of his head, inflections of his voice, and gestures of his hand. But the policy he expounded of rivalry with the Soviet Union was the opposite of Roosevelt's wartime policy of coöperation with Russia.

At Byrnes's side in committee meetings and just behind him in the chair at the plenary sessions was Charles E. "Chip" Bohlen, a young career diplomat who was also with Roosevelt at Teheran and Yalta. Bohlen was an interpreter for Roosevelt, but his duties for Byrnes were more extensive. Privately he dismissed his own position as "legman" for the Secretary of State. But his whispered translations in committee meetings and his advice in plenary sessions influenced the Secretary strongly.

Bohlen is one of the leaders of the State Department group who feel that the best way to do business with the Russians is to be rough with them. Because he understands everything that goes on in English, French, and Russian and possesses a photographic memory and unparalleled knowledge of all that led up to Paris, he has been one of the most important members of the United States delegation.

It must be acknowledged that each attack on the Russians was occasioned by what our delegates considered misrepresentation of the American position and motives. Thus Mr. Byrnes's speech at Stuttgart, our most forthright pronouncement on Germany since Potsdam, was framed as a reply to Molotov's statement of July 10 before the Council of Foreign Ministers. Russia now knows where we stand.

The harried host

Bidault proved to be a nervous host. He is much overworked trying to guide his own country through a difficult period of governmental coöperation between the Communists, Socialists, and the Popular Republican Movement, reflecting the divergencies of the international situation; also trying to direct the debate on a constitution for the Fourth French Republic as well as presiding at the peace conference. Through a microphone which he did not realize was live, he remarked once as he mounted the tribune, "I hope they don't keep me on this perch for long."

When Byrnes made his first frontal attack on Molotov in a plenary session, Bidault returned peevishly from what he had planned to be his first day of rest at the presidential château at Rambouillet to make a conciliatory address warning against an outbreak of recriminations. Bidault, like his country, served as an elegant host but an ineffectual mediator.

The light that failed

Two other personalities which shone brightly during the earlier peace deliberations failed to display their anticipated light in Paris. Bevin, absent the first two weeks because of illness, stayed in his hotel room during the third week and, after a brief appearance at the Luxembourg, returned home. Evatt made a few characteristically bluff speeches in Australian, but he was chastised at the very start by the Russians, who proposed Ethiopia instead of Australia



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for membership to the Secretariat as a "calmer" nation — Australia being "too temperamental." Evatt then proceeded more calmly, supported the Russians on several minor points, and went home for elections.

The eclipse of these persons could be considered more or less permanent. In the peace negotiations other figures are moving to the fore. It is particularly noticeable that Vishinsky, best known as prosecutor of the purge trials but also an experienced international lawyer and diplomat, carried more and more of the Russian burden. Byrnes, having no such high-powered assistant, did his own talking.

Among the smaller powers Spaak won applause for skillful conduct as chairman of the Procedure Committee; Manuilsky, amiable former leader of the Comintern, confirmed the impression of strength he made at San Francisco and at London.

The procedural phase of the conference was succeeded by a period of general debate during which former enemies were permitted to present their points of view. To hear them tell it, they were the best friends of the Allies; when quarreling among themselves they were their own worst enemies.

This period produced the absurdity of a defeated nation, Bulgaria, demanding territory from a victorious ally, Greece. This was possible only because the enemies had become the instruments of some of the Allies. Greece was the favorite target of the Russian bloc, being the easternmost projection of the Western bloc. But that much harassed country was strongly supported by the West.

With procedure settled, the conference passed to the actual committee work on provisions of the peace treaties. There the great powers showed more unanimity in the clauses which they had already agreed to in the Council of Foreign Ministers. But those were small things. In the broader field of international coöperation, seeds of suspicion had already taken deep root.

The Western powers had succeeded in whittling down the voting procedure to the majority they could always obtain, but the veto still existed. Everything done here had to go back again to the Council of Foreign Ministers for final unanimous approval. In the meantime the barrier between the East and the West had grown higher.

The good old summertime

All this came to pass in a Paris empty as it had not been since June, 1940, when it went to the Germans. For the first time in seven years Parisians found the time and means to go on vacations. August, the traditional vacation month in France, brought the

familiar pre-war aspect of shuttered shops, closed restaurants, and deserted streets.

For many of the French, vacation means business. Empty Paris indicated the revival of one of France's most important trades, tourism. Between August 10 and 15, some 750,000 persons left Paris by train. The highways were crowded with thousands of dilapidated vehicles released from cobwebbed garages because special permits were no longer needed.

Out at resorts a paradoxical situation prevailed. Every available room was occupied, yet hotelkeepers complained that there was little business. The reason was that many large seaside hotels, cemented up by the Germans as part of the Atlantic Wall, were not yet ready for occupancy. Visitors also were not eating in expensive casinos and hotels, but in the more modest restaurants.

Deauville had a brilliant season with the casino operating at full blast, the best hotels open, and the beach ingeniously restored, even to the point of using a German pillbox as a bonbon shop. Trouville, just across the Touques River on the English Channel, was less spectacular, many of its hotels still being closed, but it also drew a considerable crowd.

Prices rivaled the fanciest Paris black-market figures. A careless client could easily find himself confronted with a dinner bill of one thousand francs per person, which is almost a week's salary for a *petit fonctionnaire*. Many of those who left Paris by train carried bicycles, got off in the country, and proceeded under their own power.

Bumper crop

Another common complaint was the weather. The summer was damp and cool for vacationers but it was splendid for the harvest. The wheat crop was expected to total seven to eight million tons, which is two million more than last year. The countryside bulged with a wealth of fruit and vegetables. The livestock appeared to be completely reconstituted.

When vacationers returned to Paris they found the physical situation improved miraculously over the previous year. Food rationing had become a simple nuisance rather than a matter of restriction. A common explanation for its continuance was that the United States insisted that France retain rationing as a condition of the financial loan. Electricity, which was severely limited last winter, was distributed without restriction as a result of the filling reservoirs of the Alps and Pyrenees.

All of this was physical improvement. France was recovering externally. But internally there were still fear and uncertainty over the future. That depended on the gentlemen in the Luxembourg Palace.

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The Far East

TREATIES of peace for the Far East still wait on the writing of treaties for Europe. But the pattern which is emerging at Paris is highly significant for all Far Eastern peoples. Several countries, Australia and China in particular, are attempting to stake out claims and establish precedents at Paris with a view to coming discussions about Japan. Will the small countries have a voice in the Far Eastern settlement, or will it be arranged by the great powers?

In the Far East we are more directly involved and heavily committed than we are in Eastern Europe. While we are pressing for multilateral settlement of European questions, we are attempting, in the Far East, unilateral disposition of the most important issues. There is considerable doubt that our right hand knows what our left hand is doing.

The case for approaching the problems of the Far East on a multilateral basis is strong. The devastation caused by Japanese occupation and defeat, the collapse of the intricate pre-war political and economic systems, the responsibilities of administering conquered peoples, the adjustment to a new balance of power, the very aspirations of millions of Asiatics — all these factors make it impossible to settle anything on a parochial basis.

Nationalism and food, civil war and trade, power and currency, all are interrelated. In every area of the Far East, economic enterprise, cultural and educational relations, and even private travel, come under government regulation of some sort and are related to power politics.

The projection of domestic difficulties onto the international scene, and the impingement of international complications on domestic affairs, are especially apparent in China. It is the political weakness of an ally, rather than the dismemberment of an enemy,

which inevitably pulls the powers together whether they wish it or not.

The 400 millions in China have lived in a goldfish bowl ever since the beginning of the last century. It has always been an objective of our policy to keep the bowl itself intact, regardless of what happened to the fish. Even now we are pursuing the same objective, although the circumstances have changed radically. After the war the United States took the place of the pre-war collection of powers interested in China. The legal limitations on Chinese sovereignty were swept away and the only problem that seemingly remained to endanger the bowl was the internal struggle between Nationalists and Communists.

The President went so far in his December 15, 1945, statement as to justify practical American concern with the internal struggle in China. At that time he said that this issue was related to world peace and therefore to the United States, which was presumably acting on behalf of the United Nations. The catch here is that other powers have the same "right" to intervene in the same way and for the same purpose.

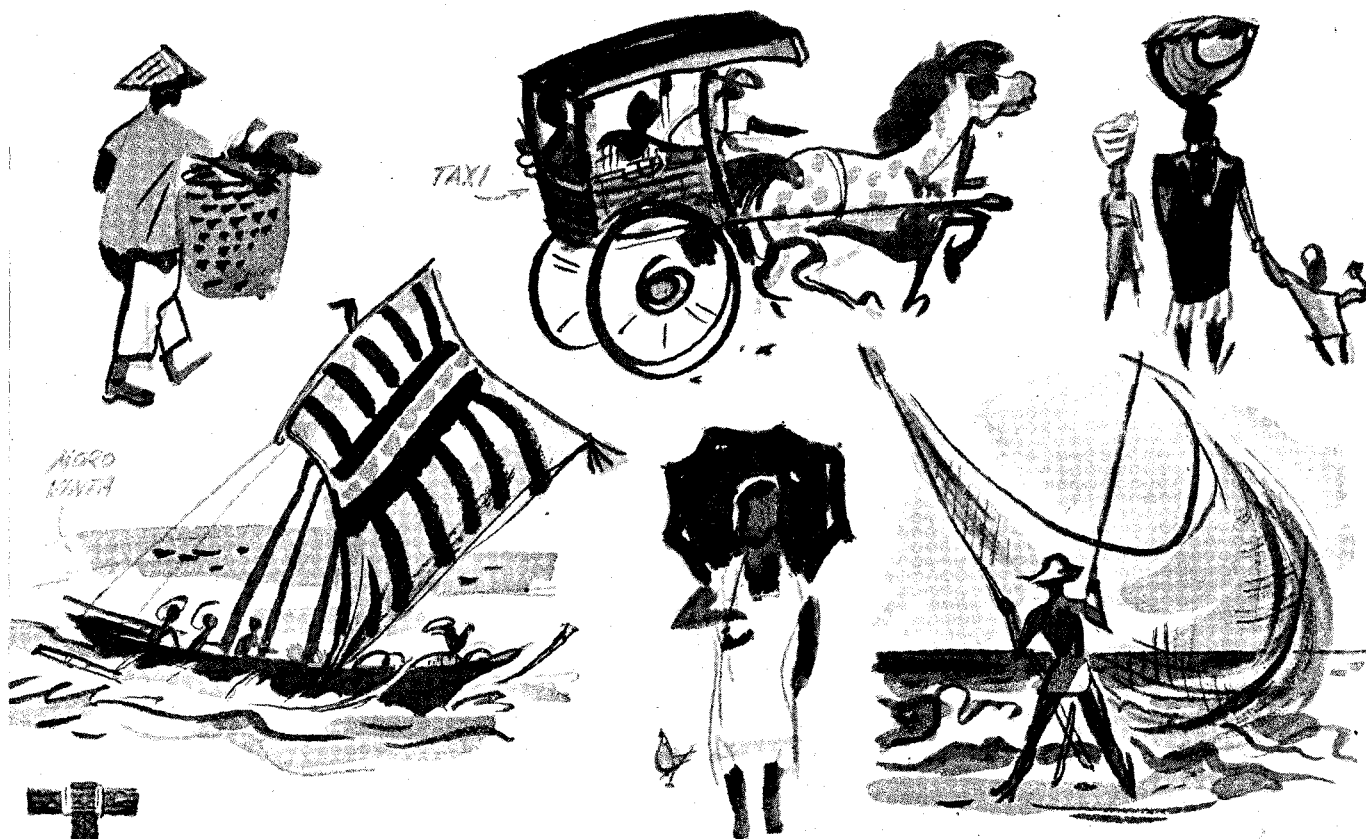
China is a test case

We have reached a turning point in our China policy. Much depends on what we do now. The conflict in China is the place where many other issues meet, the focal point for questions of international relations, of race, of social structure, of economic development and political climate. Everything conspires to put the issue in dramatic terms and, by overemphasis, to move it out of focus.

For one thing, we have more information about the Chinese conflict than about the bloody and significant struggles in Indonesia and Indo-China. Our prestige is also highly involved. Furthermore, the Nationalist-Communist conflict is thought of mainly



Picture, if you can, your Philippine welcome!

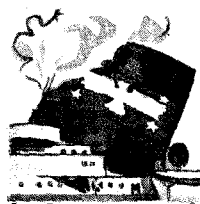


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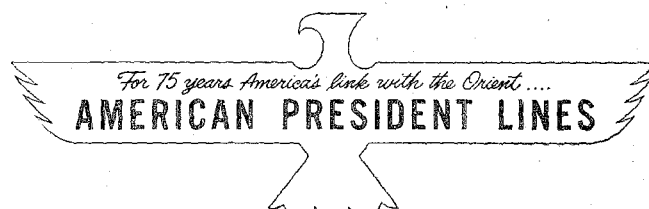
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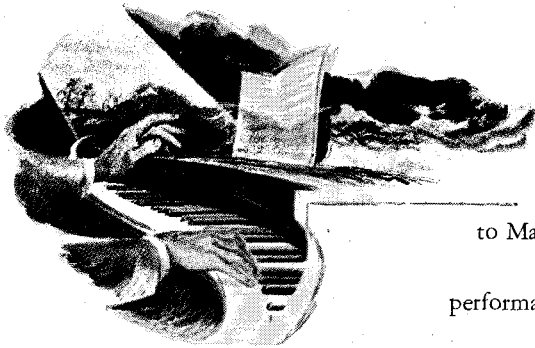
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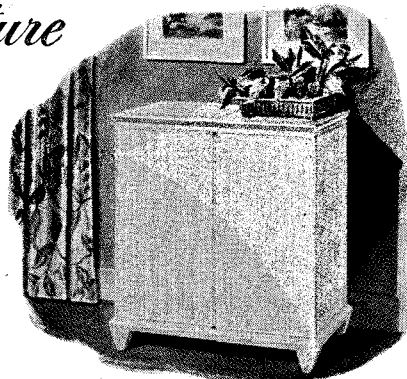


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in terms of the power relations between the United States and the Soviet Union — which are important but not the whole story, because political organization is bound up with broad economic issues in the Far East.

The greatest risk, it is argued, of inviting the Russians to help solve the problems of Asia before the peace conference gets around to that part of the world arises from the revolutionary situation in Asia. Whatever political expression it takes, from Indian nationalism to Korean frustration, it is bound up with a changed and desperate economic situation.

Must millions starve?

Asiatic countries which fed themselves during the war find themselves hungry in peacetime. The agricultural experts trace the food crisis to many causes, among which are an increase of population, land shortage, and a decreased capacity to produce. According to P. Lamartine Yates of the Food and Agricultural Organization, in this current year the production of foodstuffs is well below normal in the Far East. The most serious shortage is in cereals, which provide by far the greatest proportion of the diet. There is practically no export surplus in Burma, Siam, India, and Indo-China, which normally export over eight million metric tons a year.

The total supply of food is down by 15 per cent but the demand for food has increased. The populations of Far Eastern countries have increased rapidly. During the last fifty years the population of India has risen by more than 10 per cent every decade. The rate is even higher in the Netherlands Indies and the Philippines. Population growth in China may have been temporarily neutralized by the war, but the war did even more damage to agricultural production.

Mr. Yates says in the *Far Eastern Survey* that "world import needs of food grain for 1946-47 were assessed at thirty million tons (in terms of wheat equivalent) and prospective exportable supplies at twenty million tons. There was, therefore, a gap of some ten million tons which could be filled only if countries with sufficient food supplies would be prepared to make further sacrifices."

To bring the level of nutrition in the Far East up to very modest standards would involve staggering problems of increased production. A population increase of 35 per cent in twenty-five years, not uncommon in this area, combined with a modest increase in diet — still far below Western standards — would require almost a doubling of agricultural production. Clearly, millions will go hungry and millions will die.

One solution is to increase the amount of agricultural land, a job that calls for vast expenditure in irriga-

tion, drainage, malarial control. It takes two acres, given Western levels of agricultural efficiency, to provide one person's diet in Western countries. But in Eastern Asia there is only half an acre of crop land to each person, and Eastern agricultural efficiency, once far ahead of Europe's, is now far behind.

Even on the technical level the requirements of Eastern agriculture are so stupendous that they can best be met through international coöperation. The International Emergency Food Council, which includes Australia, China, India, New Zealand, and Siam, a development from the old Combined Anglo-American-Canadian Food Board, could be a step in that direction.

The countries of the Far East face, therefore, a dual problem. In order to raise their standards of living, or merely to maintain the present standards and meet the increase in population, they have to develop both agriculture and industry.

Meanwhile the most heavily industrialized countries of the world not only have to feed themselves, but must assist in feeding the most heavily populated and predominantly agricultural areas of the world. What sort of relation between East and West is this going to produce? Inevitably food is going to be used as a political weapon. The question is how and to what purpose.

If the problems of population, land shortage, and agricultural efficiency were merely technical questions, they would be much simpler. Unfortunately, all are political questions and have to be handled by governments which are often in themselves stumbling blocks.

The Army goes into business

The relation between politics and economics comes out clearly in Japan, where our occupation forces have had to face the food problem realistically. It is estimated that Japan has to earn 400 million dollars in foreign credits to pay for the food and other essentials not produced at home.

Japanese food shortages are real, even if Japanese propaganda has grossly exaggerated their extent. That is why Headquarters permitted the revival of a certain amount of foreign trade. The export of raw silk to the United States brings in 30 per cent of the dollar value required. For the rest, the United States Army is now acting as business agent for the Japanese in seeking markets for Japanese goods in the United States to help make up the balance.

The economic policy is based on a political policy of stressing the maintenance of law and order and of effecting changes through democratic methods. We long ago decided that stability in Japan would be

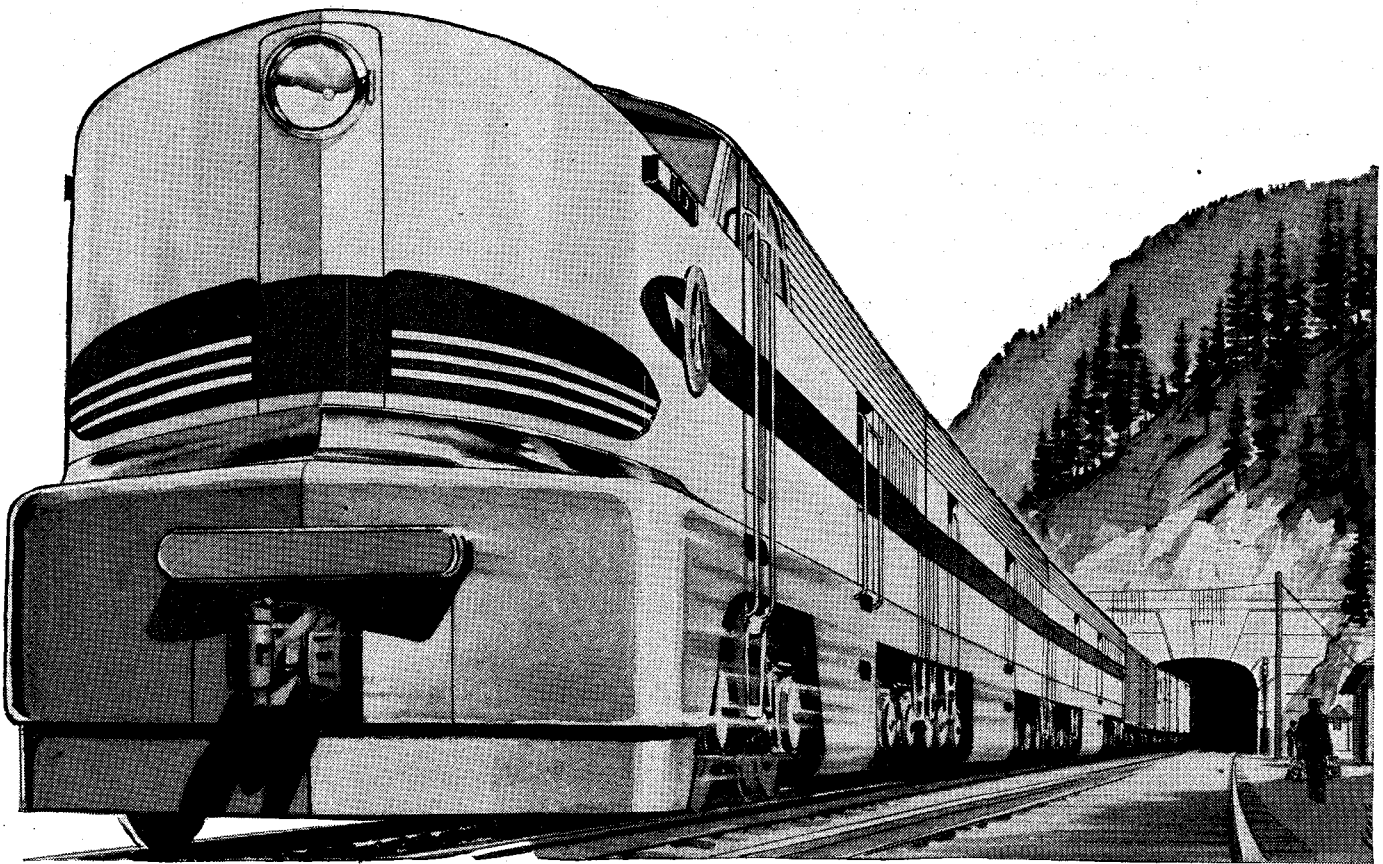
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the objective, but in the early period of occupation a series of brilliant directives was issued which seemed to strike at the very heart of the Japanese social and political structure. They called for the removal of economic monopolies, reform of the land system, emancipation of women, and the liberalization of education and politics.

Great changes have certainly taken place. But there is no doubt that apart from the disappearance of the armed forces, the shedding of the imperial divinity, and the revival of free elections, nothing fundamental has gone.

Headquarters has lost many good men from the staff and has grown more cautious in policy. The Japanese have taken our measure and know well how to resist change. Premier Yoshida has been quick to exploit the outspoken anti-Russian temper of Headquarters by starting a drive on labor unions at home and referring openly to the menace of the Soviet Union abroad.

We have made very little impression on the old Japanese bureaucracy and apparently have no plans to reform it. We have done no great damage to the old agrarian and industrial systems. If change comes, it will come slowly.

Japan is still an American show. The Russians, blocked in the Allied Council for Japan and the Far Eastern Commission from having any real say in the governing of Japan, have intensified their propaganda broadcasts in the Japanese language from Siberian stations.

New walls in Asia

By their influence over Northern Korea and their special position in Manchuria, the Russians assure themselves a voice in shaping the economic future of both China and Korea. If Northern Korea and Manchuria were cut off from the area to the south, there would be a serious limitation of the economic potential of China proper and Southern Korea and an added difficulty in solving the agrarian and industrial problems of the Far East. Yet this is the line of least resistance.

The worse the situation becomes in China, the more likely our military ambassadors are to think of Japan as a better potential ally than China. There will be a great temptation to cut our losses in China, to agree to a division of spheres of interest across Asia in fact if not formally.

The weakness of our China policy is that it is unilateral. The Russians have demonstrated that they have enough strength in China to block a purely American solution. The risks involved in sharing the problem with the Soviet Union are less than those

involved in the alternatives of getting out completely, backing the Nationalists to the hilt, or recognizing the Communists and finding another Yugoslavia on our hands.

Russia plays the game both ways

What can we assume Soviet interests in the Far East to be? Whatever the Russians may think of the prospects for, and the desirability of, a strong United Nations, it is clear that they are taking no chances and are attempting to break up any possible combination of powers which might be aligned against them. They will stay in the United Nations because to leave it would mean presenting the rest of the world with a ready-made alliance in working order.

It is to Soviet interest to have a dependent China which will vote with the Soviet Union in the United Nations. But if this is not possible, then the next best thing may be to have a weak and divided China, part of which will sooner or later be legally separated and will come under Russian influence. Since the Communists are certainly in no position to take the rest of China by force at the present time and cannot persuade the Nationalists to surrender control without fighting, the only policy left for the Soviets and the Communists is to play a waiting game.

This means keeping up negotiations with Nanking in order to avoid blame for starting the civil war, and at the same time holding on to as much territory and population as possible, retreating, if necessary, to areas contiguous to Soviet territory. This is exactly the policy the Chinese Communists have been following.

Knowing the weak points in our liberal armor, the Russians accuse us of trying to dominate China. The cry of imperialism and dollar diplomacy is again raised against us. Why should we quail before this accusation? We certainly have a strong interest in China's stability and economic development and we most assuredly do not want a Communist China.

What, then, shall we do? Retreat is impossible because it would be no solution and would hand over the field to the Soviet Union. Coming down on the side of the Communists is equally out of the question. There is the present policy of limited dealings with the Nationalists while we are encouraging the formation of a coalition government and a national army. The chances of success are slight. Only two possibilities remain.

One is to give all-out support to the Nationalists and trust that they can suppress the Communists by force. The alternative is to face the issue head on with the Soviet Union, as part of a general settlement of the Far East. Both politics and economics demand that this solution be attempted.

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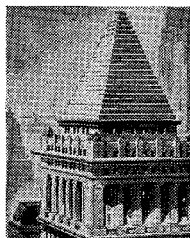
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

OFFICIAL Washington has been watching with some apprehension the struggle of the State Department to maintain its supposed control over foreign policy. The Secretary of State is officially charged with "the principal responsibility, under the President, for the determination of the policy of the Government in relation to international problems." By a curious and quiet shift, the Department has been involuntarily relinquishing its power in two main directions — to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

The second, and less important, encroachment results in part from the Congressional imperialism of the last year. But essentially it has evolved from Roosevelt's attempt to avoid the mistakes which defeated Wilson after the First World War.

In order to commit influential Senators to whatever peace settlement might be reached, he decided to involve members of the Foreign Relations Committee in as many of the preliminary negotiations as possible. What began as a shrewd political tactic has since developed into something the Foreign Relations Committee today regard as almost a vested right — especially now that a President who intimidated them has been succeeded by one they can patronize.

The change in our Latin American policy this spring, for example, followed a strange meeting at which four Senators told Mr. Byrnes that he would have to drop the Braden policy. If the Department should embark on a line contrary to the wishes or prejudices of the Foreign Relations Committee, and without submitting to a complicated process of advance clearance with Congress, certain Senators would probably cry out indignantly against executive dictatorship.

In the current state of misunderstanding over the traditional powers of the executive, as a result of the propaganda directed against the Roosevelt administration, it seems even possible that public opinion might concur in this unconstitutional removal from the executive of his control over foreign relations. For the present, however, Senatorial encroachment amounts only to an irritation for the State Department.

The growing dominance of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is more serious. Decisions on foreign policy are based on some kind of estimate or "appreciation" of the situation with respect to United States interests. For all situations there are now generally two — often divergent — estimates available: one produced by the State Department, one by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

There is reason to believe that the JCS analyses exert increasing influence upon the President through the intervention of Admiral Leahy, the Staff representative in the White House. He also represents the National Intelligence Authority. The President himself appears to have retained from his own Army experience in the First World War an instinctive deference to rank.

Generals as statesmen

Observers who are apprehensive about the situation point further to the fact that our representatives in five areas crucial for our foreign policy — the U.S.S.R., Germany, Austria, China, and Japan — are all generals, and that it is these five men — Bedell Smith, McNarney, Clark, Marshall, and MacArthur — who are now making the vital field decisions which shape our policy. Most of these men, indeed, are in direct communication with the War Department in Washington rather than with the State Department.



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They point out further that the most drastic recent development of our Latin American policy — President Truman's message calling for enactment of a bill to organize a Hemisphere army — was devised by the Inter-American Defense Board, pushed by the War Department, and adopted by the White House over State Department protests. State eventually managed to knife the project in Congress by removing it from the list of "must" legislation and allowing it to linger in committee.

Who talks war?

The contest between the State Department and the Joint Chiefs of Staff for control over foreign policy does not correspond precisely, however, to a divergence of views about the imminence of war with Russia. Both organizations contain their share of optimists and pessimists. Policies manifestly based on the expectation of war are more likely to be of War Department inspiration.

Yet such men as General Eisenhower and General Marshall are known to be steadfastly opposed to war talk and to be persuaded of the possibility of working with the Russians. General Eisenhower has said, "We must realize that we must lead the world toward democracy or it will lead us to ruin," and "resort to force cannot possibly result in anything except privation, sorrow, and quarrels."

The State Department similarly has persons favoring a bellicose line toward Russia; but the dominant tendency of opinion is to be firm without being provocative. The systematically charitable interpretation of Soviet actions, advocated within the Department a year ago by such men as Dean Acheson and Archibald MacLeish, has now disappeared from the top levels. The events of the past few months have fully convinced Mr. Acheson, as well as Secretary Byrnes, of the necessity of the hard policy — much to the gratification of Acheson's predecessor as Under Secretary, Mr. Grew, who was vainly calling for greater toughness in 1945.

The result of this struggle within and among Washington bureaus is uncertainty and confusion in our foreign policy. In China, General Marshall is carrying out a policy based on a belief in the compatibility of American and Soviet interests. In Japan, General MacArthur is carrying out a policy based on a belief in the inevitability of war. State Department officials take some comfort from the thought that the obvious vacillations and inconsistencies of Soviet policy are probably derived from the same type of struggle for control as that which is now going on in Washington.

The State Department from within

The question of the internal organization of the State Department is one of continuing perplexity.

While State has become the scapegoat for many factors beyond its control, such as the behavior of the men in the Kremlin, it is still evident that many interior defects have survived the parade of secretaries, under secretaries, and paper reorganizations in the course of the last few years.

The Hull-Welles feud resulted in the dependence of Mr. Hull in administrative matters upon conservative foreign service officers of the type of James C. Dunn and in the frustration of Mr. Welles, who could at least have made the Department into an efficient working organization. The consequence was a Department technically and physically incapable of meeting its vastly expanded responsibilities. The changes made under the photogenic Mr. Stettinius did not go much deeper than repainting the corridors of the building on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street and issuing pretty new organization charts.

Mr. Byrnes is notoriously not an organization-minded Secretary. He is used to working with a small personal staff, and his inability to employ the corps of experts which accompany him to international conferences has more than once caused serious crises in morale. In his absence Under Secretary Dean Acheson has been in charge of the Department, but he has not had the authority to undertake a drastic reorganization.

Mr. Acheson is a shrewd and intelligent man. But he has been hampered by the fact that Donald Russell, the Assistant Secretary for Administration, has enjoyed somewhat better access to the Secretary by virtue of having been Mr. Byrnes's old law partner and his intimate associate in the Office of War Mobilization.

At one point last spring an alliance between Russell, Dunn, Spruille Braden, and the political divisions tried to deprive the more liberal functional divisions of William L. Clayton (economics), William L. Langer (intelligence), and William Benton (information) of any part in operations. Mr. Acheson, who supported the functional divisions, was reported to be on the verge of resigning and returning to his old law firm of Covington, Burling, Rublee, Acheson, and Shorb. His position appears to have strengthened in recent months, however, in part perhaps because his new line on Soviet relations is more acceptable to the political divisions.

Liberals or communists?

The State Department has also had to bear the brunt of the hullabaloo raised in Congress about the Communists in the government. It is true that, in the current Truman normalcy, State has become almost the leading refuge for New Dealers still in the government; but the immense majority of them

are no more Communist-inclined than are Ben Cohen and Dean Acheson.

On the other hand, State has inherited the relicts of such agencies as the Foreign Economic Administration, the Office of War Information, and the Office of Strategic Services. These agencies were set up during the war when Russia was regarded as our fighting ally and directives from the highest sources suspended the prohibitions against hiring persons of Communist sympathies. It is conceivable that a small minority of Communists may have straggled into the Department.

Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Russell have courageously resisted the invitation to start up the Red hunt favored by Congressmen who cannot tell the difference between a Communist and a liberal. Congress nonetheless entrusted the somewhat unenthusiastic Secretary with the authority, unique in Washington, to terminate the employment of any officer or clerk without appeal "whenever he shall deem such termination necessary or advisable in the interest of the United States."

The Department fully concedes that there is a genuine security problem involved. Recent spy cases in Canada and Britain have demonstrated that it is dangerous to have a Communist Party member or ardent sympathizer anywhere along the line of confidential communications. But the problem of proof is not easy, for few persons in such positions are likely to be carrying cards that show membership in the Communist Party.

For this reason the Department has tried to discharge doubtful persons on other grounds in order not to prejudice their future employment. The forty employees removed because of alleged loyalty to foreign interests were mostly in the lower levels. Some were cases of manifest injustice; others were cases of wise and prudent action to protect State Department security.

As yet, no serious attempt has been made to handle the cases of the higher officials (including one office chief) whose names have been mentioned on the Hill. Because of the varied and often unsatisfactory character of the evidence, the State Department probably will continue to reject the Congressional demand that the list of the persons discharged be made public.

The leadership of the UE

A problem of Communist infiltration which has engaged the serious attention of Washington somewhat more than the Communists in the State Department is the fight for control of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers Union, CIO. Before Germany attacked the Soviet Union, the

pro-Communist element ousted James B. Carey as president for favoring an interventionist position. Since that time, the UE has been one of the most consistently Communist-minded of all CIO unions. It has also been large, efficient, and well-run.

The Communist hold has always been on the top level, however, in the key offices around the president, who is a figurehead. The rank and file of electrical workers has never been much permeated by Communist views.

The disposition of the national leadership to follow the party line, particularly on questions of foreign policy, has created mounting discontent in the last few months. The discontent finally burst into the open at a meeting in Pittsburgh in August with representation from ten of the UE's eleven national districts.

This movement is considered to be much more significant than the sporadic and local revolts against Communist control in the other Communist-minded unions. Its leader is Harry Block, a vice-president of UE and the only member of the union's top leadership who has opposed the pro-Communist group.

The revolt is well organized and appears to have considerable mass support. Moreover, it is believed that, at an appropriate moment, Mr. Carey, now an official in CIO headquarters in Washington but still a cardholder in the union, will assume leadership and attempt to regain the presidency which the Communists took from him five years ago. Since Mr. Carey is one of the ablest and most progressive of the younger CIO leaders, his fate is being watched with considerable interest.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

This August saw the first mass exodus of Washington officialdom since war came across the horizon in Europe. Almost everyone left town. Some, like Secretary of the Interior Krug, were on trips which combined business and pleasure (his was to Alaska); others, like the President, on unabashed and happy outings.

Meanwhile, a city of amateur political experts read the primary returns as the augur used to read the entrails of a chicken, but they were unable to detect clear omens or portents. The defeat of Bob La Follette in Wisconsin, however, caused shock and almost universal regret. For all the disagreement with his views on foreign policy, Washington could only feel that the Senatorial average, both for conscience and for intelligence, had been lowered at a time when the nation could ill afford it.

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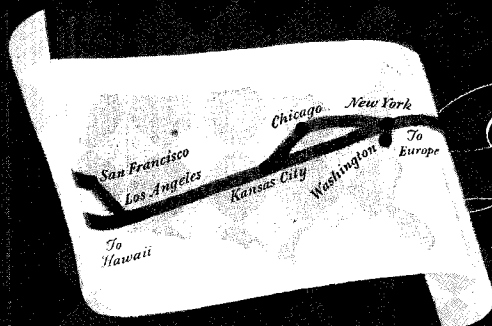
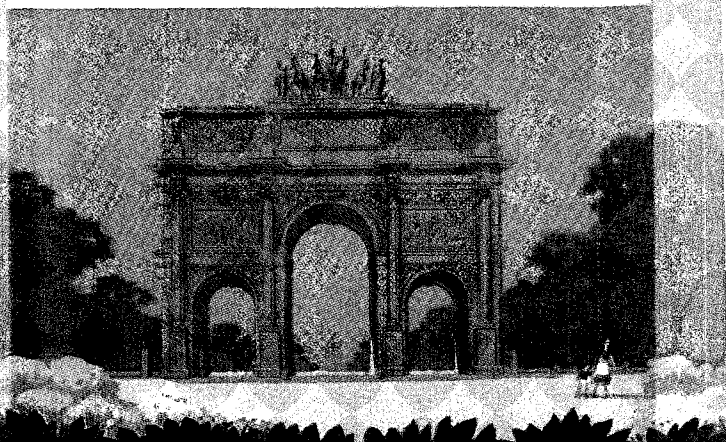
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Rome

WANDERING through the Italian countryside is a heartening experience right now. Bridges and houses are springing up on all sides; what used to be heaps of rubble is again clean, civilized landscape; whatever could be done with stones, mortar, and labor of hands independently of bureaucratic interference and foreign raw materials is being achieved by the indefatigable industry of a people which has made up its mind not to die.

But the treaty draft has had a depressing effect on the people. Practically everything the Germans plundered is to be returned to the original owners, even the Hungarian gold — everything except what they took from the Italians when Italy entered the Allied camp. The Italians feel that Italy, after having been discouraged from active participation in the war, is even denied the status of victim.

Practically this situation makes little difference. Italy's ninety-two tons of gold have been confiscated in Germany, and the monetary system will have to be stabilized and strengthened by foreign credit if the country is to enter the Bretton Woods system with a sound currency.

But the moral effect is not good. "The waste remains, the waste remains and kills." To top it all, on the suggestion of the Western Allies, the Peace Conference invited Austria to present its views on the Italian treaty. This action was bound to look to the Italians, in whose memory the Austrians stand only for Wehrmacht divisions and for the most dreaded sections of the Gestapo, as a particularly feeble joke.

Again, Italians reason that if their assets are not to be handed back, this decision only reflects British and French interest in preventing too rapid an Italian recovery.

The Italians are puzzled by the weird notion of placing Austria among victorious powers. It might have made some sense in the light of the ultimate aim, which, according to Bevin's plan, was the customs union of Italy and Austria; this would really have provided a long-range solution to both Italian and Austrian economy. But there is no chance of carrying the plan through against Russian opposition, and what will be left in the end will only be the memory of a preposterous and offensive suggestion.

That is, if all goes well. For it might happen that in the scuffle the question of the South Tyrol might be reopened and this time pressed through to conclusion by Russia. The shadow of Asia, which has already reached Stettin and Trieste, would extend into the Plain of Lombardy. One cannot be in Verona, the ancient imperial city, without feeling an unexpressed anxiety, as it were in the landscape itself; for this is the goal of untold break-throughs from the north through uncounted centuries, the crucial point where so much of history was decided.

What can the Western Allies do about it? Their only real weapon is prosperity and they don't seem willing to implement it even in their own zone of influence. As Schacht conquered the Balkans by remote control with his economic policy, even so Russia has set Central and Eastern Europe flowing into her own economic circuit, and political passions can do little against natural needs.

Does it pay to be reasonable?

This is where Big Three tactics differ. The Western Allies entertain reasonable philosophies and earnest hopes, try to soothe and encourage, also contribute relief and hard cash in many inconspicuous ways, but they seem unable to fend off fate, unable to formulate constructive plans and integrate the waifs

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and strays of Europe into any kind of economic and political system.

The Russians, on the other hand, are ruthless in their tactics and hard in their demands. But once these demands are complied with, the victims are likely to see the other side, which is psychological perspicacity and real statesmanship.

Thus, after hitting the Italians over the head with Trieste, the Russians have given them to understand that their contribution to Central European economy would be appreciated. A steady flow of manufactured goods is already finding its way from northern Italy into Yugoslavia, to the undisguised alarm of American diplomats. Part of that exchange of goods will eventually go into reparations, but the Italians, who are by now desperate, think of it only as a guarantee of steady work and steady supplies.

It is true that it is the Western Allies who have poured in the coal and textiles that keep the machines humming, but this will be short-range relief with tariff barriers looming behind. It is the Western Allies who have tried to save Trieste for Italy, but the best they could achieve was an international monstrosity with small life expectancy. Common sense impels the Italians and even the Yugoslavs now to look for direct understanding with each other.

It is significant to hear the conservatives in Italy, and even the royalists, openly suggest *rapprochement* with Russia. This whole trend is creating a gulf between still uncertain Italian thinking and that of the Western Allies. Nothing much can happen so long as the Western Allies are in physical control. The danger is in relying on that control as a substitute for a real solution.

Colonies or else

For the Italian people there are only two solutions: either they are allowed to enter the Central European system and develop their economy to fit it, or they must be given an outlet by dumping ten million of their excess population into some other continent.

Providing such an outlet for the Europeans should have been of paramount concern to the Atlantic Powers long before now, and a world authority should have been set up to organize the finance of overseas colonization. Not only did nothing of the sort emerge, but we underlined our attitude by confiscating the Italian merchant marine, which was the pride of the people and the hope of a peaceful tie with the West.

This was spelling out the fact to the Italians that it was not a matter of mere absent-mindedness on our

part, that we really did not want them in our Western economic circuit, and that our simple suggestion for them was to keep the peace and live on the dole.

Since there is only a negligible chance of our political bodies changing their minds on the subject, we may expect dense masses of Europe, now groping, tugging, and feeling their way in all directions like a feverish ant heap, to develop eventually a strong tendency away from the Western system. The forces of instinct, culture, tradition on which we rely so complacently may delay a change, but they cannot prevent it indefinitely.

The Communist Parties of Western Europe have very shrewdly appraised the situation; and instead of announcing foreign gospels, they present themselves in patriotic guise as the defenders of those very cultures and traditions that the blind forces of foreign capitalism would tend to enslave or to destroy. The debit side of this attitude is that they have also encouraged mutually antagonistic national feelings as an insurance against the Western bloc.

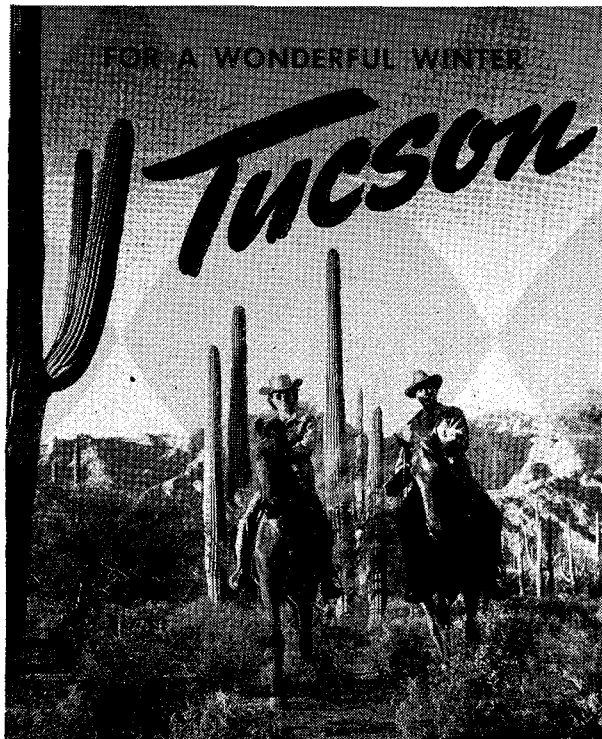
Can we re-create Italy in our own image?

Domestically the Italian people have shown admirable spirit in their first post-war attempt to exercise political rights. The voting was the heaviest ever and we should appreciate the amount of discomfort that voting entailed for large numbers of the people. But when it came to getting the Constituent Assembly to work under a difficult three-party system, it became obvious that "democratic" activity did not go beyond the struggle of three party machines for the control of the state.

The state is still everything in Italy, as it is in France, and its present weakness makes it only more tempting for hijackers. The growth of new social tissue at the base is a process which takes time. How far do outside forces help or hinder?

For a time the monarchy and the old pre-Fascist groups seemed to fill the bill. Then the Control Powers had to cast around for new instruments. The Americans leaned towards the Catholic hierarchy, while the British hesitatingly backed the Socialists. There was never any doubt where Russia stood. Thus in the stream of domestic politics three parties became the moving reflection of three big entities outside. This fact again did not help to establish them in public consideration.

Now the Catholics with De Gasperi are carrying officially the burden of power — which means also bearing the cross of the humiliating peace treaty they must sign. They are carrying also, by their own choice, responsibility for the peace delegation made up of the very same people who managed



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ROME (continued)

Mussolini's wars and are now trying to weasel their way, unchanged and unrepentant, out of defeat. Worst of all, the Catholics do not appear to be equipped to steer the country through the difficult rapids of economic rehabilitation.

The left is not a solid block. The Communists and the Socialists are leery of each other, and as the Communists reflect Russia, the Socialists have been trying to fit themselves into the Bevin-Blum axis. Neither has fared well. Russia has its own business to mind. British Labor seems chiefly concerned with imperial interests, and Italian Socialists who would not take its suggestions, or rather commands, are now saying ruefully that Italian business bosses allow more leeway in socialist reform than Labor statesmen in London. Here we find again the tendency among Italian propertied classes to back the Socialist Party as the lesser evil.

It is no simple matter for a heavy mass party with considerable cabinet responsibility to come to a sensible agreement with business while holding workers in line, including two million unemployed and another half million in prospect, and at the same time having to compete with Communist allies who are developing a parallel action and have proved themselves to be expert statesmen. Also the Socialists will have to take the lead in drastic reforms now under discussion, which will substantially change the social picture of the country.

Land for sale

Take as one instance the capital levy, which, when applied to land, will confiscate major portions of medium and large estates. It is impossible to throw all that land on the market as was done in the French Revolution. It will fall back on the IRI (equivalent of our own RFC), which already controls most of Italian big industry and all the units of banking. Of course the avowed aim of such institutions is to restore the property gradually to private ownership.

But in the case of land this is today a horse-and-buggy scheme which does not consider the necessity of large-scale mechanization if forty-six million people are to live off the land. Hence the ultimate solution is bound to be something like kolkhozes, while industry will also become organized into semi-autonomous combines under state supervision.

This is the way to state socialism, which in Europe is as inevitable as death and taxes — whatever honorific name it will take to please the Allies. The problem in this case shifts from party programs which are already losing most of their meaning to the formation of a class of managers and technicians able to direct the transition, and among them doubtless many capable former owners. The Italian Republic is still a pupa state. Politically insecure and relying only on infinite private ingenuity, the Italians prefer to let problems solve themselves, but this time they cannot escape a momentous decision.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD. TODAY



Latin America

FOR some time the State Department has been considering the establishment of a semi-governmental commission on inter-American affairs. The proposed commission would be an experimental body which could be made permanent if it worked out well. Several of Assistant Secretary Spruille Braden's young men have been making some quiet soundings on the subject.

Ideas on the composition of the group have not entirely jelled yet, but in general the plan is to make the commission broadly representative and fairly elastic, and not to overload it with government men. There would be State Department representation, of course; some from other directly interested departments, possibly including the military; and, for obvious reasons, a few carefully picked Congressional members.

Otherwise, it would be chiefly a "public interest" organization. Labor and finance would naturally be represented; so would medicine, the university faculties, and some industries, including radio, motion pictures, and publishing. The numerous regional and local organizations working throughout the country to promote interest in inter-American relations would have a voice. As other economic and professional groups developed specific Hemisphere interests, they would be included.

The hope is to keep the organization small enough to hold reasonably intimate committee meetings. The body would have no policy-making functions. It would be expected to serve, however, as a catchall for information and advice on many of the inter-American problems which trouble the policy-makers. There is no design to use the commission as an entering wedge for reviving the Office of Inter-American Affairs, which President Truman abolished by executive order.

The group would have no administrative assignments, and its paid staff would be essentially no larger than would be required to keep the records. Presumably the commission could be established by Presidential action, but if Congressional authorization were forthcoming, the standing of the group would be improved.

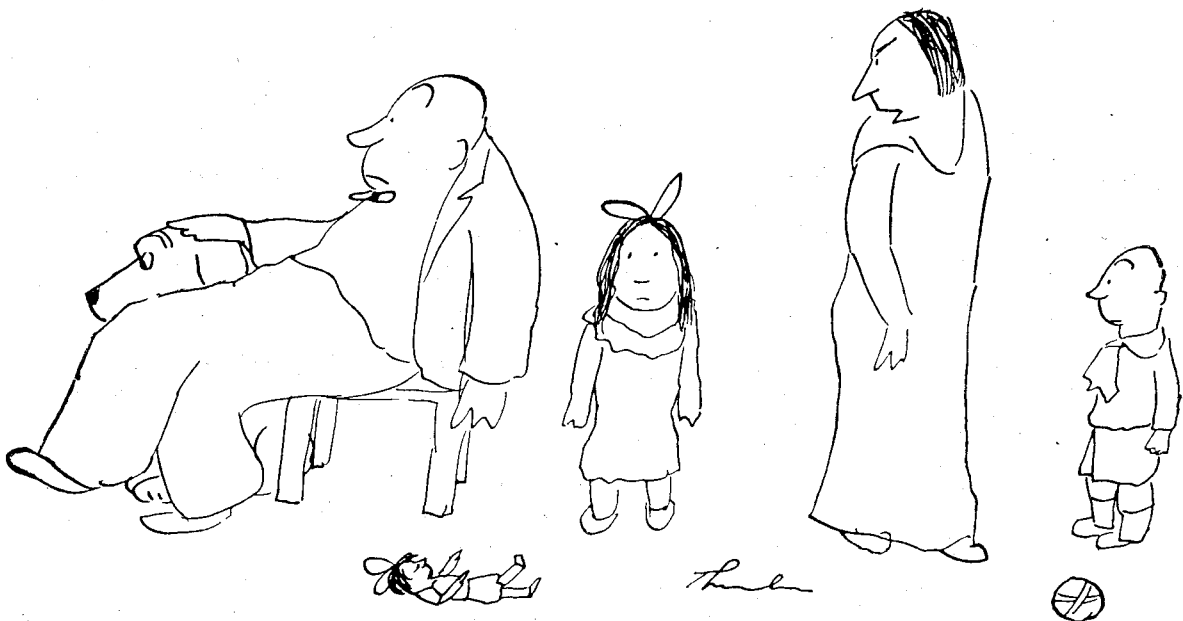
Realism and practicality

Such a body might help to fill up a number of serious gaps which are developing in the inter-American program. Several questions on the Hemisphere front are calling for more discussion than the State Department can give them with propriety; and the Department needs additional enlightenment.

To take a few examples: there is considerable concern over the evident inclinations of many of the Latin American republics — especially the better-heeled ones — to spend outside the Hemisphere as large a share of their war sales accumulations as possible. These assets are estimated at more than \$7,000,000,000.

Policy decisions must be made as to how much, and in what form, United States assistance will be furnished for Latin American economic and industrial development. And there is considerable worry over the fact that the labor movement in most of the republics appears not only to be losing all vital contact with labor union progress in the United States, but, either under official domination by the Latin governments or under increasing Communist influences, to be taking an entirely separate path of development.

From its economic, commercial, and labor attachés and advisers, the State Department has a great deal of material in its files on all three of these questions, but much of this represents the routine



"Well, Im disenchanted, too. We're all disenchanted."

From The New Yorker
Copyright James Thurber

HOW TO FEEL GOOD—EVEN IN THE ATOMIC AGE

This is a problem that seems to be getting worse all the time. People used to sit around wondering how they could make a million dollars or how much it would cost to convert the attic into a rumpus room. Now, they read the morning newspaper and sit around wondering how to feel good.

Once a year, anyway, it's still possible. Along about October you can still sign a pledge card to your Community Chest and be sure that a lot of people are going to feel better thanks to Red Feather services.

For one day at least you can be grateful that some human activity is trying to keep the world together . . . teen-agers are going to find healthy fun and recreation in youth organizations, settlements, and neighborhood houses . . . homeless youngsters in need of new parents will find them; families in trouble will get the help they need . . . people of all ages will be kept healthy by our hospitals, health organizations, and visiting nurses, and finally, service men and women will still have the USO behind them, whether they're in this country or overseas.

The Red Feather services of the Community Chests of America, along with the USO, are making it possible for these human services to human beings to keep on going. That's why I personally am supporting the Community Chest and the USO. It's why I wholeheartedly endorse their work. When everybody benefits, everybody gives.

JAMES THURBER



of bureaucratic factual reporting. When the Department ventures into positive findings and recommendations, issues often prove too hot for it to handle. For State Department releases imply official commitment to a certain extent.

But a relatively informal commission would not operate under these conditions. Its recommendations might gain in realism and practicality when made by exporters, industrialists, and labor leaders fresh from the active fields. In any case, since no one could regard them as policy commitments of the State Department, recommendations could be informal. They would not have to be couched in weasel words. Indeed, the more forthright they were, the better.

There is no guarantee, of course, that such a commission's labors would channel larger Latin American war savings into United States markets, provide us with an ideal partnership in Latin America's economic future, or establish a lasting brotherhood between Yankee and Latin American labor organizations. But the idea that these are vital issues to be taken care of could be more widely spread.

Another gap to be filled concerns the public appeal of the inter-American program. The State Department is conscious that the program has "lost press" since the heyday of the Good Neighbor policy. This may, or may not, be measurable in newspaper space and radio time allowances, but the program had, from the mid-1930's until almost the end of the war, the claim upon editorial selections of being the special baby of President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, and Under Secretary Sumner Welles.

A lick and a promise

From 1940 on, too, the Office of Inter-American Affairs was a source of inter-American news, chiefly on what is known as the "constructive" side. Now this situation has changed. President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes are largely uninformed about inter-American affairs and are immersed in world and domestic tribulations. They have had time to give the Hemisphere program only an occasional perfunctory blessing. Since the OIAA has been abolished, the publicity of the program is confined to what Mr. Braden can give it.

Mr. Braden, an engaging and forceful public personality, probably has won a larger and more favorable press for Hemisphere subjects than any run-of-the-mill Assistant Secretary could. But partly because of his special connection with the policy struggle against Colonel Perón and fascism in Argentina, and partly because of essential news values, press and radio attention has been concentrated for a year on the Argentine conflict — which ended in failure to achieve our major objectives.

The proposed commission could spread more Hemisphere information than any existing agency; and could help to check undue public concentration on trouble spots.

Democracy gets two boosts

Concrete progress toward improvement in inter-American post-war relations has moved at a slow pace. In Bolivia an apparently "liberal" junta, placed in power in late July by a long overdue revolution against the fascist-sponsored regime of President Gualberto Villarroel, has established its authority effectively.

The new government obtained diplomatic recognition from the principal American powers under the provisional presidency of Néstor Guillén. A judge of the La Paz Supreme Court, President Guillén has a reputation for political mildness. His cabinet represents labor and university groups, both faculty and student. In any case, the harsh rule of a group which enforced its authority by a series of periodic "blood purges" against its opponents was over.

But there were still two hurdles to take. The junta came out on top, in the last analysis, only through Army support. So it remains to be seen how long it will take the Army, formed by the same training which produced Villarroel and a long list of preceding dictators, to muscle in on the junta's still predominantly civilian show.

Over the border, too, General Juan Domingo Perón's Argentina, which helped to put Villarroel in the presidency and is now, as then, in control of Bolivia's principal supply lines, was making trouble about food shipments. In Bolivia's La Paz, street crowds shouting for "a lamp post for Perón" made it clear that, for the time being at least, Bolivia was immune to temptations to join Argentina in an anti-United States "austral bloc."

Political disturbances in Asunción also put Paraguay temporarily out of the running as a bloc pledge. The coup did not go to the length of unseating Dictator Higinio Morínigo, but it forced him to grant to opposition political parties of anti-Argentine tenets so much freedom of action that Paraguay was reclaimed to the Hemisphere's democratic front.

Why die for Washington?

These minor political successes were more than overbalanced by a strange development in Uruguay. Foreign correspondents were suddenly forbidden to send uncensored dispatches critical of the conduct of neighbor governments.

The explanation was not hard to find. Uruguay, at constant risk to herself from Perónist Argentina, consistently stuck her neck out to do favors for



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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

the United States and the Allies during the war. Last November, Foreign Minister Eduardo Rodríguez Larreta went even further. He advanced a formal diplomatic proposal to sanction collective intervention by the American states in countries, such as Argentina, where fascist or similar internal political programs might threaten the peace of the Hemisphere. Secretary of State Byrnes indorsed the "Larreta doctrine" with high-pressure enthusiasm, but in a round-robin consultation it was rejected by an overwhelming majority of the Latin foreign ministers.

In July, then, the United States reversed its stand and joined a committee of Latin governments in the Pan American Union in recommending a resolution to the next Pan American Conference, forbidding "collective" as well as individual intervention in the affairs of any American republic.

The order limiting Uruguayan press freedom came almost simultaneously. It was issued by the Interior Minister on his individual authority, and undoubtedly internal difficulties connected with impending national elections and fear of Perón had something to do with it. But none of the Cabinet's more liberal ministers made an effort to halt the order. The United States had let a small stout ally down.

Oil on the doorstep of fascism

Meanwhile, a new difficulty arose when Chile applied for an Export-Import Bank loan to develop an oil field, discovered last winter, which is strategically located on the Straits of Magellan.

In Washington the Chilean representatives were told that no "political loans" were available, and that it would be more appropriate for such financing to come from American private oil companies. Extremists in both right and left parties — including the numerically strong Chilean Communists — promptly retorted with charges that the Good Neighbor policy was being liquidated in favor of "Yanqui imperialism" and a new Hemisphere exploitation drive by American big business.

Meanwhile in Argentina the process of deporting Nazi agents wanted by the United Nations was stymied again. The Argentine courts decided that the agents were eligible to habeas corpus rights, which, at the current rate of judicial procedure in the republic, should give them three or four more years of freedom.

At the same time Great Britain, which has made far more consistent efforts to appease Perón than Washington has, was undergoing an even more exasperating squeeze play. The Buenos Aires government was refusing to make a food sales deal, on a rising sellers' market, with a British commercial mission, and was demanding interest on some £130,000,000 in blocked sterling owned by Argentina, with threats to expropriate British railroads in the republic if the British didn't pay up.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Author to Critic

Sir:

I am very much honored that Professor Howard Mumford Jones, in the August Atlantic Bookshelf, should have taken four columns to tell your readers about my books. I am pleased to know that he has read so many, and can even call my attention to details I had forgotten. I am hopeful that he may have learned something from the books.

His conclusion is that my standards are not literary but "sub-literary"; that is to say, they are moral and sociological. I will agree with him except that I would like to change the word to "super-literary." I am sure that the Reverend John Harvard would arise from his grave to protest if he knew that any professor of his university was publishing the opinion that moral values are inferior in importance to literary values. Just at this time when the very existence of the human race depends upon our attaining quickly a higher standard of personal and social ethics, I take my stand with the founder of Professor Jones's university, and I freely admit that my purpose during fifty years as a professional writer has been to tell a world public things which are useful and important to them, and to tell it in clear and simple words which they can understand.

Professor Jones thinks that my style is "vulgar." It would appear that he is using the word in its proper ancient Latin significance of "popular." If that is the case, I agree. As I said in a previously published answer to Professor Jones, somebody has to write for the masses and not just for the Harvard professors.

Professor Jones thinks it is no great shakes to get one's books translated into foreign languages—especially when you are finding fault with America in the books. He is perhaps not aware of the fact that my books have been praised by many European critics who had no bias whatever against this country. The late Georg Brandes, for instance; when he arrived in New York some forty years ago

he told reporters that he found three American novelists worth reading, Jack London, Frank Norris, and Upton Sinclair. The newspapers reported that Brandes had found *two* American novelists worth reading, Frank Norris and Jack London. When I met him a few days later he expressed surprise over this phenomenon, and when I told him the reason, he didn't evince any of the skepticism Professor Jones expresses in his *Atlantic* article.

I wonder if Professor Jones realizes the extent to which my books have been translated and circulated all over the world. So far as I know, there has never been any other American writer whose foreign translations have reached the figure of more than 800 titles in 47 languages and 39 countries. I do not wish this to sound vainglorious; it is no such cheap motive, but fifty years of hard and incessant labor in a great cause, which has made Upton Sinclair the most widely read of living writers in the world today. In my previously published letter to Professor Jones I asked him to tell me if he could name any other American writer who had achieved world-wide recognition during his lifetime and whose books were now no longer read. Professor Jones did not answer this question. I repeat it and would be genuinely interested if he would answer it in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

I am fighting not for myself but for a cause, which is the banishing of poverty, exploitation, and war from this earth. I believe that that cause will win, and I believe that great numbers of people in the future will have a sense of gratitude toward those writers who saw the truth and spoke it when it was unpopular and even dangerous to do so.

Professor Jones complains that I am always "attacking." Well, I think there are evils in this world which call for "attacking" and which will not give way to anything short of the most vigorous and determined attacks.

UPTON SINCLAIR
Monrovia, Cal.

Atlantic Repartee

London Calling

Sir:

The Atlantic Report on London for July, which deals with the present and future developments in the British Commonwealth and Empire, demonstrates once again the pitfalls which beset the commentator. I am a warm supporter of the present Labor Government in many aspects of their policy. However, your reporter has attributed to them the credit for progress in the field of colonial development and improvement of which they are not the initiators and for which the Labor leaders would be the last people to claim the entire praise.

First, your reporter states: "One of the first important acts of the Labor Government was to push through Parliament a bill creating a \$480,000,000 colonial development and welfare fund to be spent in less than a decade." He has got it wrong there: this was one of the first acts of the Churchill Government in 1940.

Secondly, he outlines (correctly) a number of projects for raising the standard of living of native people and for removing the obstacles in the path of better education, transport, wages, and so forth. These schemes, which are beginning to bear fruit now, are the results of plans formulated ten to fifteen years ago. In backward countries, all such plans are necessarily of a long-term nature, and were the Labor Government merely evolving plans at this stage, they would have little to show in terms of actual material improvements within the next two decades.

I think your reporter has been misled by the difference between politics and administration, and has missed the very real measure of agreement that exists among all British political parties about the future of the British Colonial Empire. One of the grave difficulties of the Labor Government is that, at this moment, when they fall heir to magnificent opportunities, they possess very few men with any experience of colonial administration and development.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN
London, England

The Black Market

Sir:

"How Black Is Our Market?" by Leon Henderson, in the July *Atlantic*, must have stirred numerous people to take issue with his conclusions.

I read Mr. Henderson's article carefully and thoughtfully, on two occasions, and with an entirely open mind, because Mr. Henderson is a friend for whom I have a warm affection. However, it is impossible for me to agree with him, for I feel that his entire argument makes an excellent justification for the removal of all controls.

His citing of case after case of black-market skulduggery and moral laxness, if not actual dis-

honesty, on the part of both buyer and seller, only emphasizes the fact that controls cannot legislate or govern the actions of those who set out to break them, for these violations happened under OPA, and therefore it is hard to understand how Mr. Henderson reasons that the reinstating of OPA will suddenly eliminate former abuses or change the ethical standards of those who willfully circumvent the law.

Black-market operations existed long before V-J Day, when OPA was highly organized. How can we expect it to stop black markets by reinstating a system that couldn't control the problem during the war, when most citizens were governed by a patriotic desire to cooperate with the wartime controls?

If OPA could have worked at all after V-J Day, it might have worked had an emergency amendment been adopted to freeze all prices — including wages and salaries — for six months to one year, so that reconversion could have proceeded in an orderly manner without strikes or other detrimental interruptions. Surely, if at that time every commodity, including labor, had been frozen, there could have been no cry about the increased cost of living, except by those who were unwilling to buy only at ceiling prices and who deliberately set out to buy scarce commodities, regardless of cost, because they had an excess of purchasing power and a minimum of moral fiber.

With the great production power of this country, surely the law of supply and demand would more quickly adjust prices than a government control-body that has already proved its inability to curb the unscrupulous who set out to beat it.

I heartily agree with Mr. Henderson's concluding plea ("Most of all we need public condemnation of neighborhood profiteers"), but I can't agree that a revived OPA will be able to perform that miracle.

E. F. CONNELLY
Former President, Investment
Bankers Association of America
Detroit, Mich.

The Happy Profession

Sir:

"Three Men of Groton" (July *Atlantic*) and "Informal Education at Harvard" (August *Atlantic*) by Ellery Sedgwick are an abiding and poignant delight, and I look forward to the third installment, as well as to the publication of the inclusive volume, with eager anticipation.

Et ego in Arcadia vixi. I had that unforgettable Latin 2 as well as Professor Lane's course in Plautus (1889-1890). Does Mr. Sedgwick recall his habit of repeatedly rising and turning over the red leather cathedral cushion, resuming his seat with an almost vocal "There!" of remedied discomfort?

His pained "Ruble! Oh, Rublee! 'To tenderly lick!'" that George Rublee's split infinitive rendering evoked I can still hear. I still bear the scar of his spiritual scalpel as he corrected my pronun-

ciation of "vertigo": "Well, Barnes, it may be helpful to remember that a distinguished dean once wrote:—

"This damned vertigo in my head
Will never leave me till I'm dead."

What a little thing to remember for years even though not "with tears."

But how did Mr. Sedgwick ever get the idea that there came "a glint of humor in his blue eyes?" Brown, dark brown, almost black at times they were. *Convincam, si negas!*

My grateful thanks for the pleasure these papers have given me.

MORGAN BARNES
Grove City, Pa.

Sir:

I derived such a real thrill from the reading of "Informal Education at Harvard" that I cannot refrain from writing to you about it. This was not primarily because of Mr. Sedgwick's reminiscences of Harvard professors in his college days, delightful as these were, but because I too knew Jane Toppan — and lived!

I was a typhoid patient at the Cambridge Hospital in 1888, a boy of nine. I had two private nurses, but Miss Toppan used frequently to come in and sit and talk to me in off moments. I remember vividly how entertaining and charming she was, but she never gave me my medicine! I remember also hearing later of the extraordinary events which led to her incarceration, and how appalled my mother was when she heard of it.

You can imagine how tremendously interested I was when I came to Mr. Sedgwick's account of her, every detail of which tied in so perfectly with what I knew about her. What an amazing creature she was! Mr. Sedgwick's experience was evidently several years later than mine, and he an older youth. I should be much interested to know what year it was when her evil doings were discovered, and what year she died. I never could understand why the doctors did not suspect her long before.

None of the professors Mr. Sedgwick mentions were teaching when I was at Harvard in the early 1900's except James and Kittredge. I studied with James (also Royce and Santayana) but not with Kittredge, though he lectured here one year shortly before he died and I saw him then. Most of those Mr. Sedgwick names, however, I used to see or know when I was in Cambridge. His story of Kittredge and Child is delightful. My relationship to Professor E. C. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory was similar to Mr. Sedgwick's relationship to Child.

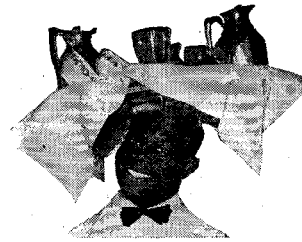
JARED SPARKS MOORE
Cleveland, Ohio

Sir:

I want to be one of at least a thousand doctors who will write to you about "Informal Education at Harvard."

On page 80 both morphia and atropin are doing strange things. If morphia and atropin so mis-

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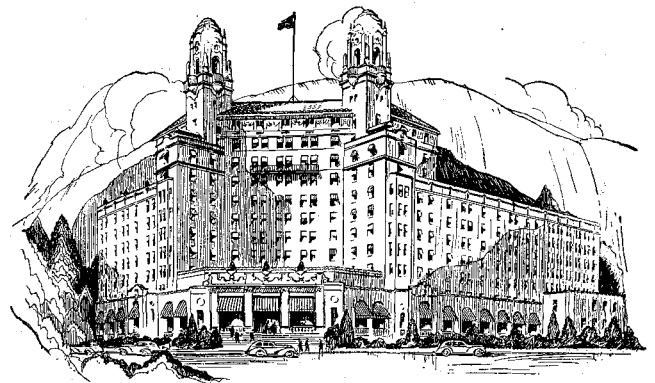
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Atlantic Repartee

behaved in the hands of Jane Toppan, no wonder she was nuts!

DR. W. A. LOMAS
Pacific Palisades, Cal.

Do American Men Like Women?

Sir:

To David Cohn's strongly written paper, "Do American Men Like Women?" (August *Atlantic*) I'd like to cry, "Hear! Hear!" Being married to a European myself, I have observed the difference between their attitude and that of many American men, and can add my testimony to that collected by your author. His conclusions are familiar to me, for in an article published several years ago, "Why American Women Marry Foreigners," I treated much the same subject from the feminine angle.

I wish your airing of these views might impel some American men to try the experiment of liking women, and see if the liking might not make them more likable — and therefore be productive of more happiness all around. As the situation now stands, unlovely qualities in both men and women result from the lack of polarization between the sexes in this country. The more intolerant men become of woman's "influence" and push her away, the more she becomes fussy and petty and uninteresting, and the more he becomes narrow and ill-mannered and dull. The immaturity pointed out in the character of our men and women would be outgrown if we had more of the humanizing interplay between the sexes, the cross-fertilization of mind and spirit, which create the deepened consciousness of mature development.

Actually, so closely related are cause and effect, in this phase of life, that if an effort were made to reduce the magnificent isolation in which many American women live, a chain reaction of desirable developments might ensue, leading to a halt in the deterioration of the marriage state. I've noticed some charming American men, exceptions to our rule, whose wives were not lonely, who could almost get away with murder without being divorced!

MARJORIE KERN
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sir:

Of course American men like women; many of them like too many women.

R. E. CAVANAUGH
Indianapolis, Ind.

Sir:

Apropos of your ambiguous question, "Do American Men Like Women?" may I say that your query would have been more apt had you stated it thus: "Do American Men Like *American* Women?"

Naturally or biologically, — as you choose, — our men like women. From the days of the slave

trade, pioneer women, Klondike Kates, our grandmothers who plowed fields and raised families at the same time, American men have been quite fond of women, after their fashion — their fashion being to use them for all they were worth.

Under the present economic system, however, women are fairly well emancipated and no longer consider themselves slaves to the beck and call of the "master." Men are beginning to be on the defensive with regard to women. There is even some thought — could this be heresy? — that men are actually in danger of losing their flimsy perch of superiority.

And so I would answer your question this way: American men don't like American women because they are afraid of them. As a whole they are too shallow to "like" anything well. Their misdeeds are catching up with them. It has at last occurred to men that the pants may fit better on the distaff side.

PATRICIA R. DILLARD
Long Beach, Cal.

Sir:

American men like women because they are biologically complementary and necessary in social evolution. Our emancipation of womankind has paid large dividends, economic, social, political, and the end is not yet. The team has set up a light-house, a shrine, for mankind. The eyes of the World are upon us.

American men like American women because they are the handsomest, sanest, smartest, most coöperative, most lovable in all the world.

When American men cease to like American women, God help America.

W. E. SMITH
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sir:

May the powers that be deliver me from a third man falling in love and remaining in love with me instead of going on from there to learn the tremendous fact that he cannot live for love, but only for a human being.

If either of my husbands had learned the happiness to be derived from the knowledge that he meant something to me simply because he was there, there wouldn't have been two marriages.

Instead, they fell in love with me (so they said) and remained in love with me (so they said) even though unfaithful.

It would seem that whenever that will-o'-the-wisp of curves and suggestion beckoned, back they both went to their adolescent days of the fleeting affair, the gay hour; then back to me again with the fast becoming boring protestations of eternal love.

In time I learned of the extramarital relations of these adobe-footed gents, gave up the role of "the little woman," and became one of those creatures referred to as neither fish nor fowl.

"Do American Men Like Women?" delights me

to the extent that its author states that there are, there really are in existence today, some men who like women as human beings.

All I need now to further my delight — I may as well say complete my delight — is for some honest woman to let her hair down regarding men.

Gad, suh; I should live so long!

JEAN NOELL
New York City

I Personally —

Sir:

In a world where so many statesmen and military leaders are already discussing the possibility of World War III, as revealed in the August Atlantic Report, it is refreshing to read in the same issue such an article as "All Are Guilty." Agnes Newton Keith's insight and spirit are desperately needed today if we are not to have "the collapse of the upward striving of the race." Heartiest congratulations to the *Atlantic* for making available this stirring contribution to our thinking.

REV. SIDNEY A. MAYER
Toledo, Ohio

Sir:

Dr. Bowie's article (August *Atlantic*) on the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament is good. But his "not merely a revision of a former version but a translation that in its total effect is new" is subject to some limitation. Else how, in the name of all detective stories, do you explain the fact that some books of the New Testament are more thoroughly altered from the previous version than are others?

Not all the changes that might have clarified the meaning have been made. We are still told that Jesus, or some apostles, or a Pharisee and a publican, went into "the temple." Surely in the minds of most readers this means the roofed and walled building. But in these passages, as in most of the New Testament passages where the English Bible mentions "the temple," the Greek word designates the broad enclosed square which surrounded that building. The like is true where the new version still speaks of "the pinnacle of the temple." Presumably every member of the committee of revisers knew that the temple had no pinnacle, no spire, no gable. The "wing" on which Jesus was set for his temptation was apparently not an upward extension but a sidewise extension, where the courtyard was built out over the valley with a great retaining wall which constituted a lofty artificial precipice; this precipice was famous in the Palestine of those days.

The committee, avowedly preferring smoothness to literalness, have at times preferred smoothness to accuracy. In Luke 12:15, Moffatt and Goodspeed (both of whom became members of this committee of revisers) translate, respectively, "a man's life is not part of his possessions because he has ample wealth" and "a man's life does not belong to him, no matter how rich he is"; I translate, "it is not in possessing a superfluity that a man has his living out of his property." The new version, with little change from the old version, says, "a

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Atlantic Repartee

man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions." Here smooth English is obtained by substituting a smooth homemade thought, which is not what Jesus uttered, for the knotty thought expressed by the stiff and hooked Greek of the original text.

Sometimes the committee might have recognized that the language of the present day is capable of bringing out the sense more sharply than the old language to which they have adhered. Still, the new version has in it a great deal of very good work. And many readers will regard overconservatism and oversmoothness as a pair of the most pardonable faults.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON
Ballard Vale, Mass.

Sir:

The wolves of Tetana which Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher describes in the August *Atlantic* have certainly come a long, long way from Little Red Riding Hood's disgraceful wolf. That wolf would have been snubbed by the highly civilized wolves of Tetana, who only hunt in packs and never, never kill unless attacked. They have solved the marriage problem, also. Our husbands return nightly to our homes; the wolves wisely see their mates only once a year — hence no divorces.

Many men sing love songs at first and growl thereafter — just like wolves. Language seems our great hindrance. But without it how could we express our laughter or delight? When Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher can report a sense of humor in her wolves, let us know. Until then let British Columbia keep them.

Thanks to the author for a delightful article.

H. STILES
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir:

The story "The Good Neighbor" by John Kaufman in the August *Atlantic* fills me with indignation and a feeling of frustration. Because I am a social worker, I want to say what I think about the implications in the story.

First of all, it casts aspersions on the police, who are usually not so dull as to ignore the sight of dirty, unkempt children in a good neighborhood and would be interested or at least curious enough to ask some questions. Moreover, the author describes the police as so indifferent that they wouldn't be interested in the children's condition even if it were called to their attention.

Next, it's high time the public knew that children are not taken from their parents and placed in institutions by social agencies, which will resort to court action only in the last extremity. Every year the public is asked to support social agencies. If such a story as this is taken seriously, the public

will think that all social agencies do is to pass the buck and let city or state funds take care of maladjusted persons.

I may be wrong, but I am under the impression that the public is keenly aware of the problem of juvenile delinquency. Are Mr. and Mrs. Cox samples of the public? Mr. Cox is portrayed as a character too cowardly to tell his wife the truth; that is, he is interested in the welfare of the children. And Mrs. Cox is too cowardly to be interested in the children because of what "the cats" will have to say. So the children disappear from the story, to continue being neglected and under the influence of a dissolute mother, and the self-righteous citizens are "relieved" and decide their erstwhile neighbors weren't worth helping anyway.

I'm afraid some readers will find an excuse in this story to salve their own consciences for failing to do something about a problem of social import which they have right under their own noses. We need a stimulating story where something was done, and not just a fade-out.

MARTHA W. STORKE
New York City

Sir:

I write to urge you to what is undoubtedly a criminal act. Monica Stirling's account of Monsieur Willy's imprisonment of Colette at the writing table gave me the idea. For the greater glory of the *Atlantic* I suggest that you could do nothing better than to fasten Miss Stirling in a large bear trap (or some other secure contrivance) and force her to turn out for your sole use the exquisite prose with which she distinguished your July issue.

F. X. SUTTON
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

It is one of the highest points in pleasure to receive each month your excellent magazine. Yours is the nearest approach to realism and truth found in any publication on the market.

One of the most enjoyable features is the Repartee section, and in the August issue I found some humorous letters criticizing the vulgarity of Thomas Heggen's fine series. I hope you don't let such prudish people keep you from printing stories that present life *very near* to what it is.

As a seaman who spent some of the best years of his life in just such boredom as Mr. Heggen described, I can say truthfully that they were toned down almost as much as was possible and still depict the life at sea.

I recommend for people who want camouflage and escape from life some *very fine* magazines, printed on *very slick* paper, which contain stories that are simply too, too divine.

Thanks for the best magazine on the market. I hope it stays that way.

J. B. McCORKELL
Wilmington, Cal.

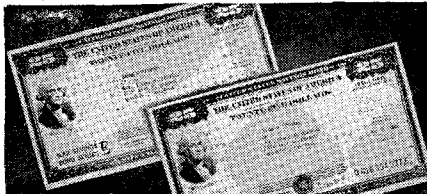
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Enrolled under the Payroll Savings Plan in thousands of factories, offices, and stores, over 27 million American wage earners were purchasing "E" Bonds alone at the rate of about 6 billion dollars worth a year by the time V-J Day arrived.

With War Bond Savings automatically deducted from their wages every week, thrift was "painless" to these wage earners. At the end of the war, many who never before had bank accounts could scarcely believe the savings they held.

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From war to peace! War Bonds are now known as U. S. Savings Bonds, bring the same high return—\$25 for every \$18.75 at maturity.



Out of pay—into nest eggs! A wage earner can choose his own figure, have it deducted regularly from earnings under Payroll Savings Plan.



New homes to own! Thousands of new homes, like this, will be partially paid for through Bonds wisely accumulated during the next five to ten years.



Keeping cost of living in check! Buying only needed plentiful goods and saving the money which would bid up prices of scarce goods keeps your cost of living from rising. Save automatically—regularly.

Weekly Savings	SAVINGS AND INTEREST ACCUMULATED	
	In 1 Year	In 10 Years
\$ 3.75	\$195.00	\$2,163.45
6.25	325.00	3,607.54
7.50	390.00	4,329.02
9.38	487.76	5,416.97
12.50	650.00	7,217.20
15.00	780.00	8,660.42
18.75	975.00	10,828.74

Savings chart. Plan above shows how even modest weekly savings can grow into big figures. Moral: Join your Payroll Savings Plan next payday.

**SAVE THE EASY WAY...
BUY YOUR BONDS...
THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS**

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SERVING THREE GREAT GROUPS OF PEOPLE

**From statement by Walter S. Gifford, President, American Telephone
and Telegraph Company, at 1946 Annual Meeting of stockholders**

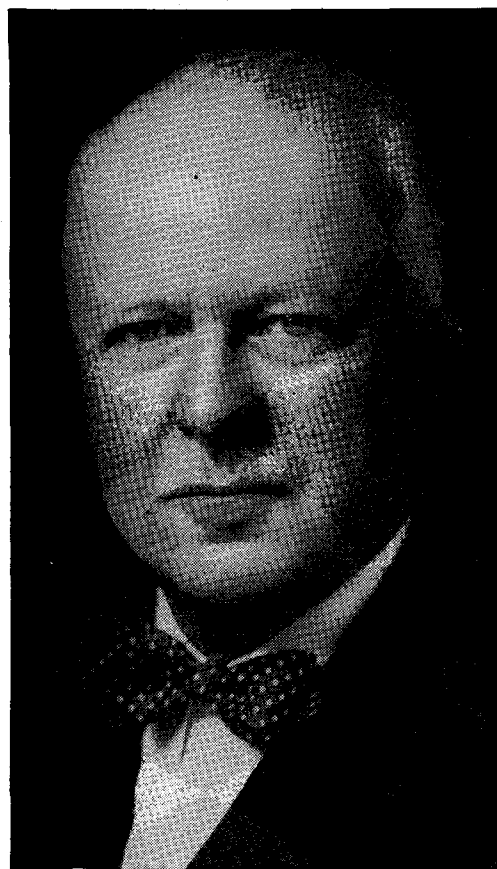
"It is not without significance that our Annual Report opens with the statement that 'The Board of Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company presents herewith the management's accounting of its stewardship for the information of stockholders, employees, telephone users and the entire American people who have entrusted to private enterprise the responsibility for carrying on this essential national service.'

"There is every reason for the management of your company to treat equitably each of the three parties concerned, namely, the telephone users, the employees and the stockholders. For in the long run, the interests of these three great groups of people, individually and collectively, are mutual and interdependent.

"More and better service at the least cost is as much in the interests of stockholders and employees as it is of the telephone users.

"Well-paid employees with steady employment; with opportunities open to all for advancement; and with reasonable protection against contingencies of illness, accident, death and old age are as much to the benefit of telephone users and stockholders as to employees.

"A stable and fair return on the money invested in the business—sufficient to attract the new money needed to develop and expand facilities—is as good for the telephone users and employees as it is for the stockholders."



WALTER S. GIFFORD

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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HOW WE WILL VOTE

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

IN ITS foreign relations the United States is assuming today more vigorously than ever before the role of international champion of political democracy. Our statesmen are resting their plans for the future of the world on the conviction that the right can win out only through an active and open discussion of issues, and that the system of competing political parties is indispensable to the workings of a free society. This conviction is not mere rhetoric. It is, at bottom, a philosophy of government, and it is already seriously in conflict with an opposing philosophy, championed by Mr. Molotov, which argues that only one party (guess which) can represent faithfully the mass interest, and that, in a proper society, no other party should be tolerated.

In the service of our philosophy of government our diplomats watch with anxious solicitude the activities of opposition parties in Eastern Europe. Our newspapermen report vigilantly on the progress of free elections in Poland and Bulgaria. Our editorial columns contrast the stultifying effects of single-list voting with the stimulus to truth and freedom provided by party elections in a democracy.

Yet certain paradoxes emerge. Mr. Byrnes, our Secretary of State, himself represented for many years in both houses of Congress South Carolina, a state where the one-party system is as dominant

and occasionally as brutal as the one-party system in Bulgaria. The political standard our press seeks to impose on Rumania would have remarkable consequences if extended to Mississippi (or even perhaps to Vermont).

Today our nation, while operating overseas as the militant apostle of free political activity, is girding itself at home for its first national election after two crucial years of world history. It is the first national election since the death of Roosevelt, the first since the unveiling of the atomic bomb, the first since the end of the war, the first since the dark growth of the sense of irrepressible conflict between East and West. The most grave and consequential issues are poised for judgment. The American system of political democracy is undergoing what Poland and Bulgaria might nastily regard as a test of its capacity to face up to the urgencies of the century.

How does the United States measure up? The answer can only be—unless there are drastic changes in the last ten weeks before voting—that the American people are responding with a deep and widespread apathy. Over a century ago, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote: "To a stranger all domestic controversies of the Americans at first appear to be incomprehensible or puerile, and he is at a loss whether to pity a people who take such arrant trifles in good earnest or to envy that happiness which enables a community to discuss them."

There are, of course, good reasons for the present apathy. The American people have been through exhausting emotional experiences: the depression, the New Deal, the war. Their liberal and generous instincts have had a thorough workout in the past

After a year and a half overseas as a Corporal in the OSS, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., returned to this country in time to see his latest book, *The Age of Jackson*, win the Pulitzer Prize in History for 1945. Now on leave of absence from Harvard (where he is an Associate Professor of History), he is working in Washington on the source material for his new book, *The Age of Roosevelt*.

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dozen years, and these instincts are flagging. War has always tended to produce the Grants and the Hardings—the administration characterized by moral indolence and indulged by a people undone by compulsions toward taking it easy.

There is, in addition, the all-important technical reason: that this is a mid-term election, without a Presidential contest or national platforms to crystallize the differences between the parties, and without even a Congress whose record is intelligible in party terms. The fall elections thus must break down inevitably into several hundred distinct and unrelated battles going on across the land, varying tremendously in the substance of the debate and in the nature of the decisive factors.

Each party has a national committee, located in Washington, whose business it is to provide what over-all direction is possible and to allocate the campaign resources in the way most likely to gain the greatest number of seats. For the national chairmen, mid-term elections soon assume the appearance of a multiple chess game, carried on by telephone and telegraph and in good part played blindfold, with one master engaging many different players, each employing separate gambits and separate systems.

The stake in this gigantic chess match will be the House of Representatives. There are 435 seats in the House, of which the Democrats have 239. Taking the seats held by minor parties into consideration, the Republicans need 26 to gain control. They cannot possibly pick up the 9 seats necessary to capture the Senate, but they stand a good statistical chance of winning the 26 essential House seats. The Democratic vote always falls off more in the mid-term elections than the Republican; labor and minority voters apparently need the stimulus of a Presidential campaign to be drawn out in numbers, while Republicans tend to vote steadily year in and year out.

Connecticut, for example, has been changing hands fairly regularly. In 1938, 4 of its 6 representatives were Republicans; in 1940, all were Democrats; in 1942, all were Republicans; in 1944, 4 out of 6 were Democrats. This is 1946, and the Republicans figure that their turn is coming up again. Another striking case is the 22nd district in Illinois,—the area surrounding East St. Louis,—where Congressman Melvin Price is faced by a tough fight for re-election. In 1940 the Democrats polled 98,000 votes; in 1942, 53,000; in 1944, 83,000—a considerable fluctuation, while the Republican turnout stayed within 10,000 votes of 75,000.

Now, counting upon an almost certain decline in Democratic voting, the Republicans make tabulations of districts which they barely lost in 1944 when Roosevelt was on the ticket. They calculate that in as many as 30 districts the Democrats won by a margin of 3 per cent or less. Victory in all these districts will give the Republicans control of the House. In addition, they look in some districts

to a larger than 3 per cent shift; so in their moods of wilder optimism they think about picking up 35 or 40 seats—enough to insure against the whims of maverick Republicans who might want to go along with the Administration on certain measures. They will gain 42 seats if their increase in 1946 over 1944 is in the same proportion as their increase in 1942 over 1940. If it is in the same proportion as their increase in 1938 over 1936, they will gain 169 seats; but this is too abandoned a figure for the most sanguine Republican committeeman.

The reason why, as any member of the Democratic committee can demonstrate in sixty seconds, is that, whatever happens, the Democrats have a sure reserve of seats which the Republicans cannot hope to seduce or to steal. There are, first, the districts in the South; and second, the districts in the industrial North and in the border states. The Democrats tot up from 190 to 200 seats which nothing less than a Republican tornado could wrest from them.

The strategy calculations of the two national committees in Washington are thus quickly simplified. The Republicans are not going to waste time and money in contesting districts in Alabama or South Carolina, nor are they going to spend much effort on such Northern city districts as the 4th Illinois in Chicago, where the Democrats polled almost 80 per cent of the votes in 1944. For their part, the Democrats do not expect to score notable triumphs in such implacably Republican states as Kansas, Iowa, and Vermont. Conceding each party about 190 seats, the tacticians narrow the struggle for the House down to the 55 marginal seats.

2

AT THIS point the problem arises of the possible impact on these 55 seats of voting blocs; that is, of groups of people voting, not according to party discipline, but according to some other loyalty—economic, racial, or religious. With a loose party system like the American, blocs have always been the bane of the politicians. The professionals treat them warily, like large and potentially fierce dogs that they stretch out their hands to pat, never knowing whether the animals will lick or bite. A mythology has arisen around the blocs—a mythology fostered both by organizations which purport to represent the blocs and have an interest in exaggerating their strength and unity, and by politicians and newspapermen who find in the bloc *mystique* an easy means of explaining away election results, particularly if they are unexpected (“What happened to O’Hara was that he just couldn’t hold the Armenian vote on the South Side”).

The question of blocs is, in fact, somewhat more complicated. A single individual may be a long-shoreman, an Irishman, a Catholic, and a veteran

— which would automatically qualify him for a good many blocs, ranging in political flavor from the Kremlin to the Vatican. But it is just as likely that he will vote in terms of OPA and inflation, or in terms of inheritance and conditioned reflex. For other purposes he may function as a member of the Harry Bridges union, or the Ancient Order of Hibernians, or the Knights of Columbus, or the American Legion; and all of these may claim control over his vote. But can any of them deliver it on election day?

Few public figures have exerted such apparent influence over masses of Americans as Father Coughlin or John L. Lewis. But when Coughlin exhorted his faithful disciples to cast their votes for William Lemke in 1936, most of them regarded him with entire indifference. Lewis had no more luck in trying to swing the CIO vote to Willkie in 1940. Both Coughlin and Lewis were imprudent enough to promise to go into the garden and eat worms if their advice was not followed. Their example has not been lost on other leaders concerned with the problem of converting blocs into votes.

The most effective blocs do not tend to figure much in calculations concerning the marginal districts, because where blocs really predominate — as in a rich farm area or in a large city — the districts are already in the vest pocket of one party or the other. The great majority of the rural districts, for example, are now Republican. Where the liberal National Farmers' Union is strong, as in Montana, it will help the Democratic candidate, but its power is limited.

Of the great economic blocs, the most significant in the coming elections is labor, and the most significant single non-party organization concerned with the elections is the Political Action Committee of the CIO. It is not necessary to linger long over the charge that CIO-PAC represents an unwarranted intervention in politics, especially when it is made by people who smile benignly upon the American Liberty League. But it should be noted that even PAC has never been tested on the problem of changing the labor vote against the first impulses of the labor voter. Its role this fall will be to arrest the normal off-year decline in the labor vote which was so nearly disastrous to the Democrats in 1942.

3

AMONG the foreign nationality groups the organizations making the greatest clamor politically are the Polish societies. There are about three million persons of Polish origin in the United States, and large and cohesive Polish communities exist in such cities as New York, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, and Cleveland. Next to the Italians and the Germans, they constitute the largest foreign-language minority in urban areas in general; and in all the cities mentioned except New York they are the largest

single minority. This group, voting as a unit, could obviously have considerable impact. Moreover, it is traditionally a Democratic group whose defection would seriously weaken the Administration.

Poles are politically irascible by custom as well as by temperament. Many American Poles still cherish the ardent and romantic nationalism which has made their cousins among the most attractive and least practical of Europeans. During the war, with politics blacked out in the homeland, exiled Polish leaders created a substitute political life in Britain and the United States. The factions which sprang up after the death of General Sikorski agitated their cases throughout the U.S. Polish community in a savage rivalry for funds and moral support. As the London and Lublin feud widened into irreconcilability, so did the feud in American Polonia.

About this time Republican strategists, planning for the 1944 elections, saw a chance of detaching the Polish bloc from Roosevelt by playing upon the evident incompatibility between the Atlantic Charter and the designs the U.S.S.R. appeared to have on Poland. The Administration itself became worried by the uproar and looked somewhat glumly upon the Polish situation. But, after the smoke of battle cleared away, the Polish districts were about where they always had been.

This outcome was due in part probably to the fact that the vociferous propaganda of the National Committee of Americans of Polish Descent (KNAPP) and of the Polish American Congress inevitably created its own makeweight in the form of the Polish American Labor Council. Under the able leadership of Leo Krzycki of the CIO, the new group argued that Soviet intentions in Poland were much misunderstood. But, in a more basic sense, all the organizations concerned with the rights or wrongs of the Soviet performance in Poland were probably talking chiefly to each other. Other Poles might listen if they were interested; but, like other Americans, they continued to vote in terms of local, state, or national issues, not in terms of their old homeland.

The Republicans still have hopes of the Poles in 1946. The *Chicago Tribune*, serenely confident that the great world will eventually come round to it, is still urging the Polish vote in the 7th Illinois district to unseat William W. Link, the Democratic Congressman, and strike a blow for Polish freedom. The Polish press is as embittered as ever. But there seems little prospect of any bloc desertion by the Poles from the Democrats. Indeed, the defeat of Thad F. Wasielewski, an anti-Soviet Pole, by another Pole more tolerant of the U.S.S.R., in the Democratic primaries in the 4th Wisconsin district (Milwaukee), suggests that, if anything, the tide is running against the die-hard nationalists. But then Edmund V. Bobrowicz, who beat Wasielewski, is also pro-labor and a veteran; so, as usual, it is hard to know which bloc came out on top.

The Polish situation has been duplicated on a smaller, though hardly quieter, scale among the Yugoslavs. One faction, discreetly assisted by former Ambassador Constantine Fotich and employing as its main organ the *Amerikanski Srbobran* (*American Serb Defender*) of Pittsburgh, has fought the fight for Mihailovich and Greater Serbia, while the United Committee of South-Slavic Americans, headed by Louis Adamic and the violinist Zlatko Balokovich, has sought to whip up favorable opinion toward Tito (an enterprise which enjoyed some success until it was recently confounded by Tito himself). The American Slav Congress, claiming to represent fifteen million Americans of Slavic ancestry, has expanded from Yugoslavia to include Bulgarians, Czechs, Poles, and even Russians with an alacrity which ought to delight any Pan-Serb, except that its main purpose is to whitewash the U.S.S.R.

The Yugoslavs have been loud in their arguments, and during the war the main focus of Yugoslav political activity tended to shift to the United States. At one time six Yugoslav ministers of state resided here. But the actual Yugoslav community consists of fewer than 400,000 persons; and the only places where it has much likely political impact are Ohio (particularly around Cleveland) and Pennsylvania. There is no indication that any large number of Yugoslavs intend to vote on the basis of nostalgia for the fatherland.

The Italian vote is more formidable. There are four and a half million persons of Italian stock in the United States, and they make up the largest single foreign nationality in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco. Roosevelt's "stab in the back" allusion in 1940 undoubtedly shocked the sensibilities of Italians long trained by Fascist consuls to admire Mussolini, and the Democrats lost Italian votes that year. Since then, most American Italians have recovered from their passion for Fascism and are taking pride in the new democratic government struggling to get on its feet. The proposed peace terms for Italy are a great cause for dissatisfaction among Italian Americans, but it seems unlikely that the dissatisfaction will change many votes.

The Germans constitute the largest single foreign-nationality group. But the German-dominated districts had pretty much turned against the Administration by 1940 and they will not cause any upset in calculations for this fall. It should be noted, however, that James Reston of the *New York Times* recently reported from Milwaukee that a study of the Wisconsin election returns "does not sustain the myth that there is a solid isolationist German-American vote. . . . The second, third and fourth generations are voting their pocketbooks, not their origins."

Of the blocs allegedly moved by developments overseas, only the Jewish community seems at all problematic. The vacillations of Congressmen from

districts with a heavy Jewish vote during the fight over the British loan indicates the agitation in Washington. President Truman clearly feels pressure to achieve some satisfactory settlement (or at least obfuscation) of the Palestine question before election. But even in this case there is certainly a tendency to exaggerate the extent of bloc voting likely to result.

The Republicans have indulged in constant hopes during the past two years that the Negroes were finally returning to the party that freed the slaves. In the days when Wendell Willkie was taking his forthright position on race issues, it really looked as if this might happen; but Negro leaders today are thoroughly cynical as a result of the Republican contributions to the run-around given the Fair Employment Practices Commission.

Casual observers wonder why the Republicans, who have no votes to lose in the South, do not fight for proposals like FEPC in order to win back this important bloc in the North. The answer is that Republican Congressmen consider it more important to maintain the conservative coalition and to stay in the good graces of Southerners. One Senator, when asked why he had not voted for action on FEPC, pointed out that a bill for dams in his own state was tied up in a committee dominated by Southern Democrats. "FEPC is all right, but it isn't worth losing three dams in — County."

The veteran vote is a question mark. Since veterans are mostly young, and youth was mostly pro-Roosevelt, the majority of veterans are presumed to have been inclined toward Democratic rather than Republican affiliations. They have not come back from the wars with the anti-labor emotions anticipated so enthusiastically by the National Association of Manufacturers; and indeed, in the absence of any specific veterans' issue, they have tended to take off the uniform and merge themselves happily in the citizenry. Local political organizations have generally been astute enough to put veterans on their tickets. Where machines have blocked paths to local political advancement, GI's have formed their own tickets, as in localities in Tennessee and Arkansas, and have resorted to violence when the bosses tried to count them out on election day. Almost 60 veterans of this war have been nominated for the House (at the last tabulation, 34 by the Democrats and 20 by the Republicans), and 11, of whom 9 are Republicans, are standing for the Senate.

Other things being equal, a veteran will certainly get more votes than a non-veteran; but it is not clear that he will necessarily get them from other veterans. Too many men were in the Army: there are war records and war records, as most of these men know, and overseas stripes or battle stars are not necessarily proof of anything. Indeed, many veterans will have difficulty in meeting voting requirements this year. It is the rest of the community

which is impressed by a military past and, out of a sense of patriotism or a sense of guilt, votes for the veteran.

4

THOUGH the bloc mythology will be drawn upon to explain all kinds of anomalies in November, it does not seem likely that bloc voting will have anything more than purely local effects. The strategy of wooing blocs is not a major consideration of the national committees. The major consideration is something more mundane and tedious: the simple process of getting out the vote.

A light vote will mean large Republican gains in the House. A heavy vote will mean that the Democrats will hold their own. To get a heavy vote, the Democrats rely upon their own party organizations, tooled to a high degree of efficiency in such places as New York, Chicago, Kansas City, and upon CIO-PAC. The crucial states are California, Connecticut, Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. It would not require a very large shift of votes to give the Republicans control of the House on the basis of these states alone. The decisive factor in such a shift, however, will not be blocs or ideologies; it will be the technical efficiency of the party machines. And the elections will only prove which party has the better organization, and, in the cases of men of known and obvious integrity, like Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, George Bender of Ohio, Herbert Lehmann of New York, the better candidates.

This is not to say that blocs and ideologies should be ruled out of American politics in 1946. But their significance lies less in the contests between the parties than in the contests within each party. In this sense the primaries of spring and summer may well reveal more long-range political trends than the actual elections in November. For, in spite of the lack of sharp differentiation between the parties in Congress or the campaigns, the patterns emerging from the primaries foreshadow a sharper differentiation in the next Congress. The primaries, in general, show that the Republican Party, after its Willkie-of-the-wisp period, is becoming more conservative, and the Democratic Party, for all its Bourbon wing, is becoming more liberal.

Virtually every liberal Republican who faced a contest in the primaries has been rejected by the Republican voters. The fate of Bob La Follette in Wisconsin, of Dwight Griswold in Nebraska, of Charles LaFollette in Indiana, of Augustus Bennett and Joseph C. Baldwin in New York, illustrates the general tendency. The Republican Party evidently wants the extreme right-wingers, the Hugh Butlers, the Fritz Couderts. It feels that it need no longer pretend to a liberalism which, even in the great days of Mr. Willkie, it did little more than tolerate. Indeed, PAC, which would like nothing better than to demonstrate its impartiality by en-

dorsing a few Republicans, is hard put to find any it can stamp with the CIO seal of approval.

At the same time, the Democrats have been retiring a considerable number of their more conservative figures. Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, George L. Radcliffe of Maryland, and Charles C. Gossett of Idaho were actually turned down in the primaries, and four other Senators with consistently conservative records anticipated the voters by stepping down voluntarily. Some of the most bitter anti-Administration Congressmen have been defeated, among them Wickersham, Boren, and Johnson of Oklahoma, Tarver of Georgia, Slaughter of Missouri, Daughton of Virginia, and Cannon of Florida. Luther Patrick of Alabama has thus far been the only casualty among liberal Democrats seeking renomination.

In this connection the situation in the South is of special interest. As Stewart Alsop has reported, a two-party system seems to be developing within the framework of the one-party system. Not since the 1890's have divisions through the South been on such marked ideological lines, so that the voter in almost every state is presented in the primaries with a distinct choice between men of the Pepper-Hill-Sparkman-Arnall-Carmack-Rainey stamp, and the Talmadges, Bilbos, McKellars, and O'Daniels.

Southern Senators like Joe Robinson and Pat Harrison, by fighting for New Deal measures shoulder to shoulder with Hugo Black, had saved the Southern conservatives from this situation in the thirties, until Roosevelt forced the issue prematurely in the 1938 purge. Now the open Bourbon hostility to the remnants of New Dealism has roused and united the liberal elements in the South. The rise of the Arnalls and the Sparkmans, backed by the unusually able and articulate newspaper editors scattered through the South and by the expanding CIO, seems likely to release important new political energies. Even Harry Byrd was surprised this year by a ground swell of protest votes in favor of his PAC-backed opponent. As A. G. Mezerik has suggested in *The Revolt of the South and West*, the impetus for another New Deal may very well come from an alliance between aggressive Southern and Western regional leaders and organized labor, united in their dislike of domination by Eastern capital.

5

BUT these stirrings have not had much effect in formulating the terms of the 1946 elections; and it seems most improbable that they will develop sufficiently in the next few weeks to lift the canvass from its present mediocrity. That mediocrity would not matter if this were the first mid-term election after World War I, with the United States restored safely to the womb, liberated from world responsibilities. But, whether we like it or not, 1922 is as dead as 1492. What we do today is no longer remote

from the rest of the world. Indeed, in view of our loud talk about the virtues of democracy, whatever we do will represent to much of the world an exhibition and testing of democracy in action.

The world situation therefore imposes a new responsibility upon the political leaders of the United States: a responsibility to make the American party system bear some relation to the philosophy of government Mr. Byrnes is defending in Paris. In 1946 our political leadership is not measuring up particularly well.

The Republican Party is dealing largely in fears and fantasies which have practically nothing to do with urgent world issues. That party is not lacking in constructive ability. Governor Stassen and Senator Vandenberg on foreign affairs, Senators Morse, Aiken, Tobey, and even Taft on domestic questions, have made exceedingly useful contributions to our public life. But they represent the enlightened members of a party whom the more conservative citizens, like Senator Wherry of Nebraska, tend to write off as dangerous radicals. Mr. Brownell, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, once proposed running the campaign on the theory that this was the feeblest Administration since that of Franklin Pierce, which was at least an informed and plausible historical assertion. His successor, Mr. Reece, reached his philosophical heights by charging the Administration with supporting "red fascism."

Far from attempting to raise the standard of discussion, the Republican leadership is apparently seeking to lower it. The reason is that the Republicans do not want an interesting campaign; for if the contest becomes too lively, too many people will vote and that would help the Democrats. What ever happened to Harold Stassen's plan for Republican discussion groups? Why did Governor Dewey extinguish the candidacy of Major General "Wild Bill" Donovan in favor of the colorless Irving Ives? The deliberate Republican strategy, reflected in the sleepy atmosphere of the Republican headquarters in Washington, appears to be to keep the elections dull. Apathy is the Republican secret weapon.

The Democratic headquarters, with its staff of bright newspapermen, historians, statisticians, and holders of Guggenheim Fellowships, creates a much greater impression of intellectual alertness, as well as of superior technical efficiency. The CIO-PAC offices, bristling with pamphlets bearing such titles as "What Every Voter Should Know and Do in 1946" and "The Answer Is Full Employment," show a still more serious sense of the need to focus public attention on the large questions. Whatever else one can say about Mr. Robert Hannegan, the Postmaster General, and Sidney Hillman, late chairman of PAC, they at least tried to present basic issues to the American electorate.

But even Hannegan has not been able to persuade the dominant men in the Democratic Party that the campaign should be fought wholeheartedly on the

basis of intelligible and important questions. Though officially denied, the report of Hannegan's attempted resignation from the chairmanship of the National Committee has been well authenticated; and it is clear that he is engaged in a discouraging battle with men like John Snyder, George Allen, and Clark Clifford, who would prefer to lead the Democratic Party to that no-man's land where in the flickering half-light the donkey is indistinguishable from the elephant.

Hannegan believes that combative figures like Chester Bowles and Fiorello La Guardia on the Democratic tickets would produce a spirited campaign and a large turn-out, which would benefit the Democrats; but Snyder fears that, once in the Senate, such men might turn a fishy eye on Snyder's conservative financial policies in the Treasury. It looks very much as if the conservative businessmen and politicians now running the two parties have, by spontaneous and convulsive agreement, united to drive meaning out of politics. The problem of locating responsibility for the handling of OPA shows the success of this strategy.

In the past, American political scientists have approved the amorphousness of our party system in contrast to a land of strict party discipline and accountability like Great Britain. It is true that, so long as parties do not stand for anything very much, the victory of one or the other is not likely to represent the foreclosure of possibilities which in another country might lead to revolution. Where parties have stood for definite policies, as in the election of 1860, the losing party may well tend to believe that the only option left to it is violence.

Yet parties must not become so meaningless that they drag down the whole level of political understanding. Tocqueville wrote: "America has had great parties, but has them no longer; and if her happiness is thereby increased, her morality has suffered." The Democratic and Republican Parties in the current election are considerably more trivial than the parties of Jackson and Clay that Tocqueville observed. One can hardly say that the result has increased either our happiness or our morality.

The undercurrents in the primaries—the tendencies within both parties toward a sharper definition of purpose—suggest that the present leadership is not meeting the needs of the day. As the conservatives operate more clearly in the one party and the liberals more clearly in the other, the Republican and Democratic Parties may begin to mean something by 1948 in spite of Mr. Reece and Mr. Snyder. Although the elections this fall will test little more than the relative efficiency of the party machines, they may nonetheless help make that clear distinction between the parties which will make the coming Presidential election a real demonstration of the democratic process. By 1948 we may have something we can show off to visiting Bulgarians.

MIHAILOVICH: A POST-MORTEM

by ROBERT LEE WOLFF

As this is written, our relations with Marshal Tito have been strained and the public made indignant by the shooting down of American aviators. The *Atlantic* is well aware of the emotions involved in trying to tell the full story of General Mihailovich. We believe it is very much in the national interest to be clear in mind about this vexed subject, and we have therefore turned for an expert accounting to ROBERT LEE WOLFF, formerly Chief of the Balkan Section of the Research and Analysis Branch of OSS, whose judgments we believe to be altogether unbiased. Mr. Wolff is now writing a book on Yugoslavia for the Foreign Policy Library, edited by Sumner Welles.

— THE EDITOR

1

THE death of General Mihailovich before a firing squad of the present Communist regime of Yugoslavia brought to a close one of the strangest cases of the twentieth century. The unsuccessful efforts of the State Department to persuade the Tito government to admit the testimony of American witnesses for the defense, and the eloquent full-page newspaper advertisements of the Committee for a Fair Trial for Draja Mihailovich, reflected widespread American suspicion of the Tito government, and the most strenuous doubts as to the actual guilt of Mihailovich himself.

Americans remember the Serb revolt of March, 1941, the first news of Yugoslav guerrilla opposition to the Germans, and the emergence of Mihailovich as the personification of indomitable resistance to the enemy. There was even a full-length Hollywood production, called *Chetniks*, with an alleged facsimile of the General as its hero.

How is it possible that Mihailovich should have collaborated with the enemy? Why did Britain and then the U.S. shift military support to Tito? Even after we abandoned him, Mihailovich rescued American aviators, didn't he? Was not the trial, with his alleged confession, just another show like the Moscow purge trials or the Reichstag Fire trial, where tortured, tired, or defective defendants had been bludgeoned into confessing? And if he did collaborate, why should a committee of leading Americans be so warm in his defense? Such questions are still unanswered for most Americans.

The first question is, of course: Did Mihailovich collaborate with the enemy? There is no doubt in my mind that he did. The U.S. armies captured in Germany both the former chief Nazi political officer for Southeast Europe — Dr. Hermann Neubacher — and the SS Major General who was Himmler's representative in Yugoslavia. Both these men told American interrogating officers in detail of their arrangements with Mihailovich. Their accounts con-

tain evidence against Mihailovich at least as damning as any known to the Tito government when it tried him. Germany had been defeated; both officials were prisoners. It could have done them no good to claim Mihailovich as a wartime collaborator of theirs if he had not in fact been one.

Even without their testimony I should feel sure that Mihailovich had collaborated with the Germans and Italians. In 1943 an American officer, who was later killed in a plane crash in Yugoslavia, came back to Washington to report, after several months with Tito's Partisans. With him he had a pack of tiny photographs — negatives of documents which he had seen and microfilmed at Partisan HQ. When developed and enlarged, these proved to contain detailed correspondence in Serbo-Croat and German between local German commanders and local Mihailovich commanders with regard to the day-to-day routine business which was carried on between them: operational plans for attacks on local Partisan groups, arrangements for passes enabling Chetniks to come and go freely in German-held territory, and, in one case, even a German warning that Mihailovich's followers were not to be permitted to shout "Long live King Peter!" since Peter was an enemy of the German Reich.

These documents were only part of a large file which the Partisans had captured. Realizing the great value of these documents to his cause, Tito permitted the British representative at Partisan HQ — Brigadier MacLean, who could read both the languages — to make a detailed study of the file. This study convinced MacLean (who was a Conservative member of Parliament and a close personal friend of Winston Churchill) that Mihailovich and his subordinate commanders were working with the Germans; and it was his report to Churchill which determined the eventual shift in British policy. When I was in Yugoslavia in January, 1945, I asked Brigadier MacLean whether there was any possi-

bility that these documents could have been forged. He explained that there were far too many of them, that their capture had been reliably attested, and that the Partisans had no equipment for so wholesale a forgery job. The Tito government has now published one large volume of them, and a second may already be in print.

We must also consider the information supplied incidentally by the experiences of U.S. and British liaison officers with the Chetniks. Colonel MacDowell, who was sent to Mihailovich in the late summer of 1944, found himself, within a very short time after his arrival at Mihailovich's secret HQ, talking in person to Neubacher's right-hand man, Staerker, who had come to the HQ for a discussion.

Captain Walter Mansfield, who repeatedly risked his life to secure vital intelligence for the U.S. government, told, in his first report after his return from Yugoslavia, how he was saved from capture and probable death at the hands of a German patrol encountered accidentally while he was on his way out of the country with a Chetnik escort. A Mihailovich officer in charge of the detachment identified himself as a Chetnik to the commander of the German patrol, and the whole detachment (including Mansfield, whom the Germans would have been delighted to capture) was permitted to pass without further scrutiny. Major Rootham, a British officer attached to Mihailovich, has concluded, in a book just published in England, that the forces of Mihailovich and those of Nedich, the Serb puppet Premier, shared the supplies of arms made available by the Germans, and that the Chetniks knew well in advance the details of the German operational plans against the Partisans.

All this evidence is independent of information collected from Yugoslav sources, much of which is naturally suspect. But it should at least be noted that Mihailovich men themselves, Nedich men, Partisans, Germans, Italians, and simple Yugoslav peasants with no political axe to grind have reported in great number about the specific aspects of the collaboration known to them individually.

The confessions made by the General himself and by many of his aides at their trial cannot be dismissed, though some were later retracted and some were self-contradictory. Mihailovich was no old Bolshevik with a psychological urge to confess irrespective of his guilt. He was a Serb patriot, and therein lies the answer to a second and even more interesting question: How and why did he collaborate with the enemy?

2

IN the first place, there should be no doubt that Mihailovich hated the Germans. He was sincere in his initial opposition to them, and, like most Serbs, always hoped and confidently expected that they would eventually be expelled. But the Partisan

movement rose only a little later than his own, headed by Tito, an experienced Communist organizer and agitator, who also happened to be a Croat.

As a professional soldier Mihailovich had no particular political program. But he was devoted to the Serb-dominated dictatorship established by King Alexander in 1929, which was dedicated to the maintenance of Serb supremacy over the other peoples in Yugoslavia, and had become widely unpopular within the country. The Serb nationalists formed a government-in-exile after the speedy collapse of the Yugoslav armies before the German advance. Mihailovich sealed his connection with them by accepting the post of Minister of War in the Cabinet in January, 1942.

Tito, on the other hand, made the widest appeal to non-Serbs as well as to Serbs by promising full democratic liberties after the war, and by conducting his recruiting drives in a manner likely to appeal to people who had for years been deprived of elementary freedoms. Orthodox and Roman Catholic priests, Moslems, women, youths, Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes appeared together on local platforms behind Partisan lines, and whipped up genuine enthusiasm for the movement, whose Communist core was minimized.

In any case, the dictatorship of Alexander had pinned the label Communist on any person or group which opposed it. The regime impartially imprisoned as Reds both old-line Marxist organizers and young students in the universities who were guilty of nothing but political idealism. As a result the word Communist had lost much of its meaning in Yugoslavia. Non-Communists and anti-Communists, peasants who wanted to fight back, joined the Partisan movement in great numbers, in spite of the Communist Party membership of its leaders. Many of these early enthusiasts are no doubt bitterly disappointed now, since the establishment by Tito of Communist totalitarianism and a police regime of the left fully as repressive as those of the right.

Tito's movement did not get under way until after the German attack on Russia, when it became the duty of Communists everywhere to cease collaborating with the Germans and to turn against them. But this attack (June 22, 1941) followed so soon upon the defeat of the Yugoslavs (mid-April, 1941) that Mihailovich's opposition movement had not yet become effective. So the two groups started about even. During a short period they worked together, and conducted joint operations against the Germans. The rival leaders, however, soon developed differences in military theory at least as important as any of the political disagreements which separated them. To Tito, as a loyal Communist thinking always of relieving the pressure on the U.S.S.R. and of building up his own forces, it was imperative to offer sustained and continual opposition to the Germans. German massacres of civilians in reprisal were ignored, and young men encountered in the villages were frequently drafted

and sent into combat untrained and ill-equipped. Although he too is frequently charged with drafting peasants in the same way, Mihailovich was more cautious; mindful of the terrible Serb losses in the First World War, and moved by the fear that the Serbs might become fewer in number than the Croats, he was anxious to husband his strength. He became inactive, and those Yugoslavs who wanted to fight the Germans joined Tito.

Mihailovich's theory of inactivity was developed over the whole period of the war: he was waiting, he always said, for the day when Allied troops would land in Yugoslavia. Then he would muster 500,000 men, who, in one tremendous operation, would push the Germans out of the country. As time wore on, Mihailovich was faced with a dilemma. He had to try to persuade the Allies simultaneously both that he was so strong that he deserved their sole military assistance, and that he was so weak that he could do no fighting against the Germans until the Allies landed. In any case, this policy, together with his official position in the Government-in-Exile, and his violent diatribes against the Partisans, led to collaboration and to ruin.

These political and tactical differences of opinion split Mihailovich from Tito. It was not long before the Italians and Germans knew of the break and took advantage of it by offering aid against the "Communists" to some of Mihailovich's field commanders. Collaboration was most intimate at first in Italian-occupied Dalmatia and Montenegro. It soon extended to the territory of the "independent" puppet state of Croatia, where the Axis had set up a regime of savage Croat extremists, the Ustashi. In areas under Ustashi control, they carried out fearful massacres of the Serbs; and some of the local Serb leaders who were in sympathy with Mihailovich may have turned to the Germans and Italians partly to secure protection against the Ustashi.

In Serbia proper the line of approach to Mihailovich at first was through the German-sponsored puppet regime of General Milan Nedich. Since it was to the advantage of the occupying powers to divide the potential Yugoslav opposition as much as possible, they had sponsored extreme nationalist regimes in both Croatia and Serbia, where the numerically insignificant Fascist Party of Dimitrije Lyotich shared with Nedich the confidence of the Germans. It is of great incidental interest that both Nedich and Lyotich were close relatives of Constantin Fotich, Ambassador of the Government-in-Exile to the United States, and still a leading figure in the mobilization of American opinion for Mihailovich. Mihailovich worked with Nedich, and both worked directly with the Germans.

Collaboration was probably always grudging in Mihailovich's case, but it involved the acceptance of arms and supplies, the execution of concerted attacks on the Partisans, agreements whereby the Chetniks were allowed the unmolested use of certain

roads during certain hours, and the like. Mihailovich was never so deeply involved with the Germans as were many of his subordinate commanders, over whose activities, in the later stages at least, it is doubtful whether he exercised any effective control. It was probably never a practicable idea to maintain a guerrilla army which had not fighting but waiting as its purpose; and the Chetnik armies were never a well-organized or cohesive force.

For some time the Chetniks' growing weakness and the Partisans' growing strength were successfully concealed from the outside world by Mihailovich's extremely effective propaganda service. The diplomatic corps of the Government-in-Exile devoted itself to spreading accounts of the heroic resistance being carried on by its Minister of War, and intimating that the Partisans — by now more than half Serb in composition — were all Croats and Communists. American newspapers blossomed with press releases making the most extravagant claims; if Mihailovich had ever killed half as many Germans as Ambassador Fotich claimed for him, he would have beaten the Allied armies to Berlin by two years.

The so-called Woods and Mountains radio station, whose broadcasts allegedly emanated from General Mihailovich's secret headquarters, regularly claimed for the Chetniks whatever military successes had actually been scored against the Germans by the Partisans. Not until Stoyan Pribichevich, then writing for *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, Daniel DeLuce, and C. L. Sulzberger, Jr., of the *Times*, published the story of the true state of affairs did the American public have any inkling that the Partisans were a force to be reckoned with or that Mihailovich had not been fighting steadily.

3

BEFORE Mihailovich's behavior can be fully understood, the origin and meaning of his political ideas must be taken into account. After the First World War the South Slavs had rushed to form a federal state in order to forestall Italian demands on Slavic territory. With far too little constitutional preparation, the Croats — with their Latin alphabet, Roman Catholic religion, and Western cultural tradition acquired under the Habsburgs — were tossed into a centralized state with the Serbs, Montenegrins, and Macedonians, who use the Cyrillic alphabet, are Orthodox or Moslem in religion, and have an Eastern cultural tradition acquired initially from Byzantium and maintained under Turkish occupation.

The Serbs were a relative majority of the population; the country's capital and dynasty were Serb; moreover, it had been the Serbs who had fought on the Allied side for the creation of a Greater Serbia. The Serb political leaders assumed that the new state was to be that Greater Serbia; in general they tried to impose this idea on the Croats. For their part the Croats (many of whom regarded the Serbs

as Eastern barbarians without culture, while many Serbs, in turn, regarded the Croats as effete intellectuals or as mere serfs) found their cities policed by Serb policemen and their taxes used for public improvements in Macedonia or South Serbia.

The twenty years between the wars were crowded by the incidents of the fight between the federalists, who wanted varying degrees of local autonomy, and the centralists, who wanted to preserve Serb domination, and are often called Pan-Serbs or Great Serbs. To this Great Serb tradition belonged King Alexander and his chief political advisers. To it belonged most of the top Yugoslav Army officers and most of the top clergy in the Orthodox Church. To it, for their own purposes, belonged the little group of powerful big business men, who profited ruthlessly by the exploitation of the country's natural resources, and who were known as the *charshiya*, a sort of cross between Wall Street and Tammany Hall at their most unreconstructed. To it belonged most of the influential politicians in the successive cabinets of King Peter's Government-in-Exile, so that the dynasty was associated with it in the popular mind.

Exacerbated by what they regarded as Croat cowardice in the face of the German advance in 1941, driven to fury by the savage Ustashi massacres of the Serbs, and outraged that a Croat and a Communist led the Partisans, the Great Serbs during the war became more intransigent than ever. Hating Hitler, they hated Tito more. They hoped they might return to expel the Croats altogether; and most of them wanted not to re-create any kind of Yugoslavia but to establish a Greater Serbia. Fotich's military attaché in Washington during the war, Major Zhivan Knezhevich, a Great Serb tried *in absentia* with Mihailovich, was frequently heard to remark that the massacre of two million Croats after the war would be the only way by which peace and order could be restored. He was regarded as a moderate in some Great Serb circles.

To the Great Serb group Mihailovich by background and training belonged. In many respects he seems to have been the type of army officer called by the Serbs a "boot," to indicate a narrow professionalism of outlook. Never politically-minded, he was caught up in a swirl of violent political cross-currents. His character was full of contradictions. So brave that he refused to be evacuated before the Partisans caught up with him, he is reported, while awaiting the outcome of his appeal, to have urged his guards to "Shoot the others," meaning the defendants who were tried with him. One day he admitted collaboration; the next he denied it. A peasant stolidity, a strong sense of honor, and a certain constancy — despite his confusion — he certainly had. Unpredictable and quixotic, he almost defies analysis by a Western mind. The only frame into which his character can be fitted is that supplied by the limited and outworn ideas of Pan-Serbism.

Before a moral judgment is passed on Mihailovich, it should be remembered that collaboration itself is in the Balkan tradition. Peoples accustomed to oppressive foreign occupiers generally develop techniques of rendering such limited assistance to the oppressor as may enable them to live to fight another day. During their long centuries under the Turks, the Serbs developed such a technique of collaboration, and the practice has never been looked upon with the opprobrium with which it was viewed in the West, especially during this last war. The greatest Serb hero, the fourteenth-century Kraljevech Marko, center of the famous ballad cycle, helped his enemy, the Turk, kill his people, the Serbs, in this way. Viewed in this light, the whole relationship of Mihailovich to the Germans takes on moral aspects usually not thought of in the West.

4

FROM the moment of its outbreak, the civil war in Yugoslavia between Tito and Mihailovich had international implications. It would have been natural to expect the Soviet Union to favor the Partisans and to manifest suspicion of the Government-in-Exile and Mihailovich; and to expect the Western Allies to support King Peter and the legal government of the country — of which Mihailovich was a member — and to view with disfavor the Communist tendencies of the Partisan movement.

As things worked out, however, the powers did not behave according to the pattern. The U.S.S.R. gave the Partisans no material support (probably largely because of its own desperate military situation and the difficulties of transport) and limited its moral support to denunciations of Mihailovich on the Moscow Radio. It maintained diplomatic relations with the Government-in-Exile until a Partisan victory was certain and a formula had been found for making Tito's regime the constitutional successor of past governments. Thus the grave international complications which might have resulted if each of the parties to the Yugoslav domestic struggle had found a great Ally to support it were at least postponed until such inter-Allied disagreements could no longer benefit the Germans.

Britain, for its part, in November, 1943, received Brigadier MacLean's report on Mihailovich's collaboration and on the probable great value of the military assistance to be expected of the Partisans; and, although it took some months for his recommendations to be followed, the British government eventually made its decision on the basis of purely military considerations. Tito was killing Germans; he was interested in killing more Germans; Mihailovich was not interested in killing Germans until he could obtain massive Allied support, which Britain and the U.S. could not supply; meanwhile he was killing only Partisans. Tito's forces were far larger, far better organized, and far more effective. So the

British withdrew their support and their liaison officers from Mihailovich and decided to give Tito whatever military support could be spared for Yugoslavia. At the same time they continued to recognize King Peter's Government-in-Exile, and to work to bring Peter and Tito together. But the differences between Peter's Great Serbs and Tito's Communists were too deep-seated for reconciliation; moreover the Communists were on the ground and had the power; they were not disposed to share it with their helpless old enemies in exile.

So, in deciding to support Tito, the British let political considerations go, presumably hoping that Tito's democratic protestations were sincere, or that the Communists in the Partisan movement, always a minority, would not be able to retain control over the movement after hostilities had ceased. Churchill has since publicly declared this to have been his greatest mistake: the Communists, though relatively few in number, proved to be entrenched in the top positions of the movement. They were able successfully to accomplish the transition from leadership of a wartime guerrilla movement to political control of a state freed from enemy occupation, and to resist all compromise with Peter.

It is difficult to see, however, even in the light of hindsight, how the British could have made any other decision: they had always to consider the prospect that, if they continued to support Mihailovich, whom both they and the Russians knew to be collaborating with the enemy, and if Mihailovich then used British arms against the Yugoslav Communists, the Anglo-Soviet alliance, which, of course, it was essential to preserve and strengthen, would be subjected to severe strain. At the time, the British perhaps still expected that eventually they would make landings in force in the Balkans, and may well have reasoned that, if they liberated Yugoslavia at some time in the future, they could exercise sufficient political influence to keep the country from going Communist. As things turned out, of course, it was the Red Army which liberated Yugoslavia, and this act was to put the final seal of success on the operations of the Partisans. It is probably true that the British did not try early enough or hard enough to arrange a truce in the Yugoslav civil war.

5

THE policy of our government in the Mihailovich-Tito dispute was determined initially by the fact that Yugoslavia lay within a British military theater, in which the British were primarily responsible for military decisions. The decision to withdraw support from Mihailovich and to give it to Tito and his Partisans was in essence a military decision, in which the U.S. acquiesced.

But our acceptance of the decision was complicated by several other factors. A legitimate and indeed compelling reason for the U.S. to maintain

relations with Mihailovich after the British had severed them was provided by the fact that the U.S. Army Air Forces were taking off every day from Italy to bomb installations in the Balkans and Central Europe. Many plane crews whose machines had been shot up parachuted to safety in Chetnik territory and were given good treatment by Mihailovich and his men until they could be evacuated to Italy. These men, grateful to Mihailovich, have been among the foremost to testify in his behalf at the hearings of the Committee for a Fair Trial for Draja Mihailovich. One of them summarized the evidence and views of them all when he said, in effect: "Mihailovich was so good to us that he could not have collaborated with the Germans."

Obviously, this is a complete *non sequitur*: Mihailovich was perfectly capable of treating Americans well, and collaborating with the Germans at the same time; it was to his interest, as he understood it, to do both; and, in fact, he *did* both. It was always his hope that Yugoslavia would be rescued by the British and Americans, from what he regarded as the menace of Communism and Russian occupation. He hoped that we would restore the legitimate government and permit it to dispose of Tito.

A second factor complicating the U.S. attitude toward Mihailovich was the reluctance of our Intelligence services to accept the British decision that all liaison officers at his HQ were to be withdrawn. Acting on the sound principle that our government was entitled to independent information from any place in the world, the OSS succeeded in getting an American mission to Mihailovich approved as late as the summer of 1944. By then the military position of the Chetniks was hopeless, but the arrival of U.S. officers long after the last Englishman had left bolstered Mihailovich's morale and aroused Tito's keenest suspicions. The Partisans' eventual victory had already been assured by their own efforts and by the advance of the Red Army almost to the Yugoslav frontiers. It was too late to reverse the basic decision which had already been made, that the Western Allies would not invade the Balkans. It was only by such an invasion that Mihailovich's (mostly potential) forces could have been activated, Tito kept out of power, and the country kept — probably only temporarily — out of the Soviet sphere.

We were not prepared to take these steps, but the late arrival of a U.S. mission to Mihailovich aroused in him the hope, and in the Partisans the fear, that we were. So, although the principle behind the U.S. mission to Mihailovich was sound, and although at one moment during its course it seemed possible that the German surrender in the whole of the Balkans might be secured, the effect was unfortunate. Cause for suspecting the U.S. of favoring forces friendly to the enemy had been given the already suspicious Partisans, who acted in a most unfriendly manner. It should hastily be said, however, that — to judge from developments since the war

— no Communist regime is willing to exhibit friendliness to the U.S. anyhow.

In attempting to account for the growth of American sympathy for Mihailovich, one should remember that the U.S. has a large number of citizens of Yugoslav origin, many of whom are still interested in the politics of the old country; so that there are, for example, American counterparts of all the numerous Yugoslav political factions, including Great Serbs, Ustashi, and, of course, Communists. This fact vitally affected the recruitment of our Intelligence services. The British, who have had a trained Intelligence service for centuries, were able to use for work in Yugoslavia British subjects with no Yugoslav connections, who knew the language and had suitable training and background. The U.S., on the other hand, which was painfully beginning to recruit and train Intelligence and operations officers for special missions, naturally found itself, in the case of Yugoslavia, turning to Yugoslav-Americans.

Although these men were loyal citizens of the United States, they sometimes had a bias one way or another in their attitude toward Yugoslav politics. This resulted, for example, in our sending to Mihailovich some U.S. officers and enlisted men of Yugoslav origin who had Great Serb sympathies. These young men spoke Serbo-Croat; they fell into the adventurous spirit of guerrillas; as Americans, they got a royal welcome; they became deep sympathizers of Mihailovich and haters of the Partisans. One of them, for example, made a propaganda speech over the Chetnik Radio, which seemed to local listeners to lend the whole prestige of the U.S. to Mihailovich, and which went down as another black mark against us in Tito's book. Naturally enough, some of these men are to be found among the supporters of the Mihailovich Committee.

6

THERE are other reasons why U.S. opinion has continued to support Mihailovich. For one thing, Southeast Europe is still so little known to the average American or Briton that quite often, on being introduced to the area, he will feel a great sense of discovery. Here, after all, he says to himself, are charming, intelligent people, sophisticated, but with a disconcerting and exciting streak of primitiveness. Unfortunately what usually happens is that the discoverer falls in love with the first Balkan people he meets. Since each of the Balkan peoples more or less hates all the others, the American or English writer who adopts one as a favorite often adopts all its prejudices. His writing is often delightful reading; it rarely contributes much to the sober solution of pressing political problems.

The outstanding example of recent years is the extraordinary book by Rebecca West, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*. Miss West has written what in many ways is a literary masterpiece, but what

amounts, politically, to little more than a glorification of the Serbs. Rebecca West was, as might have been expected, one of the most vigorous British supporters of Mihailovich. There are also certain American Serbophiles who will hear no evil of Mihailovich, and who repudiate as Communist-inspired any suggestion that he ever collaborated with the enemy. Ruth Mitchell, author of *The Serbs Choose War*, is one of these. Ray Brock, former *New York Times* reporter, is another. Both were members of the Committee for a Fair Trial for Mihailovich.

Moreover, some officers of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S., like some in the Church of England, are much interested in the possibility of securing some sort of ecclesiastical unity with the Orthodox Church — which is, among other things, the traditional official state church of the Serbs, and whose priests in this country were largely pro-Serb and pro-Mihailovich. Presumably because of sympathy with them, the American Episcopal clergymen in question have adopted a Great Serb position. This may help explain the appearance of Bishop Manning of New York (who also sponsored an anti-Croat, anti-Catholic book called *The Martyrdom of the Serbs*, a collection of atrocity stories with photographs) as a member of the Mihailovich Committee.

Then too, it has been a frequent and natural phenomenon that officers and men who were assigned to the resistance forces in Europe should in some measure have come to sympathize with the groups with whom they risked their lives. This may account for the recent activity in behalf of Mihailovich of such men as Captain Mansfield. The presence on the Committee of such staunchly convinced anti-Stalinists as Eugene Lyons, Louis Waldman, and Isaac Don Levine is even easier to understand.

The Mihailovich Committee, I think, was made up in part of Serbophiles, who, despite their affirmation that "we do not presume to declare General Mihailovich either guilty or innocent," had already persuaded themselves that he was innocent. But the Committee also included such Americans as Sumner Welles, Dean Gildersleeve, Dorothy Thompson, and others, among whom was a sizable group of those, like Roger Baldwin and Oswald Garrison Villard, who have in the past been most concerned with guarding our own civil liberties.

It may be presumed that, in signing a petition urging the Secretary of State to demand that Mihailovich be turned over for trial to an international tribunal, these citizens did not have any great hope that Tito could be made to comply with any such request if it were made. Despite the contention of those who maintain that, as an international figure fighting under the Allied High Command, Mihailovich was entitled to an international trial, he was, after all, a Yugoslav charged with treason against Yugoslavia. If we should, for example, ever find ourselves trying an American Communist for treason to the United States, we should hardly be likely to

welcome a Soviet suggestion that we turn over evidence and defendant to an international tribunal. So presumably these Americans simply hoped to call attention to Tito's plans for conducting a trial which they felt was sure to be unfair.

"The case of General Mihailovich," their manifesto says, "has already been prejudged by the Yugoslav Government, which announced long ago that the General, when captured, would be 'executed after a fair trial.'" In point of fact, the Yugoslav government never made any such announcement; former Premier Subasich, a member of the Croat Peasant Party, and now out of the government and opposed to Tito, made this remark informally to reporters at the San Francisco Conference, where, as Foreign Minister, he was chairman of the Yugoslav delegation. This makes it somewhat less offensive than the Mihailovich Committee implies. The fact that the Yugoslav government had such overwhelming evidence against Mihailovich, most of which, before the trial at least, was apparently not known to the American members of the Committee, but was known to Subasich, makes it seem likely that he was speaking loosely — much as some U.S. official conceivably might have said, for instance, of Göring before he was captured: "When we get hold of that man, we'll try him and execute him."

While these arguments soften the force of the Mihailovich Committee's point, they by no means answer its basic contention, which was also supported even by many of those who were aware that Mihailovich was guilty: that Mihailovich would not receive a fair trial. Now that he has been tried, it can be seen that they were right.

7

SINCE the Tito regime had all the evidence it needed to condemn Mihailovich in a fair trial, it is difficult to see why it failed to disarm future critics by exercising great care that the procedure should be above reproach. However, defense counsel were muzzled in a variety of ways: Mihailovich was allowed no communication with his lawyers before the trial, and the indictment — a document of over 300 pages — was not shown to Mihailovich or to his lawyers until it was sprung on them in the courtroom. Mihailovich was not allowed access to his own materials. The lawyers for the defense were limited to final speeches, and were not permitted to interrogate the state's witnesses.

Moreover, the courtroom was deliberately turned into a claue, with tickets given out to carefully selected supporters of the regime, who frequently demonstrated more or less noisily against the defendants. The judges appeared to play into the

hands of the claue in remarks from the bench. When a former member of the Tito government, Milan Grol (a Serb Democrat who resigned in protest at Tito's authoritarian methods, and whose opposition newspaper, *Demokratiya*, was given short shrift), testified, the courtroom rang with shouts of "Death to Groll!" Charges that Mihailovich was tortured, however, have not been substantiated. Finally, of course, the testimony of the Americans, for which the State Department had asked admission, was excluded.

The explanation for this performance may lie in part at least in the shortage of trained lawyers and judges from which the regime is suffering. It is frequently not realized abroad that new and revolutionary governments have grave difficulty in finding loyal replacements for civil servants, diplomats, and other trained personnel generally, and that this problem is made even more acute by their need to establish a large bureaucracy in a hurry. The result at best is inefficiency, of a type still encountered by anyone dealing with Russian officials. This can only be a small part of the explanation, however, since the Mihailovich trial was planned for months in advance and was conducted in the full light of international publicity.

Another part of the explanation lies in the extreme rancor and vindictiveness with which grudges are nurtured in the Balkans. During the war, both parties in the Yugoslav civil conflict committed bloodthirsty atrocities on civilians, and Mihailovich was held responsible by the present regime for the part his followers played in such brutalities. All through the later years of the war Mihailovich was held up to the Yugoslav people by Partisan propaganda as the personification of treachery. It was perhaps psychologically impossible that his trial should have been conducted fairly. Putting this another way, one might say that nobody need have any illusions as to what Tito's fate would have been had Mihailovich captured him during the war, or had the Great Serbs been returned to power. In a cutthroat game, Mihailovich guessed wrong; his wrong guess led him to what he regarded as justified collaboration with the Germans in defense of causes which turned out to be lost. He has suffered the inevitable consequences.

Therefore the case of Mihailovich, when examined, turns out not to be that of a martyr in the cause of democracy. And the Tito regime, which could well have afforded to give him a scrupulously fair trial — and even to have displayed a little magnanimity by commuting his sentence to life imprisonment, after a conclusive demonstration of his guilt — lost an opportunity to improve its reputation in the eyes of a world already disappointed by its failure to keep its wartime promises, and by its totalitarian record of suppression of liberty.

THE CONSTANT SYMBOL

by ROBERT FROST

THERE seems to be some such folk saying as that easy to understand is contemptible, hard to understand irritating. The implication is that just easy enough, just hard enough, right in the middle, is what literary criticism ought to foster. A glance backward over the past convinces me otherwise. The *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and *Aeneid* are easy. The *Purgatorio* is said to be hard. The Song of Songs is hard. There have been works lately to surpass all records for hardness. Some knotted riddles tell that may be worth our trouble. But hard or easy seems to me of slight use as a test either way.

Texture is surely something. A good piece of weaving takes rank with a picture as decoration for the wall of a studio, though it must be admitted to verge on the arty. There is a time of apprenticeship to texture when it shouldn't matter if the stuff is never made up into anything. There may be scraps of repeated form all over it. But form as a whole! Don't be shocking! The title of his first book was *Fragments*. The artist has to grow up and coarsen a little before he looks on texture as not an end in itself.

And there are many other things I have found myself saying about poetry, but the chiefest of these is that it is metaphor, saying one thing and meaning another, saying one thing in terms of another, the pleasure of ulteriority. Poetry is simply made of metaphor. So also is philosophy — and science, too, for that matter, if it will take the soft impeachment from a friend. Every poem is a new metaphor inside or it is nothing. And there is a sense in which all poems are the same old metaphor always.

Every single poem written regular is a symbol small or great of the way the will has to pitch into commitments deeper and deeper to a rounded conclusion and then be judged for whether any original intention it had has been strongly spent or weakly lost; be it in art, politics, school, church, business, love, or marriage — in a piece of work or in a career. Strongly spent is synonymous with kept.

We may speak after sentence, resenting judgment. How can the world know anything so inti-

mate as what we were intending to do? The answer is the world presumes to know. The ruling passion in man is not as Viennese as is claimed. It is rather a gregarious instinct to keep together by minding each other's business. Grex rather than sex. We *must* be preserved from becoming egregious. The beauty of socialism is that it will end the individuality that is always crying out mind your own business. Terence's answer would be all human business is my business. No more invisible means of support, no more invisible motives, no more invisible anything. The ultimate commitment is giving in to it that an outsider may see what we were up to sooner and better than we ourselves. The bard has said in effect, Unto these forms did I commend the spirit. It may take him a year after the act to confess he only betrayed the spirit with a rhymster's cleverness and to forgive his enemies the critics for not having listened to his oaths and protestations to the contrary. Had he anything to be true to? Was he true to it? Did he use good words? You couldn't tell unless you made out what idea they were supposed to be good for. Every poem is an epitome of the great predicament; a figure of the will braving alien entanglements.

Take the President in the White House. A study of the success of his intention might have to go clear back to when as a young politician, youthfully step-careless, he made choice between the two parties of our system. He may have stood for a moment wishing he knew of a third party nearer the ideal; but only for a moment, since he was practical. And in fact he may have been so little impressed with the importance of his choice that he left his first commitment to be made for him by his friends and relatives. It was only a small commitment anyway, like a kiss. He can scarcely remember how much credit he deserved personally for the decision it took. Calculation is usually no part in the first step in any walk. And behold him now a statesman so multifariously closed in on with obligations and answerabilities that sometimes he loses his august temper. He might as well have got himself into a sestina royal.

Or he may be a religious nature who lightly gets committed to a nameable church through an older friend in plays and games at the Y.M.C.A. The

A New England poet, who has four times been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, ROBERT FROST wrote last summer this essay, which will stand as the introduction to his collected poems to be published by the Modern Library in November.

next he knows he is in a theological school and next in the pulpit of a Sunday wrestling with the angel for a blessing on his self-defensive interpretation of the Creed. What of his original intention now? At least he has had the advantage of having it more in his heart than in his head; so that he should have made shift to assert it without being chargeable with compromise. He could go a long way before he had to declare anything he could be held to. He began with freedom to squander. He has to acknowledge himself in a tighter and tighter place. But his courage asked for it. It would have been the same if he had gone to the North Pole or climbed Everest. All that concerns *us* is whether his story was one of conformance or performance.

There's an indulgent smile I get for the recklessness of the unnecessary commitment I made when I came to the first line in the second stanza of a poem in my book called "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." I was riding too high to care what trouble I incurred. And it was all right so long as I didn't suffer deflection.

The poet goes in like a rope skipper to make the most of his opportunities. If he trips himself he stops the rope. He is of our stock and has been brought up by ear to choice of two metres, strict iambic and loose iambic (not to count varieties of the latter). He may have any length of line up to six feet. He may use an assortment of line lengths for any shape of stanza, like Herrick in "To Daffodils." Not that he is running wild. His intention is of course a particular mood that won't be satisfied with anything less than its own fulfillment. But it is not yet a thought concerned with what becomes it. One thing to know it by: it shrinks shyly from anticipatory expression. Tell love beforehand and, as Blake says, it loses flow without filling the mould; the cast will be a reject. The freshness of a poem belongs absolutely to its not having been thought out and then set to verse as the verse in turn might be set to music. A poem is the emotion of having a thought while the reader waits a little anxiously for the success of dawn. The only discipline to begin with is the inner mood that at worst may give the poet a false start or two like the almost microscopic filament of cotton that goes before the blunt thread-end and must be picked up first by the eye of the needle. He must be entranced to the exact premonition. No mystery is meant. When familiar friends approach each other in the street both are apt to have this experience in feeling before knowing the pleasantries they will inflict on each other in passing.

Probably there is something between the mood and the vocal imagination (images of the voice speaking) that determines a man's first commitment to metre and length of line.

Suppose him to have written down "When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes." He has uttered about as much he has to live up to in the theme as in the form. Odd how the two advance

into the open *pari passu*. He has given out that he will descend into Hades, but he has confided in no one how far before he will turn back, or whether he will turn back at all, and by what jutting points of rock he will pick his way. He may proceed as in blank verse. Two lines more, however, and he has let himself in for rhyme, three more and he has set himself a stanza. Up to this point his discipline has been the self-discipline whereof it is written in so great praise. The harsher discipline from without is now well begun. He who knows not both knows neither. His worldly commitments are now three or four deep. Between us, he was no doubt bent on the sonnet in the first place from habit, and what's the use in pretending he was a freer agent than he had any ambition to be. He had made most of his commitments all in one plunge. The only suspense he asks us to share with him is in the theme. He goes down, for instance, to a depth that must surprise him as much as it does us. But he doesn't even have the say of how long his piece will be. Any worry is as to whether he will outlast or last out the fourteen lines — have to cramp or stretch to come out even — have enough bread for the butter or butter for the bread. As a matter of fact, he gets through in twelve lines and doesn't know quite what to do with the last two.

Things like that and worse are the reason the sonnet is so suspect a form and has driven so many to free verse and even to the novel. Many a quatrain is salvaged from a sonnet that went agley. Dobson confesses frankly to having changed from one form to another after starting: "I intended an Ode, And it turned to a Sonnet." But he reverses the usual order of being driven from the harder down to the easier. And he has a better excuse for weakness of will than most, namely, Rose.

Jeremiah, it seems, has had his sincerity questioned because the anguish of his lamentations was tamable to the form of twenty-two stanzas for the twenty-two letters of the alphabet. The Hebrew alphabet has been kept to the twenty-two letters it came out of Egypt with, so the number twenty-two means as much form as ever.

But there they go again with the old doubt about law and order. (The communist looks forward to a day of order without law, bless his merciful heart.) To the right person it must seem naïve to distrust form as such. The very words of the dictionary are a restriction to make the best of or stay out of and be silent. Coining new words isn't encouraged. We play the words as we find them. We make them do. Form in language is such a disjunct lot of old broken pieces it seems almost as non-existent as the spirit till the two embrace in the sky. They are not to be thought of as encountering in rivalry but in creation. No judgment on either alone counts. We see what Whitman's extravagance may have meant when he said the body was the soul.

Here is where it all comes out. The mind is a baby giant who, more provident in the cradle than he knows, has hurled his paths in life all round ahead of him like playthings given — data so-called. They are vocabulary, grammar, prosody, and diary, and it will be too bad if he can't find stepping stones of them for his feet wherever he wants to go. The way will be zigzag, but it will be a straight crookedness like the walking stick he cuts himself in the bushes for an emblem. He will be judged as he does or doesn't let this zig or that zag project him off out of his general direction.

Teacher or student or investigator whose chance on these defenseless lines may seize, your pardon if for once I point you out what ordinarily you would point me out. To some it will seem strange that I should have written my verse regular all this time without knowing till yesterday that it was from fascination with this constant symbol I celebrate. To the right person it will seem lucky; since in finding out too much too soon there is danger of arrest. Does anyone believe I would have committed myself to the treason-reason-season rhyme-set in my "Reluctance" if I had been blasé enough to know that these three words about exhausted the possibilities?

No rhyming dictionary for me to make me face the facts of rhyme. I may say the strain of rhyming is less since I came to see words as phrase-ends to countless phrases just as the syllables *ly*, *ing*, and *ation* are word-ends to countless words. Leave something to learn still later. We'd have lost most of our innocence by forty anyway even if we never went to school a day.

TO THE RIGHT PERSON

Fourteen Lines

In the one state of ours that is a shire
There is a District Schoolhouse I admire —
As much as anything for situation.
There are few institutions standing higher
This side the Rockies in my estimation —
Two thousand feet above the ocean level.
It has two entries for co-education.
But there's a tight-shut look to either door
And to the windows of its fenestration
As if to say mere knowledge was the devil,
And this school wasn't keeping any more,
Unless for penitents who took their seat
Upon its doorsteps as at Mercy's feet
To make up for a lack of meditation.

THE PART OF YOUTH

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

1

AS OUR society is organized no generation begins to exert a ponderable influence on public affairs until its members have reached the mathematical middle age of thirty-five, and the real balance of influence and therefore of power lies certainly on the far side of fifty. The number of controlling decisions made even in time of war by men whom a decent respect for the meaning of the English language could call young is small indeed. A cabinet member in his forties may look young to a reporter who is accustomed to interviewing cabinet members in their sixties and seventies, and a Congressman in his thirties may look like a boy to the boys in the smoke-filled rooms, but either one of

them would be called Sir by the seniors in an Eastern preparatory school.

The public responsibilities of the young, therefore, under the middle-aging system of American party government are small. Short of a miracle in one of the new veterans' organizations there is no probability whatever that the young as the young and in their capacity as the young will bear any considerable part of the responsibility for the government of the United States in the immediate future. But public responsibilities and public opportunity are very different things. Opportunities for service in the world are created by the world's need, not by its party structure. And what the world now needs — what our part of the world now desperately needs — is something only the generation of the young can give it.

The United States has its share and more than its share of political experience, and of the cautious, well-pruned, careful fruits which political experience produces. It has its share and something more than its share of men of sound judgment and dis-

For six years ARCHIBALD MACLEISH put aside his poetry to serve in Washington as Assistant Secretary of State, Librarian of Congress, Assistant Director of the OWI and Director of the Office of Facts and Figures, and more recently as chairman of the American delegation to the conference in London to set up the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. On his release from official life, Mr. MacLeish returned to his summer home in Conway, Massachusetts, and there has been writing his prose and verse in response to the urgency of today.

cerning competence who have learned and digested the middle-aged lessons that half a loaf is better than no bread; that the longest way round is the shortest way home; that "in the affairs of this world men are saved not by faith but by the want of it." What the country lacks is not sagacity but conviction: not the aging skills of compromise and negotiation but the young passions of certainty and belief.

We are face to face in this country, whether we know it or not and whether we wish it or not, with a fundamental decision which will affect our future for generations to come—and the future of the world as well. It is not the decision to which our minds are most frequently directed by our public advisers. It is not the question of Russia which we are told from day to day with increasing excitement and urgency is the great American question, or the question of Germany which we are told with almost equal insistence is the great American question, or the question of Spain or China or the Mediterranean or the Pacific. It is a question which includes all these but is not any one of them alone or all of them together. It is the question of ourselves—of who we are, of what we are.

The great American question, that is to say, is America itself. Who are we now as a nation and a people? What have we become? Are we the New World, the western land, the noble experiment, the young and revolutionary people we have told ourselves we were for generations: Whitman's America and Emerson's; Jefferson's well-ordered dream; Lincoln's last great hope? Or are we something else now? Are we a great power—a great possessor and preserver and defender of land and wealth and weapons? Are we the beginning of something or the end of something?—the creators of a revolutionary future or the inheritors of a revolutionary past?—a dream in men's minds or a dollar in their pockets?

Do we want a good world for all men to live in or do we want the rest of mankind to leave us alone to live in the world we have? Do we know what we believe and do we propose to make our belief come true, or do we merely know what we don't believe and what we are determined shall not come true? Is liberty still our cause or have we no cause?—have we outgrown the causes?—are we established now and settled and too old for causes?

These would be searching questions at any time. Now they are fundamental questions which go to the root of our own destiny and of the destiny of the world. The character of our time is such that our conception of the role we are to play in it—which is to say our conception of the kind of people we are—has become a factor of critical significance, not only in the shaping of our own future but in the shaping of the future of mankind. If we conduct ourselves in this generation as a young, creative, and revolutionary people, capable of think-

ing of the world in new and changing and creative terms, our future and the world's future will be very different from the future either can look forward to if we think of ourselves as an old established power with our eyes fixed upon the past and our own security.

The one unarguable certainty about our time is the certainty that we face a new age, an age unlike any other that has gone before, an age unprecedented both in its possibilities and in its dangers. For the next many years the labor of politics, the labor of statesmanship, the labor of government will be the labor of learning to live with other nations in a world in which no nation, no society, has lived before. The problem of our time is not the problem the political commentators talk about. It is not the problem of "making peace." It is the problem of making a world in which peace will be possible. Or rather, it is the problem of learning to live in the new world we have already made, in such a way that peace will be possible.

Those who talk now about "making peace" seem to be thinking of peace, consciously or unconsciously, as something which has been "broken" and which can, with skill and care and expert knowledge, be repaired as a broken plate can be repaired. All that is necessary, they imply, is to solve this problem and that problem and the other—the problem of Germany and the problem of Trieste and the problem of Manchuria—fitting the several solutions together into one total solution and the result will then be peace.

The superficiality of that kind of thinking will be apparent to anyone who will consider what the broken plate of peace actually was and how it was held together and whether or not the force that held it is capable of restoration. That force was one form or another of the balance of power. The balance of power was a plausible formula, if not for peace at least for armistice, in a world in which power *could* be balanced—a world in which there was time for the action and reaction which gave the redressing device its limited effectiveness. Under the old conditions of warfare in which planes and guns and ships and divisions on one side equaled planes and guns and ships and divisions on the other, aggressive action might be held in check by the fear of equally aggressive reaction.

Under present conditions of warfare there is no time for action and reaction. There is only time for action. The first atomic attack of a new war may well be the last military action of that war. Weapons on one side, therefore, do not equal and cannot balance weapons on the other and, far from exercising a repressing and deterring influence, any attempt to balance weapons will merely increase the likelihood of attack. It is precisely the fear that one possessor of the atomic weapon will use it without warning which is most likely to persuade another possessor to use it without warning

— and to use it first. The formula of the balance of power becomes, in other words, a formula not for peace but for disaster. Anything in an age of weapons such as ours which increases tension between peoples increases the likelihood of war. And the formula of the balance of power is nothing but a formula of tension — truce through tension, but tension notwithstanding.

The plain fact is that peace — or what passed for peace before it was broken — cannot be mended, cannot be repaired, cannot be restored. Peace as the mere absence of war enforced by the fear of war and policed by the power of others to make war in retribution is not only broken; it is altogether and totally destroyed both as an existing state and as a future possibility. Those who talk of re-establishing it by force of arms — those who talk of what they call “the realities of power” — are deluding themselves and misleading their countrymen. Peace can only be made now by creating it whole and new: by so shaping the new world of our time that it will *become* peace. And only a young, daring, and creative people — a people unafraid of change — a people which knows its mind and follows its convictions — such a people in short as we have thought ourselves for seven generations to be, is capable of the work that must be done.

2

WHETHER we are in truth such a people becomes, therefore, a question of the first importance not to ourselves alone but to the world. But it is precisely the answer to that question which is most in doubt. Disinterested and honest observers in other countries, examining the record both of our official conduct and our private speech, may well be left in some bewilderment. The great declarations of the beginning of the war aside, we have not conducted ourselves, with the one exception of our role in the creation of the United Nations, as the last great hope of earth, the nation committed to the cause of human liberty, the new people for whom Whitman spoke: “Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a New World.” More and more we have seemed to play the part of the champions not of a New World, but of an old world — not of what could be done, but of what has been done. More and more our policy has seemed to be shaped not by what we hope but by what we fear — not by belief in our own cause but by dread of another cause.

In the clamoring, quarreling confusion of little voices which makes up the frog-pond piping of our time, no American voice has spoken since the one American voice was stilled. No American voice has shouted a great uncompromising Yes to silence the shrill chorus of unceasing Noes. Little by little, step by step, we have withdrawn from the great declarations of the first charter and the sec-

ond. Little by little we have let our fears, our apprehensions — what we call our new-learned realism — force us back. We no longer say to the world: this is what we believe; this is our cause. We say instead: no one can tell *us* what to think; no one can push *us* around. We no longer say to the world: this is the freeman’s Proposition; measure it alongside yours; see which is better. We say instead: the world is threatened by alien and subversive ideologies, by new notions which should be suppressed.

It is not altogether strange, therefore, that we seem to others in other countries to stand at one pole of world opinion — and not the pole at which we stood a hundred and fifty years ago. And what is true of our official policy and practice is true also of our private talk — or part of it. One of the most widely circulated of American magazines published recently a series of articles, typical of many others, in which it was seriously proposed that American foreign policy should now be derived, not from an analysis of American belief and American practice, but from an analysis of Russian belief and Russian practice. The proposal of the author apparently was that we should face up to the “facts” about Russia, that we should determine their meaning to us, and that we should then permit that determination, by the mirror images of fear, to dictate the policy this Republic should pursue.

A more embarrassing confession of intellectual and moral bankruptcy has never, I think, been published in the United States. But it was published — and not only published but propagandized in full-page advertisements carried in the principal newspapers of the country. It represents, therefore, or must be assumed to represent, the opinion of some portion of our people. There are apparently Americans, influential enough to make use of the principal instruments of communication, numerous enough to make the use of those instruments profitable, who are ready to accept for themselves, and to urge upon others, the doctrine that the American people and the American republic have lost the political and social initiative they once possessed and are now remitted to the role of political and social reaction to the initiative of others.

How these people would answer the great American question is obvious enough. We are no longer, they would say, a young and revolutionary and creative people capable of conceiving and asserting our own vision of a world made new and whole for peace: we are a great power, a mature and settled nation, too rich for visions and too sensible to talk of new worlds or of whole ones. Our course now is to lock up what we have and to defend ourselves against ideas which threaten our security even if the walls and fences we erect for our protection split the earth and make another and more dreadful war inevitable.

But because there are men who hold these views and are in a position to declare them it does not follow that the people of the United States are ready to accept this picture of themselves. They are angered without doubt by the stories they hear from one source or another of a Russian purpose to dominate the world, reducing the nations to precincts of a vast police state directed from Moscow. But if they are angered they are skeptical also, and certainly they are not afraid.

They have just issued from a great war in which they demonstrated to the world and to themselves that the sinews and muscles of their society are stronger and younger and capable of greater and more protracted effort than those of any other nation or, perhaps, of all other nations together. In that war there was demonstrated also the power and vitality of the conception of human life to which the American people are committed. As between those who believed in absolute and disciplined subservience to the state and those who believed in freedom, the believers in freedom, though unprepared and taken at disadvantage, proved in the outcome a greater determination and a more enduring strength.

Finally, the victory in that war was won in the name of the principles on which the American republic was founded. Whatever meaning may have been given privately by others to the words liberty, democracy, and freedom, it was in these names and under these banners that the war was fought, and in these names and under these banners that the greater part of humanity enlisted in our cause.

3

IT is inconceivable, therefore, that the American people would choose to think of themselves now, if they had the choice, as a people put on the defensive by the superior physical or intellectual or moral vitality of any nation or group of nations; or would agree that they ought to give up the great dream of a world made one for peace and human dignity and freedom because of fear that, if the world were one, another and slavish conception would dominate its life.

On the contrary, the American people believe, or are ready to believe, that the future of the world belongs to the ideas for which they have lived and struggled as it has never belonged to those ideas before: that the revolution which created America, and not some other and backward revolution into tyranny and death, is the dominating and creative force of the time we live in; and that the need now is for trust and confidence and action, not for hate and fear.

They believe, or they are ready to believe, that

we in this nation, working candidly and openly and generously with men in other nations of whatever doctrine, have it in our hands, by courage and by confidence and by conviction, to make peace as peace must now be made — as peace can only now be made — within the structure of a world which now is whole and single however fear and caution may deny it.

They believe, or they are ready to believe, that we alone can take the initiative in this labor of peace since we alone possess at once the physical means which are necessary to its realization and the faith in man, the belief in the dignity and worth of all men everywhere, which is the one sure, common ground on which the structure can be raised.

But it is one thing for a people to be ready for belief and another thing altogether for belief to reach the urgency of action. It is there, at that point in its approach to its destiny, that the passion and conviction of the generation of the young becomes, or may become, a moving force upon the nation's history. The temper of a people at a given time is made not by the words its leaders speak on its behalf but by the things it feels; and what a people feels is what the young feel far more than the old. If the generation of young men who fought this war, and the still younger generation which will be called on to bear arms in consequence of this war, were clear and sure in their conception of the part the people of the United States ought to play in the great labor of peace, we would play that part.

The responsibility does not belong to them. The responsibility belongs to those who have the power and the duty of decision. But the opportunity is theirs notwithstanding. There was never a time in the history of the United States when the convictions of the young could play a greater part in shaping the destiny of the nation, for there was never a time when the young had a greater right to be heard or when the old had greater need to listen to them.

The young have fought one war. They will fight another if there is another soon. Whether there is war or not, as long as there is fear of war they will be asked to give up time which, next to their lives, is the dearest thing they have. What this nation does or does not do to make a world at peace is a matter, therefore, of immediate and personal concern to them. But what they think of what their nation does is a matter of even greater and more urgent concern to the nation as a whole and to its people. There are counselors enough to advise us to act upon the fear of the worst we can foresee. There are few to urge us to act in confidence in the best we know. That has been from the beginning the great part of youth. It is the part of the young men still; and this country needs it.

ALMOST TOUCHING THE CONFEDERACY

by JAMES BRANCH CABELL

1

ALWAYS afterward it was to seem odd, to look back upon the childhood of that myth which you, during your own childhood, were permitted to witness among those of your elders who defined themselves, without any thought of vainglory, or of being contradicted, as belonging to the best families of Virginia. Like Ulysses before King Alcinoüs in your *Homer's Stories Simply Told*, or like Aeneas at Carthage in *Stories of Old Rome*, your elders, to every side of you, were engaged in retelling the tragedy in which their own part had not been minor. No more than for young George Washington, in your *Child's History of Virginia*, was it conceivable for anyone of them ever to consider perverting the truth consciously. That they were wholly in earnest as to everything which concerned the sacred Lost Cause for which their lives had been risked, and their fortunes demolished, went equally, as people phrase it, without saying. So you meant only that, just now and then, you wondered about your elders.

For the atmosphere of the Richmond of your childhood, to a very marked degree, was elegiac. The Confederacy had fallen, which was bad enough in all conscience; and, which appeared to have been far more horrible, Reconstruction had followed. Here-with one employs the word "horrible" on account of the backwardness of the English language, which, as yet, has not produced any adjective better qualified to express the more lenient aspects of Reconstruction, as your elders viewed Reconstruction. Not until a long while afterward did you have any special notion as to what "Reconstruction" might signify, precisely, because when you first began to remember things you knew only that it had let loose strange monsters, which were called Carpetbaggers; and that these had acted real mean to everybody in Richmond, and over in Petersburg also.

When your elders talked about The War they reminded you of those prophets and the several other people in nightgowns who, according to the full-page

picture in your *Book of Bible Stories*, had sat down by the rivers of Babylon; nor in later years did you change this opinion, materially. You did not mean that your elders behaved in this way upon the banks of the James River or near the Canal. That was where you went fishing.

Instead, it was before the tall writing desks of their grandfathers, or between a dignified pitcher of ice water and a flag of the Confederacy on a gold-painted pole, that your elders sat down very solemnly; and they lamented together, in memoirs and upon memorial days, when they remembered their Zion, that South which had been, and which now was at one with Babylon. They spoke — not without any ardor, nor did they shun the more sturdy graces of elocution — as to a paradise in which they had lived once upon a time, and in which there had been no imperfection, but only beauty and chivalry and contentment. They spoke of womanhood, and of the brightness of hope's rainbow, and of the tomb, and of right upon the scaffold, and of the scroll of fame, and of stars, and of the verdict of posterity. But above all did they speak of a thin line of heroes who had warred for righteousness' sake in vain, and of four years' intrepid battling, even from the McLean farmlands at Bull Run to the McLeans' parlor at Appomattox.

When your elders spoke as to General Robert E. Lee, it was in the tones which other, less fortune-favored nations reserve for divinity, because a god, or at any rate a demigod, had come forth from the Northern Neck of Virginia to dwell in the Confederate States of America; and they who spoke had beheld with their own eyes his serene glory. There was no flaw in it when, upon tall iron-gray Traveller, he had ridden among them, like King Arthur returned from out of Avalon, attended by the resplendent Lancelots and Tristrams and Gareths and Galahads who, once upon a time, had been the other Confederate generals.

And about yet another sublime and gracious being, who resembled wise Merlin, your elders spoke also, calling him Jefferson Davis, and telling about his downfall, and about his imprisonment in a place which was more uncomfortable than Broceliande. All this had happened to Mr. Davis, so you learned

A Virginian, born and bred in Richmond, JAMES BRANCH CABELL is doing what every articulate Southerner would like to do: he is writing a book about his beloved state. The *Atlantic* has already published two affectionate chapters, "A Letter to General Lee" in March, 1946, and "Of Southern Ladies" in May, 1946, and we hope to print more.

gradually, after a great host of very bad people called Yankees, who reminded you of Modred's "great host" in the last chapter of the book that Uncle Landon gave to you one Christmas, had seized on the fair kingdom which really and truly belonged to General Robert E. Lee.

And still later, those Carpetbaggers had come, right into Richmond. Only they were not at all like big caterpillars or large bugs, it was explained to you. They were much worse.

It was confusing, the way in which your elders talked about things which not very long before you were born had happened in Richmond. Because you lived in Richmond: and Richmond was not like Camelot. You could see for yourself that fire-breathing dragons and people in bright armor did not ever go up and down the streets of Richmond, but only some hacks and surreys, and oxcarts hauling tobacco, or it might be a doctor in his buggy, and sometimes a herd of sheep or of cows (which spilled all over the brick sidewalks, and had to be shouted at by men with long sticks), or the boys that were bigger than you were, riding most enviably upon tall bicycles; or perhaps it was just the man with the hand bell and the little grindstone who sharpened your mother's carving knives and scissors, or the hokey-pokey man, or some colored people that were selling fine fresh vegetables out of their cart, or the organ-grinder man with his monkey dressed in unforgettably dusty red velvet.

Anyhow, there were not in Richmond any such old-time things as falcions and damsels and hauberts; Richmond was a completely up-to-date modern city, which had re-arisen triumphantly, like a phoenix from out of its ashes, so everybody said; and the way in which your elders talked really did remind you of your *Stories of the Days of King Arthur*, by Charles Henry Hanson, with Illustrations by Gustave Doré.

That was a very nice book, you thought at this season. It was a grayish-blue and rather small book. Upon the cover of it was a brickdust-colored picture of Sir Gawaine, with an edifice of curly plumage on top of his helmet, and ostentatiously undulant for a good distance behind it also, as he rode toward the Green Chapel, which "was the most perilous place in the world"; and "this compilation contains" — so did the chapter that was called "Preface" tell you — "an epitome of the Arthurian Legends" in which (as was declared farther on) "no occasional allusions and episodes which make them unfit to be placed in the hands of juvenile readers . . . have been retained." You liked this book very much. But you could not understand why almost everything that in public your elders said about The War seemed, somehow, to have come out of this book.

2

MOREOVER, you noticed that your elders did not speak in the same way when they were just talking

to one another in your father's drugstore, or in your mother's dining room at Sunday night supper (when everybody ate out of the best plates, which had a different sort of bright-colored bird painted upon each one of them), or when your elders were playing whist in the big and high-ceilinged, pale-brown back-parlor of your grandfather's house, down upon Governor Street. When, with all eight of the gas jets lighted overhead, in the gleaming copper and crystal-hung huge chandelier, your elders played whist, pensively and without any excitations, then they used to save time, and avoid argument, by turning up the very last card in the pack so as to find out at once what was going to be trumps. And upon such reflective occasions they would talk differently about The War and the people who had been in it.

They would speak, for instance, of Abraham Lincoln. You recollected afterward that never did you hear them speak, in private, as to Abraham Lincoln with enmity. If your elders had found in his life a great deal which demanded praise, then they must have withstood these demands with success; but his death was regretted — upon grounds that were wholly practical, so you observed later — as having been to the South a misfortune. Had Abraham Lincoln lived, the South would have been dealt with more mercifully and more decently, said your elders. That he was a poor-white and untidy person, they said also; he, in short, was tacky: but the man was well-meaning. Those stories which your elders had heard, and which they repeated urbanely, as to his private life, were rather curious sounding sometimes. You did not understand, for some while to come, what the joke was about in a number of them; and he seemed, too, to have had a lot of fathers.

Yet these anecdotes, if spiced with derision, remained unflavored by malice. Your elders did but laugh — "high and disposedly" — to remember that small-town lawyer whom those Yankees had thought fit to be their President. He, in the opinion of your elders, most certainly was. That Mr. Lincoln had displayed any element of greatness was a suspicion which did not occur to your elders. Mr. Lincoln was regretted unreasonably, without raising one's polite soft voice, as a shrewd but not unamiable politician, whose death, which was an ill-advised affair in the manner of its occurrence also, had happened to expose a conquered South to the oppression that he, living, would have opposed. Young Booth, in brief, through the most excellent of motives, had made a tragic blunder. That, so nearly as you could word this matter, during the long years which were to come later, seemed to be the opinion of your elders as to what, in their belief, had been Mr. Lincoln's unfortunate and involuntary importance. They almost always called him "Mr. Lincoln," with formal politeness.

And in the cause of vividness, you came by-and-by to regret this opinion. You very much would have preferred to record that your elders spoke with a

more lively emotion about Abraham Lincoln, either as an heroic enemy or as an abhorred enemy. But in point of fact they did not, because at no time were they much interested in their fallen opponent, as a person, either one way or the other.

"Young Booth, through the most excellent of motives, had made a tragic blunder." Such, one can but repeat, was the verdict of well-bred Virginia as to Abraham Lincoln's murder, at a time when you were still in short trousers and long stockings stragglingly divorced by a neutral zone of chapped flesh. For John Wilkes Booth had been admired as an actor and liked as a person, immediately before the War Between the States, when for some two years he had figured handsomely, in and about Virginia's capital city, as a member of Mr. Kunkel's Stock Company; Virginia did not know Lincoln except by reports, the most of which were ungrandiose; and moreover, not even the most highly gifted of your elders was able quite to anticipate a reunited republic's final verdict as to the unfortunate commemoration of your birthday a good fourteen years ahead of time. You, it is to be feared, thought, while your elders talked, that the most interesting thing about this sort of mixed-up sounding Mr. Lincoln was, after all, his having been shot on your birthday.

Such memories troubled you, by-and-by, after your knowledge as to Abraham Lincoln's now accepted importance had been enlarged; and you became perturbed when you tried to imagine anyone of your once familiar elders, who had known John Wilkes Booth, as being buttonholed by Mr. Carl Sandburg during Mr. Sandburg's gathering of the needed data for his definitive large Life of Lincoln.

"Sir," Mr. Sandburg would inquire of your boyhood's acquaintance, just as Mr. Sandburg has inquired of the present age, "who was this Booth? What was he like? In what kind of a green-poison pool of brain and personality had the amazing and hideous crime arisen?"

"Why, I can but tell you — " the well-bred Virginian would reply.

"— For out of a mediocre fame and a second-rate reputation as a mimic," Mr. Sandburg would continue, "this Booth has wrapped the letters of his name with a weird infamy synonymous with Enemy of Mankind. His name on a thousand occasions is to go unspoken with loathing for the unspeakable and untouchable; a pitiless, dripping, carnivorous, slavered, subhuman and antihuman beast mingling snake and tiger; the unmentionable; the American Judas with a brain that was a haunted house of monsters of vanity, of vampires and bats of hallucination."

To which the Virginian would answer in winged words such as, after reflection, you preferred not to imagine, because in permitting them to pass the barrier of his teeth, he might laugh (also Homerically) on account of some superficial differences between Middle Western rhetoric in anything which concerns Lincoln and the South's rhetoric as to the

Confederacy. Yet it seemed to you that instead of laughing he would say, just as he did of old: —

"Young Booth, sir, through the most excellent of motives, made a tragic blunder."

And the Virginian, the unchangeable Virginian of the 1880's, would thus dismiss the entire matter serenely.

3

For the main business in life of your elders was to create a myth which was not intimately concerned with the perhaps equally great myth of Lincoln, and which in consequence did not need to clash with it. They were creating (so did you decide later), in the same instant that they lamented the Old South's extinction, an Old South which had died proudly at Appomattox without ever having been smirched by the wear and tear of existence. They perverted no facts consciously; but they did omit, from their public utterances or from their printed idyllic narratives, with the tact of a correctly reared person, any such facts as appeared undesirable — without, of course, ever disclaiming these facts.

A gentleman, in brief, does not tell lies. There is no ruling which denies to him a judicious amount of reticence.

So you noticed, for example, when in private your elders talked about him who had reminded you of wise Merlin, that they did not really like this Mr. Jefferson Davis or admire very many of his doings. They stated their reasons, in terms which you found to be incomprehensible and of no large interest, because you were wondering why Mr. Davis appeared to be an entirely different person when people talked about him upon platforms. And some of the more prominent knights of the Confederate Round Table seemed to have been like that also, when, at supper or during those leisured whist games, your elders spoke about them.

Your elders told then how one of these heroes had been a trifle too drunk to sit upon his horse at any time during the battle which made him famous, and so had not been able to take part in this special battle. And nobody blamed him, of course, for what was really a rather good joke on the strapping daredevil; it was just a bit of bad luck which might have happened to almost anyone. Quite otherwise did your elders discourse as to another illustrious person, who, so they said, had hid in a barn when he ought to have been fighting; and who had been forced, quietly, to get out of Virginia, and to go north, where, in addition to being made a judge, he had become a professional Confederate veteran with a prestige so enormous that it still nurtures his descendants. None envied him these glories; nor did anyone wish to remove his bogus luster from out of that which, upon platforms, your elders called the eternal roster of fame. It was simply that he could not ever again come back to Virginia.

Your elders spoke also as to the final words of a

far more stupendously great hero, which, it appeared, were not the soldierly utterance that is set down in every Confederate Arthuriad, but a request for the bedpan; as to with how large thrift yet another pre-eminent idol of the Confederacy had behaved in renting out his renown, for advertising purposes, to a pack of gamblers, year after year; as to the manner in which an out-at-elbows paladin had apostatized in order to become an ambassador; and as to the quaint fury with which a half-dozen or more ex-chieftains of the Lost Cause were now publishing a surplus of inconvenient candors in their depreciation of one another. Nor was this by any means all that which your elders talked about, in their quiet and matter-of-fact and half-amused voices, as to the divinities, and as to the wives of those divinities, whom in public they worshiped.

To a child, who could not understand that for the health of human ideals every national myth needs to be edited and fostered with an unfailing patience, the discrepancy was puzzling; but you did reason it out, by-and-by. Your elders were not telling any lies, either in private or upon memorial days, about their technically unstained and superhuman heroes, or at least not exactly. It was just that grown people told only a part of the truth when they climbed up on platforms, and did not talk about things which were not nice, such as getting drunk, or like bedpans.

And it seemed to you remarkable, in later years, that you could not recall hearing your elders talk about any of the Union generals, except only a very little bit about a General Sherman, who burned up houses, and perhaps slightly more than that about an oddly named General Beast Butler, who appeared to have stolen some teaspoons. That which your elders said as to "Mr. Lincoln" has been recorded; but they did not talk much about Abraham Lincoln, either. They liked better to talk about their own people. And if constantly they derided Yankees, or if in particular they denounced the wicked doings of Carpetbaggers, yet, as you remembered it afterward, to neither one of these evil races was granted the distinction of surnames. So did they remain to you, at this time, an anonymous and unaccounted-for "great host" such as at Salisbury Plain had destroyed King Arthur.

Your elders, in brief, were not mad with the people who had invaded and seized upon the fair kingdom which really and truly belonged to General Robert E. Lee. That seemed kind of funny. They were not even very much interested in those Yankee soldiers who had killed off a lot of your own uncles and cousins. It was only when they talked about Carpetbaggers. Carpetbaggers must have been rather like ogres, or perhaps they were churls and fell

caitiffs, you decided. Because you were getting sort of sleepy. It must be almost nine o'clock. Anyhow, whenever grown-up people talked about Carpetbaggers, they would get mad as a wet hen. But that did not last for more than a little while. Pretty soon they would go back to talking, almost as if they were sitting in church instead of right here in your grandfather's back-parlor, about what a real fine place the South used to be, and Virginia in particular.

They were making history after a time-approved fashion. Even in the same instant that, westward and northward, about the benign figure of Abraham Lincoln, as the messiah of the United States of America, was being assembled an epitome of legends in which no "occasional allusions and episodes which make them unfit to be placed in the hands of juvenile readers . . . have been retained," just so in Virginia was being edited and amended and enhanced, after the same chaste manner of Charles Henry Hanson, our own epic of the Old South. In both instances, loyalty required of each myth's makers that more or less should be left out, and that an appreciable deal should be recolored, for the good of mankind at large. And in both instances the reshapers and the editors of these national myths, with the naïve duplicity of all other devout artists in fiction, even while they observed with some human pride how very far they had bettered veracity, yet, in part, believed their romanticizing to be wholly veracious.

You found it difficult to explain, this bifold mood in which human beings create, as though by instinct, the one sort of history which their descendants can find profitable; and which alone, because of this mood, their descendants do acquire and try to keep faith with. You at least could not ever explain this half-mythopoeic and half-critical frame of mind, not quite intelligibly, not even to yourself. You knew only that, in Richmond, during your childhood, you had seen this dual mood about its beneficent labors. And you believed that for anyone of us to investigate, in the bleak light of common-sense, these two twin noble myths of the Old South's perfection and of Abraham Lincoln's perfection — or to condemn yet any other legend about our forefathers' perfection, to become not unworthy of which a delusion may spur us — would be to repeat the unthrift of prying Ham and of ill-judging Esau, those deficient inheritors.

For each one of them, as you recalled from afar your long-perished *Book of Bible Stories*, had lost all which rightfully had belonged to him. That meant something rather important, you decided. It meant that for human beings it might be wiser, even at the price of some inconsistency, to maintain the beliefs that were agreeable and inspiring and magnanimous.

» The deadly fires in the LaSalle, Congress, and General Clark Hotels in Chicago have prompted city dwellers grimly to scrutinize the true meaning of the word "fireproof."

WHAT IS "FIREPROOF"?

by MAURICE WEBSTER

1

FIREPROOF is a very reassuring term when you don't know what it means. To say that a hotel is of fireproof construction means that it has been so designed as to eliminate the possibility of more than a minimum and predictable fire loss. Fireproof construction is the child of fire insurance and any safety to occupants is merely a by-product.

Had you been on the nineteenth floor of the LaSalle Hotel on the night of its great fire last June, you could have taken comfort in knowing that the fire could rage up to a temperature of 2000° F. over a period of four hours before there could be any danger of failure in the supporting columns. That no one could have survived such an ordeal is beside the point.

The hotel management could take comfort in knowing that with the replacement of superficial decorative surfaces, the hotel would again be ready for business. In the words of a consultant of the Underwriters' Laboratories, "Such a building should be designed like a good stove, capable of containing an intense fire for a considerable length of time without danger of structural failure."

The story of those hotel fires in which many lives are lost follows a pattern which is so repetitious that certain conclusions seem inevitable. This is the general pattern: An area in the ground floor — dining room, bar, lobby, or connecting store — bursts into flame so rapidly that fire-fighting equipment cannot prevent the first nearly explosive combustion. The enormous expansion of flaming gases creates its own draft, carrying smoke and fire up open stairways and elevator shafts. Each well or shaft is like a chimney except that the outlet at the top is safely sealed, while holes in its sides lead into bedroom corridors.

Temperature and atmospheric pressure in bedroom corridors rise rapidly, forcing smoke, carbon monoxide, and fire through transoms into bedrooms.

An architect who graduated from Cornell in the class of 1916, MAURICE WEBSTER was a member of the Investigating Jury appointed by the Coroner of Cook County to investigate the recent disastrous fire in the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. He was also on the Jury that investigated the General Clark Hotel fire, in which fourteen people died.

Where windows leading to fire escapes are open the pressure carries smoke and flame across these exits, making them deadly. No fresh air can come in any window, for the pressure is always outward, except at the very base of the fire.

Panic conditions are created in corridors. Illumination and exit lights are completely blacked out by thick rolling clouds of smoke which blanket the ceilings. Guests cannot find exits through these dangerous corridors. The result is death from suffocation or burns. The post-mortem shows carbon monoxide.

For the safety of occupants these are the factors of prime importance: first, of course, to prevent fire; second, to extinguish fires in their incipient stages; third, to prevent the spread of fire; and fourth, so to channel the fire and fumes of combustion as to prevent their spreading in upper portions of the building and killing by asphyxiation. A great deal has been said on the first three subjects, but the proper venting of fire and gas is not very well understood, as the contradictory laws written into our building codes show. It is this subject that I should like to emphasize.

An understanding of the behavior of gases in combustion is necessary in the design of proper venting. When air is heated from 70° F. to 1500° F., — which is the temperature at the center of substantial construction fires, — the air expands to about four times its original volume. Added to this expansion is the expansion through combustion of any solid matter consumed, such as woodwork, furniture, or paint, which expands to between 100 and 150 times its original volume. This combination of heated air and gas is very light and its expansion causes great pressure when confined. It will break out adjacent windows or expand horizontally, spreading the fire into other rooms, when it cannot rise. In most of our worst fires, open stair wells or elevator shafts have carried the suffocating gases into bedroom corridors, where the greatest loss of life has occurred.

The enclosure of elevator shafts and stair wells is a very important safety measure, but even this has failed when not combined with proper venting.

Automatic door closers — which close at a temperature of 155° F. — are standard equipment, but they are not infallible. The trouble is that people are constantly blocking open the doors to these enclosures, for the convenience of guests or to obtain natural ventilation in corridors. Any safety measure which depends on vigilant and constant supervision will fail at times.

No stair well or elevator shaft is safe unless surmounted by a large vent which will open when fire or excessive pressures have entered. The first reaction of most unobservant people is that this vent is very dangerous, as it will make a draft and increase combustion.

2

IN evaluating the merits of this device it is necessary to consider: (1) what will happen when fire and smoke have entered a shaft which is sealed at the top; (2) what will happen when it is wide open at the top.

In the first case, when fire or smoke has entered the shaft it is no longer of any use as a safe means of escape. The fire and dangerous gas, being blocked at the top, will travel horizontally wherever there is an opening, usually carrying fire into other portions of the building. Where a corridor door is open, all occupants of that floor are endangered by carbon monoxide and fire. All exits on that floor and those above have been made hazardous.

An open vent may stimulate combustion in the fire below, but it is futile to try to smother the flames except by some types of extinguishers. There will always be enough oxygen to support combustion, and if the intensely heated gas is not vented, it will either blow out a window and flame up the outside of the building or will spread into other rooms.

If the stair well or elevator shaft is so vented as to leave it wide open at the top when fire has entered, the fire will rush up and out as in a chimney. Then it will make little difference whether or not some corridor doors are open, because suction will always be *into the shaft*. Little fire or smoke will enter the corridor. For the scientifically inclined, a reference to Bernoulli's Theorem (explained in any high school physics book) will be found to be pertinent. The fire below will be led towards this shaft, intense heat and inflammable gas will be drained off, and the danger of horizontal spread of fire will be reduced.

The LaSalle Hotel fire gave an instructive demonstration of these facts. The fire broke out and spread with extraordinary rapidity. The cocktail lounge was completely enveloped in flame within two minutes of the discovery of the fire. It swept into the lobby with great pressure before it blew the plate-glass windows out of the cocktail lounge. Less than two minutes later the whole lobby was ablaze and fire roared up the open stairways.

Occupants testified that within five minutes of the discovery of the fire, corridors as high as the seventeenth floor were so blanketed with smoke as to make lighted 60-watt bulbs completely invisible.

There was a small ventilator leading out of the cocktail lounge into an elevator shaft. This was much too small to have any appreciable effect on the pressures blowing the fire into the lobby. Flames shot into the shaft and rose twenty-two stories, being drawn by three 24-inch ventilators at the top. When the temperature of air going through these ventilators rose to 155° F., the ventilators snapped shut as required by a misguided ordinance. This instantly forced all rising gas out through elevator openings into corridors on all floors. Flames broke very quickly into the elevator shaft at the first floor.

So far the fire had followed the typical pattern. Many people had already been exposed to carbon monoxide, and flames were licking corridors from the mezzanine to the seventh floor.

By this time windows leading into the court were breaking out from the stair wells and elevator shaft. All windows in the elevator shaft from the second to the twenty-second floor, and in the stair wells from the second to the sixth, were avenues of fire: these openings formed vents which began to draw the flame and gases out. The fire department arrived. Firemen testified that there were not the usual pressures at entrances from expanding gas. As guests groped their way to fire escapes through blackened corridors, the dangerous pressures had subsided, and when windows leading to fire escapes were opened, no smoke blew out to rise in a column and endanger those above. Nearly a thousand people were safely evacuated by fire escape, since all normal public exits led through the lobby.

A study of the building after the fire showed white paths of clean floor leading out from under bedroom doors, all pointing in the direction of the elevator shaft. At other places the white marble was black as slate. This indicated clearly that once the windows had broken out in the shaft a positive suction had been established toward the shaft.

It is possible to carry out this principle to such an extent that no fire will develop a higher pressure in a corridor than exists in the bedrooms. Under these circumstances a bedroom in a fireproof building would be nearly 100 per cent safe from fires originating outside the room itself.

Most national advisory codes support the principle of venting by recommending skylights of plain glass or clerestory windows having an area of not less than 75 per cent of the cross-sectional area of the stair well or elevator shaft. This glass will break out under intense heat and the fire will vent itself. Fire-fighting authorities with whom I have talked have preferred a fusible link or some other more positive and rapid means of opening. It is the

practice of firemen to get on the roof and break these skylights when they have not broken of themselves.

Many municipal codes and some state codes require solid concrete slabs over stair wells and shafts and, as in the LaSalle Hotel, require any ventilation to be self-closing when fire has entered the shaft. These codes are in direct conflict with one another and with common sense.

Automatic venting is required almost universally over fly galleries in theaters and in motion picture projection booths. Industries handling explosives, volatile oils, and paints have made wide use of this safety measure.

Safety to occupants of buildings is written into our building codes. The writers of these dull and infuriating documents seem to have fallen under the spell of the beautiful word "fireproof," for they often relax their requirements for exits, enclosures, and other prime safety measures when considering the "fireproof building."

Codes often permit 100 per cent of public exits to be channeled through lobbies without requiring rigid limits to combustible material or the protection of sprinklers. Minor stupidities in codes are frequent — such as a code requiring exit lights to be at ceilings, when, under conditions that make it urgent to find an exit, lights at ceilings are invariably obscured by smoke. Glass transoms over bedroom doors are fire hazards frequently overlooked by codes. Yet we know that transoms break out and permit the spread of fire, as in the recent Congress Hotel fire.

Spread of fire is conditioned by surfaces. Old "mill construction" permitted no paint or varnish other than cold-water paint because it was found that oil-bonded paints spread fires very rapidly and gave off a dense black smoke. This was rediscovered by the Navy after a disastrous transport fire in mid-Atlantic. The Navy and the Bureau of Standards have done considerable research in this direction and have developed some very good paints.

If you doubt the hazards produced by many coats of paint, take a piece of tin one foot square having fifteen coats of oil-bonded paint thereon, and place it over a lighted burner on the kitchen stove. Then note how the eyes sting; note the black smoke on the ceiling and the anguished cries of the housewife. Multiply this effect several thousand times and you will have a reasonable facsimile of a hotel corridor in a bad fire.

It is suggested that the use of oil-bonded paints be discouraged in stair wells and at least on ceilings of corridors, lobbies, and cocktail lounges. Ceilings are critical because heat always stratifies and hugs the top of any enclosure, looking for a way up and out.

We are rapidly covering the ceilings of our corridors and principal rooms with acoustic materials. So far as I know, no study of the relative flame-spreading characteristics of these varied materials has been made. Such a study seems imperative.

We must not permit our codes to multiply construction costs by more and more restrictions and requirements. By overdoing it we can make their enforcement impossible and turn them into instruments of extortion. A study of codes to eliminate present unnecessary exorbitant requirements and to plug up dangerous omissions — this, combined with education, will encourage voluntary compliance where it is most urgently needed.

These are my conclusions drawn from a study of many dangerous hotel fires: first, that these fires generally originate in ground floors or basements; that most deaths occur on the bedroom floors; and that most of these deaths are due to suffocation or entrapment.

Thus it follows that for safety we must give close attention to: —

1. Hidden spaces and closets, where fires are born.
2. The amount of combustible material and the flammability of surfaces in lobbies and connecting areas. Sprinkler systems should be installed where conditions permit.
3. Proper protection between lobbies and sleeping areas.
4. Proper venting to keep gas and combustion pressures out of bedroom corridors.

In my opinion, and in the opinion of several other members of the investigating juries, all of the fourteen lives lost in the General Clark Hotel fire could have been saved by the expenditure of about \$2000 for self-closing doors into corridors and by substituting plain glass for wire glass in the skylights. And in the LaSalle Hotel all but the employees who remained in the lobby cashiers' cages too long, and possibly the telephone operator, might have been saved by the same changes. At a considerably greater expense the installation of automatic sprinklers would probably have saved all sixty-two lives lost in the LaSalle Hotel.

Finally, let me add one very human footnote. If you are really interested in safety, you will be most careful about smoking in bed. This practice contains more individual hazard than that of inhabiting a fireproof hotel. Some day a practical flame-proofing will be developed for bedding. In the meantime some communities have made it illegal to smoke in bed. Does enforcement seem impracticable? Well, a stiff fine and the fear of an irate landlord might have an inhibiting effect. Otherwise we shall have to continue to rely on fire.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

LITTLE VICTOR

by ROBERT LEWIS

THE major was out when the phone rang, so Captain Huggins answered it. Captain Huggins was a British officer who looked like a Hollywood version of a British officer, and enjoyed acting the part in a certain ironic vein, as if smiling at himself. That is why he lifted the receiver and said tersely, "Huggins." Any American officer would have said "Captain Huggins," or "Lieutenant Huggins," or "General Huggins."

Smith, Spiegel, and I bent over our typewriters to hide our smiles. There was a long silence. Captain Huggins listened in his bored, polite manner, said, "Yes," once, listened some more, said, "Very well," and hung up. He came over to me and said, "I'm afraid they want you for another case, Lewis. It's that Golbey affair. What are you working on now?"

I made a face. "I was afraid of that," I said.

"Nasty?" said Captain Huggins, with that humorous quizzical look I admired so much.

"Quite juicy," I answered in the same vein. I never sirred Huggins. Neither of us liked it. "Nice little murder. Negro driver shot a white sergeant in the home of a Frenchwoman. The only witnesses were the woman and her seven-year-old son. The woman's husband is in a German prison camp. I was hoping they'd get another interpreter for it."

ROBERT LEWIS graduated from St. John's College, Annapolis, in 1937, studied for a year at the University of Bologna, and in 1938 began his work at Johns Hopkins for a Ph.D. in English Literature. Of his linguistic ability the Army made good use. He was a court interpreter in Naples, then a French interpreter and translator in the AG Section of the Seventh Army during the invasion of Southern France, and a German translator when the Army reached Heidelberg, where, incidentally, he fenced and beat the three-weapon fencing champion of Baden. Discharged with five battle stars and a Croix de Guerre, he has returned to The Hopkins to pursue his doctorate, now in the field of Romance Languages. At present he is at work on a book on fencing in collaboration with Clovis Deladrier, Swordmaster of the U.S. Naval Academy.

"It's very very complimentary on their part," said Huggins.

"No, just laziness. They can't be bothered finding someone else. Well, I guess Göring can wait a while."

"What is it?" said Huggins with vast interest, which we both knew was simulated. "The art treasure affair? Spiegel can take over."

"Sure," I said, "except that he gets upset over it."

Spiegel had of course heard the conversation, being only two yards away. He interrupted to say, "That's all right. I didn't come here for a pleasure trip."

As I left the office, Captain Huggins was very earnestly telling Spiegel that one must be hard, damned hard, mustn't one? One must let the iron enter one's soul. Both he and Spiegel were smiling.

It was quite true that I did not like the Golbey affair. A week before, Lieutenant Tenick from the Judge Advocate General's office had taken me to Golbey to interview the Frenchwoman, Mme. Ernestine Cayrou, and her son, Victor. Mme. Cayrou was about thirty-five, not unattractive, with a clear pale complexion and very dark eyes. Lieutenant Tenick, who had been selected to prosecute the Negro driver at the forthcoming court-martial, had got the story from her.

It appeared that both the white sergeant and the Negro driver had been in the habit of visiting Mme. Cayrou frequently. The sergeant was stationed in Golbey; the driver's unit was camped only a few miles away and the driver often passed through Golbey on his trips to the front, his Army truck loaded with ammunition or gasoline. Previous to the evening of the murder, the two had never met, but that night the Negro was there when the white man, whom they called "Jim," came in. The two men were hostile from the first. Mme. Cayrou was unable to speak or understand English, but felt their hostility from their tone. There were words, they glared

at each other across the table; the woman succeeded in pacifying them and asked the Negro to go home. The Negro went to the door, turned around, pulled out a pistol, and shot the sergeant.

Mme. Cayrou kneeled over the sergeant, saw that he was dead, and lost her head completely. Since the Negro, the pistol still in his hand, was between her and the door, she rushed to her bedroom and climbed out the window, forgetting about her son, who had hidden behind the large tile wood-stove in the living room and had seen everything. She ran to the house of her neighbor, a doctor. By coincidence both the mayor of Golbey and the head of the district police station were there. When they learned that the Negro was still in the house, they showed a natural reluctance to rush in. By the time Mme. Cayrou had prevailed upon them to do their duty, the Negro was gone and Jim's body had disappeared.

The little boy told them that the Negro had dragged the body out the front door. They found heel tracks in the snow and, following them, discovered the body lying on the sidewalk beside a telephone pole, thirty yards away. The street was deserted.

The doctor verified that the sergeant was dead, and the mayor notified the orderly room of the American unit stationed in the town.

Within an hour the CID had found the Negro driver. There was only one Negro truck company in the neighborhood. Every man in the company was lined up, and with no hesitation Mme. Cayrou picked out the man. Her little boy also identified him and called the man "Georgia," which the company commander verified as being the nickname by which the Negro was known to his friends.

It was an open-and-shut case, but it was a nasty case, complicated by race, sex, and the fact that the only two witnesses were the woman, who had clearly been having an affair with the murdered sergeant, and the seven-year-old boy.

Lieutenant Tenick was waiting for me in the hall outside the courtroom. He briefed me quickly. "The court took a ten-minute break. We've been grilling the man for an hour and a half. The woman and the boy are here, in the witness room. Colonel Withers is in charge of the court-martial."

"Who's the law member?" I asked. That was important in a case like this, where admissibility of evidence was in question.

"Lieutenant Colonel Burton. But actually Colonel Withers is a lawyer too."

"Well!" I said. "How did that happen?"

Tenick flushed a little, but he took it nicely. He knew that I was referring to the seemingly haphazard method of selecting Army officers to conduct courts-martial. The last case I was on with Tenick had been conducted by a former Oklahoma rancher who was all for stringing up the varmint in time for chow, and was surprised and annoyed at the insistence of the law member of the court that some little formalities, such as evidence, had to be gone through first.

"Colonel Withers is a good man, Sergeant," said Lieutenant Tenick, "and I'm glad of it. There's no doubt in my mind that the nigger is guilty, but I'm not trying to railroad him. I want him to get every break there is, and the colonel will give it to him."

Like hell you do, I thought. I asked, "Is the kid going to give evidence, Lieutenant?"

Tenick hesitated. "I'm going to ask the court to accept his testimony," he said finally. "I'm afraid to rely exclusively on the woman. You know as well as I do she was sleeping with the sergeant. Lieutenant Bedell is defense counsel — he'll worm that out of her in no time. That'll color everything she says."

"I know, Lieutenant," I said, "but to make a man's life depend on a statement from a seven-year-old boy!"

"Age doesn't make any legal difference. It's up to the court to decide how much weight they will give his testimony. And the kid makes sense. He's a smart little boy."

"Oh, sure, Lieutenant," I said, "but I'll bet that's one wise child who doesn't know his own father."

"We're not trying Mme. Cayrou," Tenick said gloomily, "although I'd like to. Anyway, it's not up to me. I'm going to request that the boy's testimony be admitted as evidence. You'd better talk to Mme. Cayrou and the boy. The woman is nervous. Better explain some of the details — the oath, where she is to sit, and so on. Calm her down. I'll call you when we're ready."

2

THE witness room was full of Negro soldiers standing about in groups, smoking and talking somewhat loudly. At first I did not see the woman and the boy; then I saw them in a corner of the room. Mme. Cayrou was sitting stiff and motionless on a backless bench, and Victor was leaning on her knee and whispering something to her. She was shaking her head vigorously as I approached.

"Bon jour, madame," I said, "*est-ce que tout va bien?*"

"*Ça va, monsieur,*" she replied, standing up. There was no denying that she was shapely, or that she knew how to dress. A great deal of study had gone into the tailoring of her dress about her waist and hips. It clung to her without a wrinkle. Except for a touch of lipstick, she was not wearing make-up. She was pale. The effect was just right; she was well-groomed and demure.

"*Et toi, Victor,*" I said, turning to the boy, "*comment ça va?*"

"*Assez bien, monsieur,*" said Victor with dignity. "But you know, these American soldiers of color are making Mama nervous."

"Victor!" said Mme. Cayrou warningly. She sat down again abruptly.

I glanced around the room. The Negro soldiers had stopped talking and were watching us, not with hos-

tility but with interest. I noticed a first sergeant among them. "*Pardon, madame,*" I said, and walked over to him. He was sitting down, a big black man, somewhat stout, with a good-natured face.

"Say, Sarge," he said to me lazily, "do you parley-voo this stuff?"

"Yes, Sergeant," I said. "I'm the interpreter for the French witnesses. Are these men all testifying?"

"That's right. Most of 'em have been in already."

"Maybe there's more to this than I know about. I thought the woman and the boy were the only witnesses."

"Oh, sure," said the first sergeant, "but there's other stuff that has to be proved. Now, for instance, I got the dispatcher's records to prove that Georgia was out on a run at the time the white boy was shot. They'd have a hell of a time proving Georgia done it if I swore he was in camp the whole time." He nodded toward a tall Negro standing by the window. "Johnny over there was Georgia's assistant driver. He testified that he was with him up to the time that Georgia went into her house. He saw him go in. Mike over there seen the pistol."

"What kind of pistol?"

"Mike!" called the first sergeant. "Come over here a minute." A stocky Negro sauntered over, a cigarette drooping from his lip. "Tell the sergeant what kind a pistol Georgia was carrying."

Mike regarded me briefly. "I never seen one like it before, Sarge. Georgia told me it was a Spanish pistol. It was kind of old-fashioned, with pearl handles. It took a regular .45 cartridge. Georgia told me he took it off'n a German prisoner."

"Georgia a friend of yours?" I asked.

"Used to be. Not no more. A guy that shoots down an unarmed man, white or brown, ain't no friend of mine. The white boy wasn't carrying nothing. Georgia didn't have no call to shoot him. The woman told him to go home, didn't she?"

"Sure," I said. I thanked Mike and the first sergeant and returned to Mme. Cayrou.

"These soldiers are not hostile to you," I told her. "They are here to testify against Georgia. You need not be nervous in their presence."

"I am not nervous, *monsieur*," said Mme. Cayrou, but she seemed relieved. "What is it, Victor?" The boy had come up and stood beside her.

"Mama, I wish to talk to the soldiers of color."

"You must not annoy them, Victor."

"Oh no, Mama," said Victor. "If I see that they have ennui, I shall return."

"Very well, then." We watched Victor walk over to the soldiers. They seemed embarrassed, until he said to the group at large, very clearly and politely, "*Bon jour, messieurs*"; then they grinned and gathered around him. In a moment they were laughing; it was clear that Victor was not annoying them.

"Mme. Cayrou," I said, "Lieutenant Tenick requested me to inform you about the procedure you are to follow. Do you know what you have to do?"

"I shall tell the truth, *monsieur*."

"Of course. But there are a few details. Let me explain them to you. I will enter the court first; you must wait outside, near the door. I shall call you a moment later. I shall ask you to raise your right hand and swear to tell the truth. Then you will sit down in the chair I shall point out to you. The two lieutenants will take turns asking you questions. Sometimes the judges will ask you questions. They will be in English, of course, but I shall repeat them exactly in French. Do not talk to me, but to the officer who asks the question. Talk in a normal voice and slowly. Stop after each sentence, until I have repeated it in English. Do you understand?"

"You are very kind," said Mme. Cayrou, but she was not listening to me. She was watching Victor, who was earnestly telling the delighted Negro soldiers something they almost certainly did not understand. She sighed and looked at me with tears in her eyes. "It is very hard, *monsieur*, that such a young boy should be exposed to such a disgrace."

"He is young," I said. "He will soon forget."

She smiled pathetically. Damn it, I thought, quit acting.

"Victor is a strange boy," she said. "He has a very vivid imagination. I sometimes have difficulty persuading him that his fantasies never happened. And he never forgets anything. He will never forget this horrible affair."

"Madame, that is not the worst thing about this affair. Can you imagine the grief of Jim's parents to learn of his death? I can only hope that they will be informed that he died in action."

Mme. Cayrou flushed and bit her lip. Her color receded and left her pale. She stammered, "I have thought of that. I am not so heartless as you think."

"Madame —"

"Oh, I know what you are thinking," she flared. "A vulgar squabble over a woman! An American soldier killed! But it was not I who killed him, after all."

"No one holds you accountable for his death. Both Jim and Georgia were old enough to know what they were doing. Please do not cry."

She fished in her purse for a handkerchief and dried her eyes. "I am a fool," she said. "Please forgive me." She succeeded in smiling wanly. "There will be a great deal of explaining to do when my husband returns."

Yes, that would be worth seeing, I thought.

Victor was back. "You are crying again, Mama," he said reprovingly.

"Victor," I said, "I must talk to you." I drew him to a bench on one side of the room. He sat down and looked at me. He may have talked like a grownup, but he certainly had the face of a child. His eyes were large and had long lashes, like a girl's. His face was oval and delicate.

"Victor, in a little while you will go with me into that other room and we shall have a chat with some American *messieurs*. They are very nice men. They

are interested in finding out how Jim was shot and they will ask you to tell them what you saw. Georgia will be there too. He has already told them what he knows about the matter. First your mother will go in and talk to them, and then you. Do you understand?"

"Oh yes, *monsieur*."

"These men are Americans like Jim and Georgia, Victor. They do not speak French. You will not be able to understand what they say. But I shall be there too, and I shall tell you what they say. In that way we shall all be able to have a chat together."

"I shall be glad to speak to them, *monsieur*," said Victor politely. "Will Georgia be punished severely?"

"I do not know, Victor. You must not think of that."

"I should not want Georgia punished too severely," he said earnestly. "Georgia is very kind. He used to bring me chocolate and tell me stories. I could not understand them, but I laughed to be polite, and Georgia laughed too and then I ate the chocolate."

I gazed at his thin, undernourished body. I thought, This is war, this slow starvation of children. Seven years old, and he looks a scrawny five.

"Do you like chocolate, Victor?"

"Oh yes, *monsieur*," he breathed, his eyes glowing.

"Well, Victor, if you are a good boy today, and tell these *messieurs* exactly what happened, I shall give you some chocolate. But remember, you must not say anything that is not true. I shall know if you do, and then I shall not give you any chocolate."

"I understand," he said with dignity. He put his hand into mine and looked up into my eyes. "Will they put Georgia into prison, *monsieur*?"

I said in wonder, "What do you know of prison, Victor?"

"We have a prison in Golbey and I went there once to see Papa. Mama says I must not talk of this, but I do not think she would mind if I told you. She says you are very *gentil*. One night Papa became very angry at Mama and went to the café, where he struck a man with his fist. The gendarmes took him to the prefect of police, and Papa spent three days in prison. The prefect was very angry. Fortunately Papa was drunk at the time."

"Fortunately, Victor?"

"Yes, *monsieur*, because a man does not know what he is doing when he is drunk, and so the prefect was very lenient. I visited Papa on the second day, and had the honor of making the acquaintance of the prefect. He was very kind to me."

Of course the prefect was kind. I could not imagine anyone not being kind to this fragile, exquisitely-mannered child. Victor added, "Of course, *monsieur*, I must ask you not to mention this matter to anyone, because it is not nice to be in prison. Papa was ashamed and promised Mama never to become drunk again."

I was promising Victor not to tell a soul when Lieutenant Tenick came out of the courtroom and beckoned to me.

3

SEVEN American officers were sitting behind seven Army field tables set up end to end in a row. Colonel Withers sat at the center table; on his left sat Lieutenant Colonel Burton. I did not know any of the other judges — three majors, a captain, and a first lieutenant. The Army was doing this in style.

To the right and in front of this row of tables there were two more set up at right angles to it. Behind one sat a Negro soldier, evidently Georgia; Lieutenant Bedell sat behind the other. In the middle of the floor an empty chair faced the judges. To the right of this sat the court stenographer at another field table.

As Lieutenant Tenick took his place to the left of the judges, opposite Lieutenant Bedell, I walked to the center of the floor behind the empty chair, came to attention, and saluted Colonel Withers.

"Sergeant Lewis reporting to Colonel Withers as interpreter, sir," I said.

Colonel Withers returned the salute. "At ease, Sergeant," he said. "Lieutenant Tenick, swear the interpreter."

Tenick said, "Sergeant Lewis, raise your right hand. Do you swear to interpret faithfully and to the best of your ability all statements which you are called upon to interpret?"

"I do, sir."

"Very well," said Colonel Withers. "Call Mme. Cayrou."

Mme. Cayrou entered and stood beside the witness chair in the middle of the floor. After she was sworn, I motioned to her to sit down. She stated that her name was Ernestine Aubert Cayrou, that she was married and a resident of Golbey, France.

Lieutenant Tenick said, "Mme. Cayrou, please tell the court what happened at your home on the evening of January 12 of this year."

"Mme. Cayrou," I repeated, "*vous êtes priée de dire à la cour ce que s'est passé chez vous le soir du 12 janvier de l'année courante.*"

Mme. Cayrou sighed and settled back into her chair. A great calm had descended upon her. All traces of nervousness had vanished. She spoke slowly in a clear voice: —

"On the evening of January 12 I was at home with my son Victor. I gave him dinner around six-thirty. About an hour later some friends came to visit me, Mme. Sénan and her daughter-in-law, Marie. They stayed until about eight-thirty and then went home.

"At nine o'clock Georgia came in. He had just returned from a trip with his truck and he was cold. He would often come in to warm himself after such a trip, before he returned to his camp. He was always quiet and well-behaved, and was kind to Victor. He

always brought him a gift, some candy or a toy. Victor was fond of him.

"That night Georgia had a pistol with him. He always carried one in his truck and he used to wear it when he came to visit us. Firearms have always made me nervous and once I asked him not to bring them into my house. He stopped doing so, but that night he brought in the pistol to show it to me, because it was an odd pistol he had taken from a German prisoner. It had a mother-of-pearl handle and was very ornate. He said it was of Spanish manufacture. When he saw that I did not like it, he put it in his pocket and sat down near the stove.

"About fifteen minutes later Jim came in. He did not know Georgia and asked me who he was. I explained to him; he seemed very annoyed."

Colonel Withers interrupted to ask if Jim spoke French.

"Yes, *monsieur*, but very badly. However, it was not difficult to understand him. Georgia does not speak French, other than a few simple words. Georgia could not have understood what we said to each other, but Jim made no effort to hide his displeasure, and Georgia became sullen.

"Jim sat down across the room from Georgia, and I sat down also and began to knit. I tried to make conversation, but Jim answered only 'Yes' or 'No,' and at about a quarter to ten I rose and put Victor to bed. While I was in the bedroom I heard Jim and Georgia speaking to each other."

One of the majors wanted to know where the bedroom was situated in regard to the living room. Mme. Cayrou explained that she lived on the first floor of a two-story house. Her apartment consisted of three rooms and bath. One entered by a little hall; to the right of this hall was the kitchen; to the left, the living room. The bedroom lay at the back of the house. One had to cross the living room to enter it.

"When I came out of the bedroom a few minutes later, the two men were glaring at each other across the room. Jim turned to me and told me to tell Georgia to go home. I did not wish to be unkind to Georgia, but I realized that his staying would only provoke a quarrel, and so I asked him to leave. But he only became more sullen.

"When Jim saw that he would not leave, he addressed several remarks to him in an angry voice. Georgia answered in the same way. They both stood up and shouted at each other across the table. Then I noticed that Victor was standing behind the stove in his nightgown. I do not know how long he had been there.

"I succeeded in calming the two, and they resumed their seats, more sullen than ever. I began to knit again; I did not know what else to do. I knitted for about fifteen minutes before I began to cry. I then asked Georgia again to go home, and Victor, who was still behind the stove, did so too.

"Georgia stood up, and Jim said something to him that made him very angry. He seized the edge

of the table and shouted at Jim in a very loud voice. Jim pushed the table hard and Georgia staggered back. I stood up and cried, 'Jim!' and he stopped. For a moment he and Georgia stared at each other across the table. Then Georgia turned abruptly and walked toward the door. As he did so, Jim said a word that sounded like *nègre*, and Georgia whirled around, pulled out the pistol, and shot him."

For the first time Mme. Cayrou showed emotion. Her voice broke on the last word. She lifted a handkerchief to her eyes and glanced sideways at the Negro prisoner. His face was expressionless.

Colonel Withers tactfully gave her a moment's respite by saying "Harrumph," and asked Lieutenant Tenick what state Jim was from. Tenick thumbed through his papers and answered, "North Carolina." The officers glanced at each other. The captain nodded to no one in particular.

Mme. Cayrou had regained her poise. "I knelt down beside Jim; who had fallen to the floor. His chest was bleeding. He was either dead or unconscious. Georgia was still by the door with the pistol in his hand. I cried, 'What have you done? You have killed Jim!' Then I lost my head and ran to the bedroom door. I climbed out of the bedroom window and ran next door to the house of Dr. Bénédict. Mayor Caën and the subprefect of police were there. I told them what had happened and begged them to come immediately. Perhaps Jim was not yet dead. They questioned me at such great length that I became hysterical. I think they were afraid to go into the house because of the pistol. I must have been in there ten or fifteen minutes before they came with me. When we entered the front door, Georgia and Jim were gone. Victor was there in his nightgown. He told us that Georgia had dragged the body outside."

Lieutenant Bedell objected when this last statement was interpreted, on the grounds that this was hearsay evidence. It was sheer quibbling. Lieutenant Tenick said nothing, probably because the implication that Victor had some information to add to that of his mother would bolster his argument that the boy should be allowed to testify. Colonel Withers ordered the court stenographer to strike the last sentence from the record.

Mme. Cayrou went on. "We left the house and in the snow saw signs that something heavy had been dragged up the street. About twenty-five or thirty meters away we found Jim's body lying on the sidewalk near the gutter —"

Lieutenant Tenick said, "I will interrupt here, as the court has already heard adequate testimony in the form of affidavits from Dr. Bénédict, Mayor Caën, and Prefect Gaulois, as to the manner of discovery of the body and its condition when discovered. The court has also been apprised of the steps leading to the arrest of Clarence Scott, known as 'Georgia,' and of information linking him to the murder of James William Buchanan, known as 'Jim.' I shall now ask the interpreter to put this

question to Mme. Cayrou: Do you see in this court the person you have called 'Georgia'?"

"Yes," said Mme. Cayrou. "He is sitting over there." She nodded toward the Negro prisoner.

"That's all," said Lieutenant Tenick, and sat down.

4

LIEUTENANT BEDELL stood up. He was a short, heavy-set man, with a face marked by smallpox. I knew him from previous cases as a heckler, a bullier of witnesses. His face wore a constant look of disbelief, so that witnesses became unnecessarily emphatic in their most commonplace statements.

Bedell began, as usual, with deceptive smoothness. He desired Mme. Cayrou to inform him just when her acquaintance with James William Buchanan, known as "Jim," began. She answered that she had met Jim about three months previous to the night of the murder. And Georgia? About a month later.

How frequently did they visit her? That was difficult to say, since their visits were irregular. Perhaps once or twice a week.

"Did they ever spend the night at your home?" Bedell asked.

A spot of color came into Mme. Cayrou's cheeks, but she looked steadily at Bedell as she said clearly, "Not Georgia."

"Then the other man, Jim, did sometimes spend the night at your home?"

"Yes," said Mme. Cayrou, "he sometimes did."

Bedell leaned forward a little as he said quietly, "Madame, where is your husband?"

As I repeated the question in French, Mme. Cayrou looked at me and did not remove her gaze to reply, "He is a prisoner of the Germans."

I made the statement in English, and bent forward to whisper, "*Répondez au lieutenant, madame.*"

Bedell straightened up abruptly and said to Colonel Withers in a poisonous tone, "If the court please, I should like to know exactly what the interpreter said to the witness over and above the question I addressed to her."

Colonel Withers frowned. "What was that remark, Sergeant?"

"Sir," I replied, "I requested the witness to address her statements to the defense counsel and not to me."

The colonel's face cleared. "I do not believe, Lieutenant," he said drily, "that the interpreter has exceeded the limits of his duty. You may proceed."

"Very well, sir," said Bedell. "Madame, you would have the court believe that Georgia never spent the night at your home?"

"I have already informed the court," said Mme. Cayrou, "that I allowed the Negro soldier to sit in my living room and warm himself at my fire. I did so because he was kind to my son. Our relationship

was never more intimate." Her tone was calm and dangerous.

Bedell did not seem to notice it at all. "May I ask," he said with mock politeness, "whether any man, other than your husband and Jim, was in the habit of spending the night at your home?"

Lieutenant Tenick, who had been becoming more and more restive, stood up and objected to the question as irrelevant and because it was an attempt to blacken the character of the witness.

"May it please the court," said Bedell, "it is precisely because the character of the witness is of the utmost importance to this inquiry that I have asked the question. I wish to point out to the court that this is a very unusual case, in that the only responsible witness of the crime is one whose relationship with the victim was such that she would have every reason to bear a personal grudge against the prisoner, and one whose morals would not prevent her from gratifying that grudge."

Neat. Very neat. Especially the marked emphasis on the word "responsible."

Tenick said, "Would defense counsel have the court believe that a lonely woman who has found consolation in the arms of a lonely man is incapable of telling the truth?"

"Just a moment, gentlemen," said Colonel Withers. He leaned over and whispered to Lieutenant Colonel Burton. Burton pursed his lips and nodded. Withers said slowly, "The court realizes that this is indeed an unusual case, the conditions of which may excuse questions possibly improper under other circumstances. The character of the witness is important here. Objection denied."

Tenick sank back into his chair. Bedell said to me triumphantly, "Please interpret the question."

"Would you repeat it, sir?" I said.

Bedell flushed but kept his temper, and repeated the question. As I restated it in French to Mme. Cayrou, she gazed at me for a moment in incomprehension. Then fury leaped into her eyes. At that moment she was beautiful. She turned to look at the seven officers one by one, striving to control herself. She said slowly and distinctly, "I have never loved more than one man at a time."

It was brazen, it was magnificent; it deflated Bedell completely. The officers shifted uneasily on their chairs. Tenick smiled. Bedell was now a brute, Mme. Cayrou an erring but unrepentant woman who would not stoop to lie. Bedell had lost all possibility of insinuating that Georgia had lost his head through jealousy.

Bedell had a chastened look as he asked, "At any time during the evening, did either of the two men strike the other?"

"No," said Mme. Cayrou tersely.

"When Jim pushed the table against Georgia, did Georgia fall to the floor?"

"No, he staggered back."

"Was the table overturned?"

"No, *monsieur*," said Mme. Cayrou. "Georgia's

position on the other side of it prevented it from toppling."

"Would you explain to the court the exact positions of you, Jim, Georgia, and Victor when the shot was fired?"

"Very well, *monsieur*. Georgia was about a meter in front of the door leading to the hall. He was facing the living room. Directly in front of him was the living-room table and just behind it was Jim. They were about four meters apart. I was on Jim's right, about a meter from him. Victor was out of the way in the corner behind the stove."

"You have already stated, madame," said Bedell, "that Jim showed displeasure at Georgia's presence. Did you share his attitude?"

"No," said Mme. Cayrou calmly, "Georgia was welcome at my house."

At this point the Negro prisoner, who had sat unmoving the whole time, leaned forward and rested his forehead on his hands, palms down on the table. The entire court, including the perspiring stenographer, turned to look at him. There was an uncomfortable pause.

Colonel Withers coughed and said, "Please proceed, Lieutenant."

Bedell said, "Did you think his attitude unreasonable?"

"Yes."

"Then you had never seen him act that way before?"

Mme. Cayrou regarded Bedell steadily. There were daggers in the air, but when she spoke, her voice was mild. "After all," she said, "the occasion had never arisen before."

Bedell said quickly, "What I am driving at, madame, is that his unusual conduct may have been the result of intoxication. Do you believe that he was intoxicated?"

"No. He merely seemed to be in a bad humor."

"Was Georgia intoxicated?" Bedell was casual.

"No. Until Jim came in, Georgia behaved as usual, except for showing me the pistol. It frightened me, and he put it away immediately. He sat near the stove and was very quiet. I have no reason to believe that he was intoxicated."

Bedell seemed disappointed. "Have you ever seen Georgia intoxicated?" he asked.

"I have seen him drink, *monsieur*, but I have never seen him affected by it."

"Did you ever give him liquor to drink?"

"No," said Mme. Cayrou. "But sometimes he brought a bottle of liquor with him." She turned to the judges. "*Messieurs*," she said earnestly, "I wish to impress upon you that Georgia always acted like a perfect gentleman. He was always quiet and well-behaved. When he brought a bottle to the house, he never drank more than a *petit verre* or two. Even now, although I saw it with my own eyes, I find it hard to believe he did this thing."

Bedell shook his head impatiently. He wished to make the point that Georgia was drunk, or might

have been drunk, or had at least had a drink. This, like the jealousy angle, was a bid for leniency from the court.

"Madame," he said, "on the night in question, did Georgia have a bottle with him?"

"I saw no bottle, *monsieur*. But it was a cold night and he was wearing an overcoat when he entered. I cannot vouch for what was in the pockets."

"Did you offer him a drink?"

"No, *monsieur*," said Mme. Cayrou wearily, "I did not. I do not keep liquor in my house."

Bedell frowned. "Did you leave the room at any time while the two men were there?"

The implication was that the moment Mme. Cayrou had left the room, Georgia had produced a bottle of liquor and guzzled it down; thereupon, crazed by liquor and irresponsible for his actions, he had shot down an unarmed man. Tenick's eyebrows showed he thought the question silly.

"I put Victor to bed. Otherwise I was with them the entire time. Oh yes, I had forgotten, after they had had their first quarrel and Victor had re-entered the living room, I left for a few minutes."

"Where did you go?" A gleam of hope lighted Bedell's eye.

"To the bathroom, *monsieur*," said Mme. Cayrou drily.

Bedell threw up his hands and said, "That's all."

Colonel Withers said, "The interpreter will conduct the witness to the witness room and remain in readiness to be called again, if necessary."

"*C'est tout, madame*," I said. "*Venez avec moi, s'il vous plait*." I saluted, turned, and walked out, followed by Mme. Cayrou. As we left, Lieutenant Tenick was saying, "May it please the court, the prosecution at this time wishes to present as a witness Victor Cayrou, son of —" The door, closing behind us, cut off the disclosure of Victor's parentage.

The Negro soldiers watched us return. They made no comment. Mme. Cayrou sat down on the bench she had formerly occupied. Victor was waiting for her.

"Were the *messieurs* nice, Mama?" he asked.

"Quite nice, Victor," Mme. Cayrou replied. She looked at me with the beginnings of a smile. "Was it all right?" she asked.

"You were an excellent witness, madame," I said.

"I am sure the officers thought I was very bold," she said. Her eyes fluttered once, and then looked down demurely. There goes her act again, I thought.

I said, "Sometimes boldness is a good defense."

She said softly, "Did you think I was bold, *monsieur*?"

5

I HAD a good answer for that one, but the courtroom door opened before I could use it. Lieutenant Tenick leaned out and told me to conduct Victor Cayrou before the court. He looked triumphant.

When we entered, Lieutenant Bedell was sitting down nursing a disgruntled look.

"Sergeant," said Colonel Withers, "the court has decided to examine this child in order to discover whether he is mature enough to remember what he saw and whether he has enough understanding to tell the truth. Bring him here."

I placed Victor directly in front of the colonel's table. All the officers leaned forward and gazed down at the boy. Most of them were smiling.

"What is your name, my boy?" Colonel Withers said gently.

Victor looked at me. I repeated the question in French.

"My name is Victor Cayrou, *monsieur*," he said politely.

"How old are you, Victor?"

"I am seven, *monsieur*."

"Do you go to Sunday school?"

"Yes, *monsieur*, and to day school too; I can already read and write and I am making progress with numbers."

Lieutenant Colonel Burton asked, "What do you learn in Sunday school?"

The boy took a deep breath. His tiny hand crept into mine. "Oh, I learn about *le bon Dieu* and our Saviour, and the angels and the saints, and they tell me stories about Heaven and that other place."

Colonel Withers asked, "Did you learn about what happens to bad little boys?"

"Oh yes, *monsieur*, they are damned and go to Hell."

"Victor, is it bad to tell a lie?"

"One must never tell lies, *monsieur*."

"Then you understand that if you tell lies, you will not go to Heaven, but to Hell?"

The boy gazed up at the colonel. "You need not fear, *monsieur*," he said with dignity. "I shall reply truthfully to anything you ask me."

Colonel Withers straightened up with a grunt and glanced at the other officers. "It seems to me," he said, "that the boy is quite intelligent and honest, and understands the difference between right and wrong. While I should ordinarily hesitate to place reliance on the uncorroborated testimony of anyone so young in a case as serious as this, it should be borne in mind that the boy can say very little that cannot be compared with the information furnished by his mother. I shall ask you for a vote. Is there any man opposed to accepting the testimony of this child?" No one stirred. "Very well, then, we shall proceed. Tell us, Victor, are you acquainted with anyone in this room?"

Victor glanced around. "I know this *monsieur*," he said, pointing to me, "and this *monsieur*." He pointed to Tenick. The light from the window behind the prisoner prevented him from getting a good look at Georgia's face. He walked over to the prisoner's table, peering up over its edge. "And this is Georgia. *Bon jour*, Georgia," he added politely. The prisoner nodded with a forced smile.

"Very well, Victor," said the colonel. "Do you remember what happened the last time Georgia visited your home?"

"Oh yes, *monsieur*," he breathed, his eyes shining with intelligence. "Georgia shot Jim with a pistol."

"Did you see this, Victor?"

"Yes, *monsieur*, I was behind the stove."

Colonel Withers put on a big frown. "How can that be, Victor? Your mother informed us that you were in bed."

The boy hastened to put him straight. He pointed out that it was quite true that his mother had put him to bed, but that he had heard the quarrel and had returned to the living room. There he had seen the whole thing. "So you see," he said gently, "my mother must have been mistaken."

"Well, perhaps she was," admitted the colonel. "What did you see from behind the stove?"

"Both Jim and Georgia were angry, *monsieur*. They sat without talking. Mama was knitting. I was very sorry to see them so angry, and so when Mama came back—"

"Came back from where, Victor?"

"From the bathroom, *monsieur*. When she came back, I asked Georgia to go home."

The colonel pretended not to understand. "I suppose you liked Jim better than Georgia, since you asked Georgia to leave."

"Oh no, *monsieur*." The child was emphatic. "I liked Georgia much better than Jim. Jim came to see Mama, but Georgia came to see me. But Mama wanted Jim to stay, so I asked Georgia to leave. Georgia and Jim shouted at each other, and Jim pushed the table. Then Georgia started to go, and Jim called him a name and Georgia shot him with the pistol."

"What happened then, Victor?"

"Mama became excited and climbed out of the bedroom window. The noise had frightened me, but I went up to Georgia and took the pistol from his hand."

The entire court was staring at the boy in amazement as Colonel Withers said, "Why did you do that?"

"I knew the gendarmes would come to take Georgia away. All the gendarmes in Golbey are my friends, and I did not wish Georgia to shoot any of them with the pistol."

Lieutenant Bedell said, "Good God!" The two colonels looked at each other. Tenick's mouth was open. Colonel Withers recovered himself first and said gently, "What did you do with the pistol, Victor?"

"I put it on the table, *monsieur*. Then Georgia dragged Jim out the door. I sat down to wait for Mama. A few minutes later Georgia returned and took the pistol from the table. I thought he would shoot me too, but he put it in his pocket, finished the bottle, and threw it out the window into the snow. Then he went away."

There was a moment of silence as this statement sank in. Then I saw Bedell's head lift with a question in his eyes. Georgia, who had been staring stonily at his hands on the table before him, looked up at the boy. Tenick stood up. The same question was in everybody's mind as Lieutenant Colonel Burton asked, "What bottle?"

"The bottle of cognac, *monsieur*," said Victor respectfully.

Bedell, Tenick, and one of the majors all started to say something at the same time.

"Just a minute, gentlemen," said Colonel Withers, spreading out his hands. He looked down at the boy standing before him. "Victor, I wish to remind you that you promised to tell the truth. You must be very careful what you say. I want you to tell us all about this bottle of cognac."

"Yes, *monsieur*. When Papa went away to fight the Boches, he left a bottle of cognac hidden in the house. It was hidden because he was afraid Mama would destroy it. Mama did not wish him to drink cognac, only wine. Mama did not know that he had left it, but I knew. That night I showed Georgia the bottle and he took three drinks very quickly."

Bedell was staring at the boy as at an angel. He leaned toward the prisoner and whispered in his ear. The Negro shrugged his shoulders.

Colonel Withers said, "Now, just a moment." His voice was sharp. "Victor, your mother told us that Georgia had nothing to drink at your home. Are you sure you are telling us the truth?"

"Oh, *monsieur*!" Victor was reproachful. "Mama did not see Georgia drink the cognac. She was in the bathroom. I hid the bottle again afterward, before she came out."

Colonel Withers looked at Burton and then at the other officers. The captain was clearing his throat to say something when Tenick said, "If the court please, I should like to ask the boy some questions." His face was stern.

"Very well."

"Victor," said Tenick, "where was this cognac hidden?"

"In the china closet," said Victor tranquilly. "The bottle was in the large earthenware teapot that Mama never uses."

"What did you do with the glass he drank from?"

"He drank from the bottle, *monsieur*."

Tenick stared at the boy. The boy's eyes were clear and honest; he waited courteously for the next question. Tenick looked over Victor's head to Bedell, who was smiling. Bedell's eyes said, "This is your witness. This is the boy you insisted on hearing, because it would hang the nigger. And here he is, giving me a perfect bid for clemency. My boy was drunk. He didn't know what he was doing."

Tenick went to work on the boy. He had him tell the whole story of the evening all over again. He made him repeat each detail about the cognac twice. What kind of bottle opener was used? Could Victor

reach the earthenware teapot without assistance? Did he offer Jim a drink? Tenick's attitude had changed. He seemed anxious to disprove the boy's story. He tried to trip him up on details. The court listened patiently. To all these questions Victor replied clearly and to the point. He did not repeat himself word for word, but his facts were substantially the same.

Tenick stopped harping on the cognac and tried another tack. He asked, "Which one of the two men overturned the table?"

The boy was surprised. "Oh, the table was not overturned, *monsieur*. Jim pushed it against Georgia, but it did not fall."

"Where was your mother standing when the shot was fired?"

Victor stepped backward and surveyed the room. Putting his hand on the stenographer's table, he said, "This is the table." He pointed to Lieutenant Tenick, who had moved forward in front of it. "This is Jim." He pointed to me. "This is Georgia." He walked to Tenick's right side, about a yard from him. "I am Mama." The tableau he had arranged was exactly that described by his mother.

All seven officers leaned back in their chairs and looked at each other. Tenick said, "That's all," and sat down. He looked sick.

Colonel Withers's eyes asked a question of Lieutenant Bedell, who shrugged his shoulders, still smiling.

"Very well," said the colonel. "Sergeant, you will conduct Victor Cayrou to the witness room. While the court is hearing the summing up of the two counsels, you will make arrangements with the mess to have supper brought on trays to the witness room for yourself and the two witnesses. I am sorry to have to keep them here, but it may be necessary to ask them additional questions."

I saluted and left the courtroom with Victor.

6

AT seven Mme. Cayrou, Victor, and I had our supper on trays. We were alone in the witness room. The Negro witnesses had left long ago. At seven-thirty Spiegel, who had been waiting for me in the witness room when Victor and I came out and whom I had asked to scout around to find some chocolate, brought me half a dozen bars wrapped in a sheet of paper.

Victor fell asleep shortly afterward, and at eight-thirty Mme. Cayrou and I were still waiting for some sign of life from beyond the courtroom doors. I was on my third pipeful and Mme. Cayrou had made a big dent in my pack of cigarettes when Tenick came out and told me to bring her into the court. There Tenick asked her what was kept in the large earthenware teapot in her china closet.

Mme. Cayrou was surprised, but answered that she kept a large bottle of cough syrup in the tea-

pot. When Victor was five he had had bronchitis, which had left him with an irritating cough. She had dosed him through one bottle and had just started the second bottle, containing half a liter, or about a pint, when Victor got rid of the cough. Since that time she had kept the bottle in the teapot. No, it was not a bottle of the type used for cognac, it was a large medicine bottle which she had purchased from the town apothecary.

The last time she had seen the bottle? The night of the murder. She had used the teapot that very evening, since she had made a cup of tea for her guests, the Mesdames Sénan. She remembered positively removing the bottle in order to scald the pot.

Was the bottle still in her home? No. After the Mesdames Sénan had left her home, she had rinsed and dried the teapot and replaced the cough syrup. She had not used the teapot again since that time. But only two days ago she had looked for the syrup bottle, as Victor had started coughing again, and it was not there. Had she asked Victor if he knew where it was? Yes, but he had said something silly about Georgia having taken it. Really, it was unlike Victor to say such a foolish thing.

No, she had never tasted the syrup herself, nor for well over a year had Victor. Was she sure it was cough syrup? Well, of course. What else would it be?

At this Colonel Withers looked grim, and told me to conduct Mme. Cayrou to the witness room and to bring Victor in. This time there was no smiling as the American officers looked down at the little boy. Victor felt the difference in their attitude, and his little-girl face was grave and his eyes watchful.

"Victor," said Colonel Withers, "you have told us that there was a bottle of cognac hidden in the earthenware teapot in the china closet. Your mother has told us it was not cognac, but something else."

"Mama thought it was cough syrup," said Victor.

"Oh, for God's sake!" said Lieutenant Tenick.

"Just a moment, Lieutenant," said Withers sharply. "What do you mean, Victor?"

"When I was little, *monsieur*, I was ill with a cough and Mama gave me cough syrup. When I was better, Papa poured out the cough syrup and put cognac in the bottle. In this way, he was able to keep some in the house without Mama finding it. Mama did not see him do it, but I did."

The expression on Tenick's face said, I'll just bet you did. All the officers but Colonel Withers began to smile, and he looked as if he wanted to, but controlled himself.

"Now, Victor, do you mean to say that your father went away with the Army and left the cognac behind?"

Victor glanced up at the colonel quickly, then looked away. He seemed confused; his face was delicately pink.

"No, *monsieur*," he said miserably. "Papa meant to take it with him. He put the bottle in his pack, but I took it out when he went into the kitchen to kiss Mama good-bye, because I knew Mama did not want him to drink cognac. I put it back in the teapot for when he would come home."

That finished little Victor's testimony. I led him away by the hand.

There is not much more to tell. Clarence Scott, known as Georgia, was given ten years by the general court-martial, which took into consideration the fact that he was intoxicated at the time of the murder, and acted under provocation of insult. It would have been from twenty years to life if, as Tenick put it, "that damned kid hadn't gummed up the works with that cognac deal." Tenick thought the whole business an invention, but had to concede that the boy's story was corroborated at every other point by his mother's testimony, and that the uncorroborated part *could* have been true.

I asked him what Georgia had said about the cognac. Tenick growled in disgust, "Until the kid mentioned it, Georgia never said a word. But Bedell made sure his memory was refreshed. Sure he remembered having drunk the cognac. Why shouldn't he?"

There is one point that has always puzzled me. When the trial was over and little Victor was being huddled up for the cold jeep ride back to Golbey, I handed him the chocolate wrapped in paper.

"What is this, *monsieur*?" he asked.

"Your chocolate, Victor. I promised you some if you were a good boy and told the truth. Here it is."

He looked unhappy; there was a wistful look in his eyes, but his delicate jaw was firm as he handed it back to me.

"Forgive me, *monsieur*," he whispered. "I cannot."

And I couldn't make him take it. As he climbed beside his mother in the back of the jeep, he kept repeating, "*Je ne le peux pas, je ne le peux pas* — I cannot."

Of course, I gave the chocolate to his mother. Mme. Cayrou could not imagine what had got into Victor. "He loves sweets so, poor darling," she said. "He is undernourished, like all the children in France. I shall make him take it when we get home. Perhaps some day you will visit us and bring Victor some sweets?"

I was standing beside the jeep. The driver had started the motor. For no reason at all, I seemed to hear again little Victor's girl-like voice saying, "Jim came to see Mama, but Georgia came to see me." Mme. Cayrou was leaning toward me slightly. Her eyes were an open invitation. Her lips were parted. Her whole face seemed transformed. I thought, What, me next? It was just as well that the driver started off then without warning. After all, how do you say, "Not on your life, sister!" in French?

HITLER'S CAPITAL

Loot for the Master Race

by JAMES S. PLAUT

I

GÖRING, who considered himself a man from the Renaissance, needed rich possessions to dramatize his personality. Hitler's absorption with art, however, centered in his elaborate plans for the Austrian town of Linz, in the region where he was born. He envisaged Linz as the future seat of the new German *Kultur*, and lavished all his limited pictorial talent and architectural training on a vast project which would realize this ambition. Personal resentment toward the cosmopolitan milieu of Vienna, which symbolized the unhappy struggle of his formative years, burned as strongly within the Führer as the sentimental hankering after the places of his boyhood. He was determined that Linz should supplant Vienna as the Austrian capital, and that its new prominence should cement the Austro-German bond so vital to the salutary growth of National Socialism.

Until he was caught up in the maelstrom of a world war, Hitler devoted a disproportionate amount of time and energy, for a chief of state, to the plans for Linz, personally creating the architectural scheme for an imposing array of public buildings, and setting the formula for an art collection which was to specialize heavily in his beloved, mawkish German school of the nineteenth century. His private library, discovered by the American Army deep in Austria, contained scores of completed architectural renderings for the Linz project, of which the Führer-

museum was to be a single edifice related to the whole, comprising a great library (with an initial quota of 250,000 volumes), a theater, and a separate collection of armor. German painting of the nineteenth century was to be assembled in such quantity that, should the need arise for a separate building to house the monumental collection, it could be integrated successfully with the master plan.

The Führermuseum, with a colonnaded façade about 500 feet long, the design paralleling that of the great Haus für Deutsche Kunst already erected in Munich, would stand on the site of the present Linz railroad station, which was to be moved four kilometers to the south. Roderich Fick, the official architect, made his drawings entirely from Hitler's personal prescriptions.

A bound volume of 75 pages, entitled *The Future Economic Status of the City of Linz*, also found in Hitler's library, spells out his dream for a modern industrial metropolis, with a greatly increased population and all the attributes with which lavish expenditure and city planning could endow the capital of his empire. The study was prepared at his direction by the Economic and Research Section, Oberdonau Department of the Interior.

Either through an early presentiment of guilt or as a tactical measure, Hitler ordered the Linz project, with all its ramifications, to be treated as a government secret. The idea that loot, as in the plans for Göring's Carinhall, was fundamental in the formation of the Linz Collection became clear to the project's personnel as early as October, 1939, when Dr. Hans Posse, Director of the *Sonderauftrag* (Special Commission), presented to Martin Bormann, for Hitler's approval, a list of 182 pictures which he had selected for Linz from the confiscated collections of the Viennese branch of the Rothschild family. In July, 1940, Posse was able to list 324 paintings already acquired for Linz, and every one of the 182 confiscated works previously recommended figured in the list.

On November 25, 1939, traveling under orders issued by Bormann, Posse arrived in Poland to examine for their interest to Linz the repositories of looted Polish art established at Warsaw and Cracow

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Much of the material contained in this article and its predecessor in the September *Atlantic* derives from official reports prepared by two of his colleagues, Lieutenant Commander Theodore Rousseau, Jr., Associate Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Lieutenant Commander S. Lane Faison, Jr., Chairman of the Fine Arts Department at Williams College.

by Dr. Hans Frank's General Government. Three weeks later, he recommended formally to the Reich Chancellery that the world-famous Leonardo, Raphael, and Rembrandt paintings from the Czartoryski Collection be reserved for Linz. Though it was official doctrine that all Polish art works, in churches, museums, and private hands, were eligible for confiscation, the policy called also for the retention of the booty in Poland. Hence, few Polish-owned masterpieces found their way into Germany. (The great Veit Stoss altar from Cracow, which was shipped to Nuremberg in a specially constructed van, and the lovely Bellotto paintings from Warsaw were notable exceptions.)

The chaotic internal situation wrought by subsequent military events has left undetermined the fate of much of the Polish treasure. The Czartoryski paintings desired by Posse never came to Linz, but they were recovered, as well as a group of 30 Dürer drawings which were at one time kept at the Führerhauptquartier in Berlin. These were the only notable "benefice" from Poland.

Two months after the invasion of Holland, Posse established an office at The Hague, appearing there in the role of *Referent für Sonderfragen* (Adviser on "Special Questions"). Belgium and Holland proved to be fertile ground. Posse's informers and middlemen, supported actively by the Seyss-Inquart government, were able to tap rich sources through confiscation and "purchase." The richest acquisition for Linz in the Netherlands was the major portion of the Mannheimer Collection (purchased in 1944 for 2,000,000 gulden less than the Dutch authorities asked, following a Seyss-Inquart threat to confiscate the whole as enemy property). It contained such treasures as Rembrandt's *Jewish Doctor*. The remainder of the collection was acquired subsequently in France, also by forced sale.

In France, the Linz interest was fostered carefully by the special task force of Alfred Rosenberg (the *Einsatzstab*). On November 18, 1940, in a Führerbefehl similar to the edicts issued after the conquest of Poland and Austria, Hitler proclaimed his right of disposition over all works of art confiscated in the occupied territories. From this moment on, Rosenberg worked formally in the Linz interest, except where Göring, as we have seen in "Loot for the Master Race" (September *Atlantic*), made his own selections in contradiction to the Hitler order. Göring, in fact, imposed his own schedule of priority on the French seizures, establishing three arbitrary categories of confiscation (presumably for the record, since his own choices were never opposed): first, those works destined for Hitler and Linz; second, those for the Göring Collection at Carinhall; third, those desired "for purposes of the National Socialist Party."

The Führerbefehl required of all commanders of occupied territories that Dr. Posse be kept regularly informed of the progress of the confiscations, and stated that Posse was empowered to "make decisions

in the Führer's behalf." On April 15, 1941, Posse addressed a formal request to the Reich Chancellery for a specific reiteration of his authority. Five days later, Martin Bormann directed him to review the "requirements" of the Führermuseum in terms of the nearly completed inventory of Einsatzstab Rosenberg confiscations. A general high-level directive was issued subsequently, emphasizing the Führer's right of first choice, apparently to allay confusion in the ranks of the Einsatzstab caused by Göring's insistent demands.

Of the 21,000 objects seized in France alone, Linz was to fall heir to all but the 700 for which Göring had spoken. There is no record of Posse's choices — since final disposition of the material was to await the Nazi victory in Europe — but there were outstanding prizes in the great French private collections to match the loot from Poland and Austria.

2

It is worth emphasizing, with respect to the acquisitions for Linz, that the difference between loot and purchase was merely a technical one. Where works of art were held by the downtrodden Poles and Czechs, or by "non-Aryan" Dutch or French nationals, confiscation was the accepted method. This was in accordance with the Nazi doctrine of oppression. Where political expediency, as in the case of the "Italian ally" and the "worthy French opponent," called for good will toward the New Order, the velvet glove approach was used, with an unprecedented outlay of German funds as lure. Purchases of important items — with German occupation currency wherever possible — accompanied the wholesale seizures, and often were conducted by the same officials. Dealers and agents swarmed into Paris, many armed with special Linz certificates, which formalized their status and assured their precedence in the art grab bag.

A letter from Posse to Bormann, dated June 10, 1940, expresses the official attitude toward purchases: —

The special delegate for the safeguarding of art and cultural properties has just returned from Holland. He notified me today that there exists at the moment a particularly favorable opportunity to purchase valuable works of art from Dutch dealers and private owners in German currency. Even though a large number of important works have doubtless been removed recently from Holland, I believe that the trade still contains many objects which are desirable for the Führer's collection, and which may be acquired without foreign exchange.

An account of 500,000 reichsmarks was opened for Posse's personal use at the Reichskreditbank in Paris in March, 1941, and a similar amount was deposited in his name at the German Embassy in Rome in the same month. By March 15, 1941, Posse was able to inform Bormann (whose connec-

tion with the Linz project was close throughout its history) that to date he had expended 8,522,348 reichsmarks in the purchase of works of art for the "new museum at Linz-on-the-Danube." This figure did not include many of the major purchases which later brought staggering prices from Hitler's agents.

Göring's collecting was the more passionate and dramatic; Hitler's, with all the advantages and ramifications of an official government enterprise, the more effective. His agents outnumbered Göring's, the funds at their disposal were inexhaustible, and there was no counterpart in the Göring entourage of the high-powered Special Linz Commission. Moreover, Hitler, as the Number One man, always held an ace in the hole. Only in rare instances were fat prizes in controversy. Göring occasionally prevailed by virtue of personal intercession; in the main, however, he considered it the part of wisdom to withdraw from negotiations if the Linz interests were involved. This was evident in the case of the celebrated Memling *Portrait of a Man*, owned by Prince Corsini of Florence. Göring's agent, Walter Andreas Hofer, bid high for the picture, but was waved off by Prince Philipp of Hessen, who acquired it for Linz at a price stated to have been between five and six million lire.

Göring appears also to have wished to remain in the Führer's good graces by means of periodic "gifts" to Linz. With considerable fanfare, he made a personal selection of 53 masterpieces confiscated from the Rothschild Collections in Paris by the Einsatzstab Rosenberg and sent them in his own train to Munich for addition to the holdings of the Führermuseum. In 1945, he saved himself possible embarrassment by turning over to the principal Linz deposit (rather than to his own place of safe-keeping) the group of 17 paintings and 4 priceless bronzes from the Naples Museum which had been seized by the Hermann Göring Panzer Division out of a convoy carrying these Italian national treasures from Monte Cassino to the Vatican in 1943, and presented by the Division to Göring at Carinhall.

3

AUTHORITY for the Linz undertaking stemmed from the highest level of the Reich Chancellery. Directly under Hitler and Bormann were Reichsminister Lammers, President of the Reich Chancellery, and Dr. Helmut von Hummel, Special Assistant to Bormann. These officials formulated the directives governing confiscation and purchase, and were responsible directly for the administration and financing of the program. Von Hummel, a particularly vicious Nazi, may still be at large. His last official act was to order a case of confiscated gold coins brought to him at Berchtesgaden on May 1, 1945, after which he disappeared.

The Special Linz Commission, under Posse,

boasted approximately twenty specialists — curators of painting, prints, coins, and armor, a librarian, an architect, an administrator, photographers, and restorers. Personnel remained attached to the Commission, with few exceptions, until its dissolution, and several of the Commission's experts have been used by the Allies in the recovery of the Hitler loot.

Posse died in December, 1942, of cancer. He is described as having worked fanatically to the very end. His funeral was a high state function, and attendance was obligatory for ranking Party dignitaries and museum officials. Goebbels read the eulogy. Posse had brought great knowledge and energy to his task. Director of the Dresden Gallery since 1913, he was once removed from office for supposed anti-Nazi sentiments, was later restored, and became the most powerful individual in the amassing of art treasures for the new Germany. For Linz alone, the records reveal that he acquired over 2500 objects in three years, exclusive of the thousands of confiscated works which remained unregistered at the end of the war and were potential Linz material.

His greatest coup, undeniably, was the "purchase" of the famous Vermeer, *The Artist in His Studio*, from the Czernin family of Vienna in the autumn of 1940, under occult circumstances. One of Europe's greatest masterpieces, the Vermeer had been sought by collectors all over the world for many years, but the owners would not sell. (A Nazi art journal reproduced the painting on its cover in April, 1943, with the apocryphal information that Andrew Mellon had once offered \$6,000,000 for it.) Posse and Bormann appear to have tried to attach the Vermeer originally for nonpayment of taxes, but the Finance Ministry informed the Reich Chancellery that the Czernin brothers were not in arrears and that, therefore, the picture "could not be sold at auction." Suddenly and inexplicably, the asking price dropped from a fantastic figure to 1,650,000 reichsmarks, a ridiculously low amount in the inflated art market of the war. Posse was ordered to Vienna instantly, and what was obviously a forced sale of the painting was consummated with the Czernins through the intervention of Reichsleiter Baldur von Schirach.

Posse was responsible, also, for the addition of three Rembrandts to the Linz Collection (at a cost of 3,900,000 marks), the Watteau *La Danse* from Potsdam, the Corsini Memling portrait, and the Rubens *Ganymede*, which was wangled away from Vienna as a "gift" in exchange for some confiscated porcelains.

Posse was succeeded in April, 1943, by Hermann Voss, Director of the Wiesbaden Gallery, who assumed the Dresden portfolio as well as the Linz directorship. Far less energetic and capable than his predecessor, he was nevertheless caught squarely in the flow of loot. With the pattern already established and the machinery smoothly in motion, Voss, a weakly scholar, simply went along.

Under interrogation, Voss boasted that he had

purchased over 3000 paintings for Linz in 1943 and 1944, at a total cost of 150,000,000 marks. The figure was probably embroidered substantially by his vanity (the official Linz records place his numerical "contribution" much lower), but that he was fully as active as Posse in swelling the total is clear. Voss admitted that the majority of the objects acquired in his regime were nineteenth-century German paintings of secondary importance. Nevertheless, there are several beacons marking his devious course.

One of the most involved, and ugliest, swindles in France was the confiscation of the celebrated Schloss Collection by the Vichy government in 1943 — in concert with the German occupation authorities. This was the only major instance of official French collaboration in the transfer to the Germans of valuable art properties. Formally, the negotiation was classified as a voluntary sale. The Vichy government was to pay the Schloss family 18,500,000 francs for 49 masterpieces of Dutch painting desired for the Louvre; the German government was to pay 50,000,000 francs for 262 pictures desired for Linz; the remaining 21 paintings were to revert to the family. In essence, however, the affair was bald confiscation. Vichy never paid its debt; the German funds were placed at the disposal of the Vichy Commission for Jewish Affairs, and the 21 paintings were sold for personal gain by one Lefranc, the official negotiator appointed by Vichy. Not a sou reached the Schloss family.

Voss struck a second dirty blow in forcing the sale of the French portion of the Mannheimer Collection in 1944. The two great Rembrandt canvases, *Landscape* and *Portrait of Titus*, purchased from the French wine merchant Étienne Nicolas for 3,000,000 marks (60,000,000 francs), and the Mendelssohn Rembrandt, for 900,000 marks, were acquired through Habersstock, the Number One Nazi dealer, in the interim between Posse's demise and Voss's succession.

4

THE Linz program was a bonanza for a large group of favored German art dealers. Karl Habersstock, in Hitler's good graces from 1936 on, was clever enough to accept no commission on his major acquisitions for Linz. He was able to reap a fortune, however, by transacting a tremendous volume of normal business for Linz and the Reich Chancellery, exacting normal profits on a percentage basis. Habersstock not only had his German agents everywhere — a Luftwaffe major stationed in Paris, a Viennese refugee in the South of France, and German dealers in Holland and Switzerland — but an intricate and highly efficient network of collaborationists in the occupied countries. Habersstock's correspondence divulges the names of *seventy-five* persons in France alone who dealt with him during the war.

Frau Maria Dietrich was the most prolific dealer of the Nazi group. She sold 270 paintings to Hitler,

80 to Linz, and purchased over 300 in Paris between 1940 and 1944 for Party officials (20 to Bormann) and German museums. She met Hitler through his photographer, Heinrich Hoffman (as did Eva Braun, who had worked as his model), in 1938. In that year, Dietrich's income jumped from 47,000 to 483,000 marks. During the war, she made between 300,000 and 570,000 marks a year, and netted 616,470 marks on sales to Linz. She was close to Hitler until 1944, and is said to have fretted constantly over possible deterioration of her position with the Führer. Her connoisseurship was notoriously faulty; and, as the figures imply, she went in for quantity rather than quality.

Many other agents profited handsomely from their Linz connections, among them Prince Philipp of Hessen, descendant of the Emperor Frederick III of Prussia and of Queen Victoria. Frankfurt and Oxford educated, he took pride both in his knowledge of the arts (he had worked briefly in the Berlin Print Room) and his architectural prowess. Hessen settled in Italy in 1922, became an active Fascist, and married Princess Mafalda, second daughter of King Victor Emmanuel. As President of Hesse-Nassau and an SA Gruppenführer, he campaigned strenuously in Italy for Nazism. When, during the war, he became Posse's principal agent in Italy, the Linz project took on a veneer of aristocratic elegance which facilitated important purchases from the Italian nobility.

The end of the road for Philipp of Hessen was most sordid. Princess Mafalda, in one of the more vicious incidents of the Nazi debacle, was seized abruptly by the Gestapo and thrown, reputedly, into a concentration camp brothel, where she was killed during an Allied air raid. Hessen is said not to have lifted a finger to save his wife. He is now in Allied custody.

Kajetan Mühlmann was the most implacable Nazi in the group of looters held for American interrogation during the summer of 1945. A hard man, of cold Prussian mien and iron nerves, he shamed his colleagues with a consistent exhibition of arrogant defiance toward his captors; well after V-E Day, he made two bold, if unsuccessful, attempts to escape.

Mühlmann served two masters — Göring and the Linz Commission — with effective detachment. He shared with Baron Kurt von Behr, Director of the Einsatzstab Rosenberg in Paris, the odious distinction of top looter. It may be said of Mühlmann and von Behr that they actually enjoyed their work, so relentless and uncompromising was their spoliation of the occupied countries. Mühlmann had been identified prominently with the Nazi surge from the period of the Austrian occupation, when he served as Secretary of State for Austria under the Anschluss government. In 1939 he went into Poland with Hans Frank's General Government to take charge officially of the "safeguarding" of Polish art treasures. On May 15, 1940, immediately following the surrender of Holland, he arrived in the Hague and established

the Dienststelle Mühlmann, which became — under the Seyss-Inquart occupation regime — the central agency for all matters concerning Dutch and Belgian art properties.

Mühlmann thus controlled Poland and the Netherlands as von Behr did France, with direct access to a substantial proportion of the national wealth. From his Dutch confiscations, 100 paintings were selected for Linz. He aided Posse also by following the market and recommending collections for sale — under duress. He was responsible for the confiscation of three great storehouses of Northern European art, the Jaffe, Lugt, and Mannheimer Collections, and his hand was in divers other affairs of equal ignominy, if lesser importance.

Like other Linz and Göring agents, Mühlmann did very well for himself, sending confiscated works surreptitiously to Munich and Vienna, where they were placed at auction in his interest. Linz itself acquired 8 paintings unwittingly through this channel. He enjoyed one further distinction, that of being the only official in the Nazi looting machine to hold high rank in the SS. His future, therefore, will be determined largely by the findings of the Nuremberg tribunal.

Completing the Hitler art clique was "Professor" Heinrich Hoffman, early Party member (No. 58) and confidant of the Führer. Hoffmann's influence waned sharply after 1941 (a fact attributable to Bormann's contempt for him). When taken into American custody in 1945, he had become a shattered nonentity, a sodden alcoholic. Earlier, he had been Hitler's chief adviser in art matters and had made a considerable fortune — apart from his gainful position as the official Party photographer — in building up the Reich Chancellery's collection of nineteenth-century German painting. He held no official post in the Linz project but, for a brief period, was an effective middleman between the Commission and certain German dealers, especially Frau Dietrich. A letter from Posse to Bormann dated January, 1941, implies that Hoffmann had acted as intermediary in many of the early negotiations in Holland. To his American interrogators, it seemed inconceivable that Hoffmann could ever have held so imposing a position at the Nazi court.

5

IN 1943, with the war turning against Hitler, and with the exploitation of the occupied countries virtually complete, the tempo of Nazi plunder slackened. Incalculable riches had been secured and were now pouring into Germany. The material purchased for Linz was being received and registered at Munich, in the Führerbau, one of the group of colossal buildings erected by the Nazis to "dignify" the Party capital. The more valuable loot, however, was being stored in safe places far removed from the urban centers.

These repositories, for the most part, were situated

in thick forests or inaccessible mountain fastnesses. For the Einsatzstab Rosenberg alone, six great estates were requisitioned, and the loot — brought in by the trainload — was deposited there from 1941 on. (A document of July, 1944, records 29 separate shipments into the Reich during the period between April, 1941, and December, 1943.) The fabulous castle of Neuschwanstein, jutting crag-like from the lower reaches of the Bavarian Alps, held the booty from France. An island monastery in the middle of the Chiemsee, the enchanting lake which lies midway between Munich and Salzburg; a former royal Austrian summer residence in the hills of the Salzkammergut; the hunting lodge of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg in South Bavaria, isolated magnificently in a huge game preserve — these were secondary caches, illustrating the diversity of the sites chosen.

Not by the widest stretch of the imagination would any of the repositories have been subjected to air attack. First, their very isolation and their natural camouflage enhanced their immunity. Second, they were in themselves "cultural monuments" and would have been ignored by Allied bombers. Yet hysteria in the Reich Chancellery had become so intense by the end of 1943 that Hitler ordered a wholesale evacuation of the repositories in favor of a still safer refuge. In February, 1944, with snow blanketing the country, truck convoys began to move south with their precious cargo, in the direction of Linz itself. Just east of Salzburg, however, they turned off and began to climb laboriously into the mountainous region of the Upper Danube. Their destination was a fourteenth-century salt mine, high above the picturesque village of Alt Aussee.

Few undertakings of the war were more painstaking or futile. The road to Aussee climbs over two high passes, virtually unassailable in the dead of winter. With frantic determination to conceal the loot in the very earth of the last redoubt, tanks and even oxen were used where trucks failed to scale the slippery barrier. For thirteen months, through the winter and summer of 1944 and into the winter of 1945, the convoys limped over the mountains and left their cargo at the entrance to the mine.

The Steinberg mine is a labyrinth with a single outlet. A tunnel little more than six feet in height — so that a tall man negotiates it with difficulty — cuts two kilometers horizontally into the mountainside and, winding around, links a series of mammoth caverns, from which salt has been mined through the centuries. A miniature gasoline engine can proceed through the tunnel on narrow-gauge rails at snail's pace, hauling a tiny flat car. There is no other access to the mine's interior.

For "Dora" (code name of the secret deposit) workmen transformed these grotesque subterranean vaults into model storage rooms, fitted with clean wooden floors and specially constructed racks, dehumidification equipment, and modern lighting fixtures. Dora was surely the most fantastic manifes-

tation of the last-ditch Nazi stand. Here, Hitler planned literally to go underground.

In 1944 and 1945, Dora received 6755 old master paintings, of which 5350 were destined for Linz, 230 drawings, 1039 prints, 95 tapestries, 68 sculptures, 43 cases of objets d'art, and innumerable pieces of furniture; in addition, 119 cases of books from Hitler's library in Berlin, and 237 cases of books for the Linz library. The last convoy arrived at the mine less than a month before V-E Day.

An appropriately dramatic postscript to Operation Dora was written by Gauleiter Eigruber, who, as administrator of the entire Oberdonau region, was the official ultimately responsible for the contents of the mine. In 1945, with his province wedged alarmingly between the Russians, advancing from the southwest, and the Americans, descending on him from the north, Eigruber ordered demolition charges set throughout the mine. Not merely the evidence of German plunder, but the priceless accumulation of Europe's treasure itself, was to be destroyed at the moment of Allied entry. Eigruber's orders were countermanded by the Reich Chancellery, but the advanced chaos of the situation permitted him to ignore headquarters, and he persisted in his fiendish plan. The Gauleiter fled into the mountains before the American advance, taking with him a select SS bodyguard.

But the Austrian workmen, who had been given specific instructions for the demolition procedure and who had been threatened with a firing squad for noncompliance, simply filed out of the mine on hearing that the Americans were approaching. The destruction of some of Europe's greatest masterpieces was thus narrowly averted — by the fundamental decency of a few simple men.

On entering the mine, the Americans found the world-famous van Eyck *Adoration* from Ghent, the Dirk Bouts altarpiece from Louvain, and the Michelangelo *Madonna* from Bruges — among the greatest national treasures of Belgium; the paintings and sculpture from Naples via Monte Cassino, seized by the Hermann Göring Division; and almost the entire Rothschild holdings, from Paris and Vienna.

Everywhere, throughout seven vast caverns, were the ominous demolition charges, armed and in place, yet the loot was unharmed.

Examination of Hitler's personal library prompted further speculation on a question which may never be answered — the true state of the Führer's health at the end. Every word of correspondence read by Hitler in the closing war years came to him from a special oversized typewriter. The letters were an inch high. This startling evidence gives rise to the belief that the Führer, with all his other ills, must have been almost totally blind.

The process of restitution is going well. Alt Aussee, although the most important repository, was not the only one. The contents of the Göring Collection at Carinhall, for instance, were discovered in a cave at Berchtesgaden. In the work of tabulation, the Allies actually enumerated over four hundred places of safekeeping throughout Germany, not all of them, to be sure, containing loot. Operation Dora was reversed by the American Army and the mine has been emptied. From several "Central Collecting Points" in the American zone, the loot is being returned gradually to the countries of origin — a laborious process involving painstaking research and careful handling.

Meanwhile, the major living culprits are in Allied custody, awaiting trial at the termination of the Nuremberg proceedings, and the liberated countries are taking action against those of their own nationals who helped the Germans strip their lands.

The looting of Europe was not merely an official and expert operation designed to enrich the Nazi state and increase the prestige of Hitler and Göring. By contributing to the impoverishment of the occupied and satellite countries, and by exalting Germanic art (while banning all liberal work of the last hundred years), the looting machine remained within the framework of National Socialist philosophy. The failure of German arms must not blind us to the lasting implications of Hitler's attempt to corrupt the culture of Europe and to reduce all art to the Nazi formula.



LAND LAID WASTE

by GOVERNOR ELLIS GIBBS ARNALL

1

ONE day, in Southwest Georgia, as I looked into the deep chasm of Providence Canyon, the Biblical passage came to my mind: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." I saw the perverse beauty of the great cut across the face of nature, the mosaic of colors as one layer after another of clay was revealed. Where once there were fields of cotton and corn, there was this great chasm. Within a generation, the unprotected land had been despoiled of its richness, then swept away, until there was a nothingness paneled in red and yellow and cream and a score of variations of these colors.

The National Park Service has called the canyon the most remarkable and most beautiful natural phenomenon east of the Mississippi. It may be. Certainly the colors are striking enough and the gorge is big enough.

To me, however, it was almost the ultimate in horror, unsurpassed except by Copperhill, which resembles nothing so much as that scene Doré imagined to illustrate the *Inferno*. At Copperhill can be found the same twisted and leafless trees that featured the infernal landscape, trees that seem to be in a torment and a terror that never ends because they have been petrified in the endless winds of Hell. No grass and no flowers. Only the red barrenness of burned clay. The dogs whimper in the pitiless sun or crouch despondently under doorsteps, for there is no shade in this land where every green thing has been destroyed.

The day I saw Ducktown and Copperhill, the phrase ran once more through my mind: "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The wantonness of the sacrilege made me afraid; for here the earth had been desecrated, its holiness mocked, and horror is the result.

Georgia born and bred, GOVERNOR ELLIS G. ARNALL has proved himself one of the staunchest and most honorable fighters ever to be governor of his state. He rescued the state university from corruption, drove through the repeal of the poll tax, fought the Klan in the open, and worked unceasingly to diversify the agriculture and to better the industry of the land he loves so well. This paper and its predecessor, "The Southern Frontier," have been drawn from Governor Arnall's forthcoming book, *The Shore Dimly Seen*, which is to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company in November.

Once as I walked over some submarginal Middle Georgia cotton lands, where erosion had eaten away the topsoil to a thin layer that would hardly sustain the weight of the plants, and where the fertility depended upon ever increasing amounts of guano, I heard some talk about the shiftlessness of the tenants on the place. A friend who was with me had lately bought it, in the hope that it could be converted into good grazing land, but our other companion still put his trust in cotton, and little trust at all in the tenant farmers who grew it.

"Most of the good small white farmers in these parts have sold out and gone somewhere else," he told my friend. "The best nigger tenants have moved away. All we have around here is sorry niggers and po' white trash that you can't beat for shiftlessness. They won't make enough on a place to pay their supply bill. They have to be carried all winter, and they grumble all the time, wanting things they see in the mail-order catalogues. Last winter three families half tore down their houses to get firewood, when they could have cut all they wanted a mile off."

We went on in silence, inspecting the rusted strands of barbed-wire fence and the sorry soil.

"Just shiftlessness. Worth nothin'. No 'count folks, but all you can get. Imagine a man tearing down his house and burning it stick by stick," he went on, as we walked across the final field.

The land we saw that afternoon had suffered long. It lay in one of the earliest-settled counties of the state. Soon after the Revolution, which destroyed more than half the farm homes of Georgia, families from Virginia and South Carolina had moved into this newly opened land. In general, they acquired large acreages. In most instances they were accompanied by slaves. The farm that lay before us had been cleared in 1790, while Washington was President of a newly organized government.

And by 1850 the land had been worn out; within a single lifetime men through folly had destroyed the fortunes of their children. The rich hillsides grew cotton and corn more profusely than the white soil of the flat country. The hardwood was cut off the hills. The fields were planted to row crops. The rains washed gullies. Soon the soil was exhausted.

But the supply of land seemed endless. More slaves banded the trees and felled them on more hillsides, and more land was planted with cotton, while the first fields lay untended.

Finally, the owner removed himself from the worn-out land and took his slaves to the new Texas fields. Many of his neighbors went to South Georgia; others tried Arkansas or Mississippi.

Pine replaced the hardwood that had been cut. A little of the fertility of the soil was regained. About 1885, the pine was cut for sawmills and the hillsides were turned back to cotton again. But the earth rebelled against this cycle of misdeeds. Only in exceptional years did landowner or tenant wring a living from the soil.

My friend had bought the farm from the son of the man who had bought it the year after the pines were cut. The father had never been able to support his family on the land and about 1900 had moved to town and gone to work to support the land. Every year, the son said, there had been a small loss in operations and there had been taxes to pay. When he inherited the property, on his father's death, he had made the best bargain he could with tenants for nominal rentals and moved to a large city where he could earn his living. A few years before, immediately after a two-year period of good crops in the section, he had found a man willing to rent the entire property for a little more than the taxes. The renter, in turn, placed his own sharecroppers on the land and supplied them. Though the man had a bad name for dealings with his cotton hands, though he was notoriously a sharp trader in dealings with merchants and supplymen, he failed. The land had been turned back to its owner, and he was glad to sell it to my friend.

2

DURING the period when America believed itself most prosperous, when the vision of a boom lasting forever dazzled the eyes of everyone, during the magic decade of the foolish twenties, the county in which my friend now thought to plant kudzu on the slopes to check erosion and to fatten cattle presently in redeemed meadows might have given indication enough that all was not well in America. Thirty-five per cent of the people left the county, unable to obtain even a subsistence from cotton lands that had worn out completely. A fourth of the whites and almost half of the Negroes fled from poverty and its accompanying hunger. They fled from soil that had been the richest in the state a century and a half ago. They fled as the slaves and the slave owners had fled seventy years before them.

I do not know where they went. There have been statistical studies of the journeyings of the dispossessed, but they do not tell the whole story. They are not banded like migratory birds. Some of them went to the cities and were successful and became

skilled workers or joined the white-collar class. Some of them went to the cities and landed on relief rolls. Some of them became migrant workers, voyaging about the nation from crop to crop in battered automobiles held together with baling wire, sleeping in miserable shacks and often in the open. Some of them refused to take root in alien soil: like vines torn up and replanted, they faded, yellowed, and died; they could no longer draw to themselves the holiness of the earth, for its goodness had fled and it no longer brought forth crops in its season, but was sterile and bare because the virtue had gone out of it.

You can see some of them, or their kin, on almost any highway of America. Their obsolete cars are piled high — almost buried — with the scant and worn household goods that they carry with them wearily.

I was on my way to a speaking engagement in Brunswick one afternoon with my confidant and helpful friend, Thad Buchanan, when we stopped to help two men who were trying to change a tire with a jack that would not work. We took ours out and they accepted the loan. The travelers were two men, apparently brothers, with their womenfolk and children; the latter stood quietly some distance away from the car in that silence that is traditional for them in the presence of menfolk. The piled belongings included a dismembered stove and a small hickory rocking chair. One of the children presently detached the rocking chair from its retaining ropes and set it on the grass beside the road for the oldest woman.

The soft Southern drawl has an infinity of regional variations. I thought I caught the tongue of Southwest Georgia.

"No, but not far away," the elder brother said. "We used to live out from Eufaula 'bout twenty miles across the Alabama line. But my brother worked a place in Macon County for two or three years."

"Are you making out all right now?" Thad inquired.

"Not too well, with gas so hard to get. We been down in the beans, and there ain't much money in them."

"Where are you going now?"

"Well, I guess we'll try the tomatoes for a while."

"Things never have been right since the boll weevil came when I was a boy," the younger brother said as he handed back the jack.

As we drove off, I could hear the oldest woman singing as she rocked: —

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;
Oh, what a foretaste of glory Divine;
Working and waiting . . ."

America for this family had become a land divided into beans, potatoes, cotton, tomatoes, and oranges. The highways did not link towns or pass through

states; they led from a bean farm to a tomato acreage.

They did not know where they had wandered, across a continent perhaps; from Florida to Maryland to California, for all they knew. They had spent their lives in fields or upon asphalt highways, crowded into a car loaded with all their possessions. They may have been among the more fortunate migrants, those who are seldom really hungry for more than a few weeks at a time. But they must keep moving. Perhaps some day there will be a job that is permanent, a place that is home, with a bare-swept yard and a few flowers and a garden of greens. They are seeking something.

And the Lord brought us forth out of Egypt with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm, and with great terribleness, and with signs, and with wonders. And he hath brought us into this place, and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey.

3

THEY do not come from the Southeast alone, these wanderers. They come from all over America, from every section where the land has been abused by men, and where in turn the land has rebelled and cast men off. They come from Kansas and Missouri, from Texas and Michigan, from the Carolinas and Kentucky, from Oklahoma, where the billowing dust drove them in a migration that has given their name to all the displaced of America, — the Okies, the people without homes, the sharecroppers and tenants and small farmers of yesterday who have no roof today. During the war years many of them found temporary shelter, found jobs in the shipyards and in the shops, put on a uniform to defend a home that is not their home. At the first sign of a depression, they must take to the roads again, a little more weary, a little more beaten.

"Call out the deputy sheriffs. Don't give them any credit — they won't pay you even if they have the money. Give them a little gas and let them get out of town. Here comes another family of those damn 'Okies.'"

There are at least 150,000,000 acres of eroded land in the United States today. Almost 75,000,000 acres of this land are in the Southeast. But erosion is extending into other areas. There is a growing area of erosion in the Northwest spreading over many acres in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. The land destruction is increasing in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, and Ohio.

In some parts of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama, as much as 50 per cent of the farm lands have been denuded of their topsoil. In some sections half the land once under the plow has been withdrawn from cultivation. Throughout these regions, if any crop is to be grown, commercial fertilizers must be applied lavishly. Sixty per cent of the fertilizer used in America goes to the Southeast to assist the pro-

duction of cotton and tobacco. But the tonnage required by the Middle States is increasing year after year, an indication that the wastage of the soil is not limited to any single part of America.

Erosion is generally thought of as the result of washing, but another major cause is wind. Much land in the Southwest which was turned to cotton has sustained serious wind erosion. Great acreages in the Middle West which should have been left in grass for cattle ranges were converted unwisely into grain farms, and these have been scenes of dust storms and are rapidly being robbed of all fertility. Aside from erosion, much land is rendered useless in the Southeast by the silting up of streams, with a resultant overflow.

To a considerable extent the areas in which land waste represents the most serious economic and social loss are the basins of the Missouri and the Tennessee. In the second of these, a serious and tentatively successful effort to rebuild an economy while developing the tremendous water-power potential of the area is going on. I say "tentatively successful," because there is no certainty when the same sinister forces now blocking the Missouri Valley Authority may succeed in altering the objectives or interfering with the program of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The economic loss to the nation through erosion can be pictured statistically. In normal pre-war years, the Southeastern states purchased 5,500,000 tons of fertilizer at a cost of \$161,000,000 annually. Yet annually there was taken from the land by erosion 20,000,000 tons of potash, nitrogen, and phosphoric acid, with a value above \$600,000,000. In many areas, Southern farmers were not engaged in agriculture; they were mining their soil, not in the metaphorical sense employed by those who think of the waste inherent in the system that dooms the South and West to colonial position in the nation, but in an actual and physical sense. Every year the average Southern farmer puts \$2.71 worth of fertilizer back in the soil, and sweats in the sun, chopping cotton to produce the money to pay the supplyman; and during that year the rains wash from his soil \$9.00 worth of the same elements.

It is true, however, that the soil of these acreages can be restored. It is necessary only that the farmer of the South forget the one-crop system and turn to the other crops that his soil will produce. These are many. Oranges will grow in the South. Barley, the grain that ranges farthest north, can be produced in the South. Every small grain, legumes, hay, potatoes, peanuts, vegetable truck, many of which aid in restoring the fertility of the soil, can be grown in the South. And by parallel, in the dust bowls of the Southwest and Middle West grass could cover the threatened acres and they could be turned back to the production of cattle. All this can be done.

In the Tennessee Valley it is being done. They

have planted trees, 150,000,000 seedlings, that will remake hundreds of thousands of acres. They are cutting the timber wisely, employing 8 per cent of the workers in the Valley in industries built upon the forests; they have made the woods the basis for a \$112,000,000 industry. They are using the farm lands kindly, and the production of meat, eggs, milk, and dairy products has increased by half. Millions of acres of land have been terraced. The straight furrow, invitation to erosion, has been supplanted by contour plowing. The number of livestock in the region has more than doubled.

Hunger has been driven out. The yield of the land has increased. In many instances land that, at the time of TVA's establishment, was regarded as submarginal and suitable only for retirement and public purchase has been restored to such condition that it supports good crops and hearty families.

And because families are hearty, they are no longer fleeing from the Tennessee Valley. The fever of migration has been checked, not by treating the people but by treating the land that they love; by giving the land new hope, the people's own hope is restored. But there are other areas in America where migration was not checked, and a map of the areas of loss in population would coincide very closely with a map disclosing the waste of the land. Population losses in Georgia, for example, during the decade 1920-1930, corresponded very closely with the areas of the worst soil depletion.

In those years, despite a birth rate higher than the national average, Georgia did not have an increase in population. Though the state sustained neither dust storms nor floods, and therefore little mass migration, here and there a small crossroads community was shuttered up, a farm went to sedge and pine seedlings. The roof of a country church fell in and the graves in the churchyard went untended, because the people had gone — somewhere.

The ruined areas in the South follow two patterns and afflict two different types of inhabitants. One area of erosion follows the hill country, the region of small yeoman farmers. They are the proudest people in the South — a section of the nation never noted for an insufficiency of pride. Their great-grandfathers came out of the hills in 1780 to meet the finest force of British regulars engaged in the attempt to suppress the Revolution. At King's Mountain the hillsmen and the Redcoats faced each other, squirrel gun against musket, long knife against bayonet; and when night came, the Revolutionists had won the decisive battle of the war, and the retreat of Cornwallis to the Yorktown peninsula was inevitable.

Yes, proud these people were, and fierce, and independent. So that they seceded from North Carolina and established an independent state and invited the new United States to admit them as a member. The State of Franklin possessed the most democratic Constitution of any early American

commonwealth, a Constitution that breathed the undying individualism of the people of the hills.

Their descendants are to be found in Tennessee, in North Georgia, in North Carolina, in the hill regions of Kentucky. They are still yeoman farmers. But the soil on their hillsides is washed thin, and the sawmill has stripped much of the land of the trees that held back the waters. Through the area in which they live, through the uplands of these states, there has been increasing poverty.

Some of these people wander from their hills to the cotton mills. But seldom do they part with the land they own. It is left to be tended by some relative or neighbor, and ultimately most of them return to the hills from the mill villages, with enough money saved from their wages to buy a pony and a cow and to resume life again in its familiar pattern. To their group belongs a preponderant part of the families that TVA has helped to earn a new prosperity.

4

THE other section of the South where the land has been laid waste is the Black Belt. It is the section that extends across part of the Carolinas, Middle Georgia, part of Alabama, and even into Texas. It is the section in which the plantation system existed before the end of slavery; a plantation system which bears no resemblance to that of the Delta or of the regions in which mechanized farming has turned the agricultural worker into a mass producer indistinguishable from the man working on an automobile assembly line.

The ills of this area are to be traced back over a hundred years. Much of the land was abandoned temporarily around 1840, and put back into cultivation in 1865, when the temporary high price of cotton made submarginal cotton lands valuable for a three-year boom period.

This is the land of the true sharecropper. The word is one used loosely, applied at times to a class of workers who are no more than wage hands paid in kind, or, more precisely, wage hands who share the risk of farming with their employer but who share to only a limited extent in the profits. Such a system of sharecropping is exceptional in the Southeast, though common in parts of Mississippi and Arkansas.

The genuine sharecropper has no easy life; neither does the tenant farmer just above him in the caste system; nor the renter who has his place at a fixed payment in cash or cotton; nor the small farmer; nor the plantation owner, for that matter. All of them are caught by the tentacles of the one-crop system and squeezed of their labor, their vitality, their independence. Even today, when a considerable part of Georgia has been freed from the one-crop system, when livestock has supplanted cotton as the greatest dollar producer for the Georgia farmer, sections of the Georgia Black Belt are still tied to

a cotton economy. And no matter how high the price of cotton, these farmers are never prosperous. It is a lucky sharecropper who has money left after paying for his supplies and his share of the cost of guano, and of calcium arsenate to fight the boll weevil; it is a fortunate plantation owner whose place is unmortgaged and who does not lose a little money on each sharecropper on his place.

Cotton and corn are the greatest robbers of the Southern soil; but corn and cotton these sharecroppers must plant apparently until either Gabriel's trumpet blows or there is a revolution in the agriculture of the South: corn to feed the mules that plow the cotton that sells for cash to buy the fat-back and corn meal and syrup that are the standard diet of the region.

A little more than half the people who live in the Black Belt area are Negroes, about a sixth of whom are small independent farmers, in contrast to approximately the third of Negro farmers who own their own land elsewhere in Georgia. Only about a fourth of all farmers, of both races, are land-owners; perhaps an additional tenth are cash renters and another fourth are tenants who supply their own livestock and receive from two thirds to three fourths of the products of their lands.

These people are leaving the land, too; but not in the same pattern that is disclosed by the people of the hills. For, if they own the land, they sell it and never return. If they are tenants, they leave and never come back. The land does not seem to have for these people the same attraction that it has for the men of the hill country, whose hearts are left behind when they essay the adventure of spindle or loom in the lowlands.

You would think that the hill folk, who are among the most intelligent people of the Southeast, would establish small home industries to give employment to their people; that they themselves would carefully replant the hillsides with trees as TVA is doing for them in one area; that they would diversify not only their crops but their employment, so that some members of the family would be industrial workers while others tended the farm. Indeed, that is the precise pattern that TVA is developing for them; it is the pattern that has raised their income, in those sections where TVA operates, from the lowest in the South to a point well above the Southeastern average.

And you would think that the people of the Black Belt, whites and Negroes alike, would limit their plantings of cotton, that they would plant more soil-building crops, that they would put in more livestock on their farms and grow more garden truck.

5

BUT it costs money to do this. And it requires technological skill to convert from relatively simple cotton farming to the complexities of producing

cows and pigs. Also you must be able to sell your products, and there are inadequate marketing facilities.

The acquisition of technological skill is difficult, but Georgia's educators have persisted under great difficulties and have managed to teach many the how of producing things to eat. The marketing problem can eventually be solved, when the South is accepted back as part of the Union, together with the West, and when these two great areas no longer are regarded as colonial appendages to be exploited and drained of all wealth for the support of an Eastern industrial empire. But until that is done, the problem of where the Black Belt farmer will sell his products, other than cotton, cannot be solved.

For the man who buys his cotton — he is often the same man that supplies him with fertilizer and fat-back, with calcium arsenate and corn meal — is used to handling cotton. It is a marketable crop. It can be stored in a warehouse, and the receipt can be taken to the bank as the basis for a loan. But what would such a merchant do with thirty dozen eggs, or six Duroc-Jersey pigs, or a fat calf? There are limits to the appetite of his family, and he has knowledge neither of grades nor of markets for such products, and he has no facilities for temporary storage until he can collect enough to ship a full car of such products.

Moreover, where would he ship them? There are no genuine industrial centers near-by, with a tremendous hunger to be fed. The industrialization of the South has proceeded in such a manner that it has contributed little thus far to the economy of the farmers of the region.

Shall he ship them to the markets of the East? He has knowledge of the cotton market, but where in the East would he dispatch a carload of eggs, and how much would the freight be? And how would his banker and his Eastern wholesaler react to his trading in products that have no easily estimated cash value?

The result of the one-crop system is a veritable mining of the soil. It is not cotton that the Southeast is exporting to feed the hungry spindles of the world; it is the very soil of the South. Year after year the fields are fed their starvation diet of guano; year after year the rains sweep the hillsides and wash away more wealth; year after year the yield of each acre of the tortured land is just a little less. Year after year the owner's profits grow smaller and the hunger of the sharecroppers mounts.

More and more land is taken from cultivation in this belt each season. Not all of it will be wasted, of course. In some instances the slash pine, which Dr. Charles Herty regarded as the salvation of the South, is replacing cotton as a crop, especially in Southeast Georgia and North Florida and parts of Alabama. To the landowner this is economic salvation. But sharecroppers cannot live amid seedling pines, nor can they wait seven years for them to grow to harvest. They must move on.

This chronicle of erosion may be the tragedy of America. In some parts of the West, where the plow broke soil that should have been left to grass, the desert is encroaching, nibbling off a yard here and an acre there. And in the South, it is nibbling at men's homes — and at their hearts. Only one thing can save this region from destruction, and that is diversification of its crops, a turning from soil-wasting to soil-building, the making of peace with the earth and with the forces of nature. Economic barriers, some of them a century old, conspire with the customs and habits of the region to make this exceedingly difficult. Yet here is the area where the fight must be fought to save the land and to save the people on it. And the fight must be won.

The fight must be won because the people must not be driven from their homes to join the multitude of wanderers on the face of America. There

are people in the Middle Georgia counties, for instance, who have never traveled a day's journey from where they were born. They have stayed and fought for the land, while the less courageous or more adventurous of their cousins went away to seek some other place, where living was less of a struggle.

The South cannot solve the problem by itself. Regional methods had to be applied in the Tennessee Valley, which cuts across state lines. National remedies will have to be found for some of the economic ills that burden the sharecropper of the Black Belt and threaten to reduce him, whether white or Negro, to the status of an Egyptian fellah toiling in the sweltering Nile valley for some overlord in Cairo or Alexandria. It is not only the red clay of Georgia that is pouring into the sea: it is a part of our common country; and all America has a share in solving the problem.

FLYING BUTTRESS

by A. M. SULLIVAN

BETWEEN the gold of the cross
And the clay of the crypts —
Beneath the flutter of birds
And the words in the apse —
Stone hunches its shoulders
With elbows akimbo.

Against knaves of the wind,
Against angels unshriven,
Against the hours of evil
And the palsy of earth —
The knuckles are bunched
In the hidden boulders.

Under pillars of faith,
Under shafts of the sunlight,
Under praise of the humble —
The torso is hunched
With crookt arms of granite
Lest the gargoyles tumble
And Lucifer boast
How Heaven was lost.

THAT DAY AT HIROSHIMA

by ALEXANDER H. LEIGHTON

In December, 1945, DR. LEIGHTON had an opportunity to enter Hiroshima as the research leader of the Morale Division team from the U. S. Strategic Bombing Survey. A summary of the principal findings by the Bombing Survey has appeared in a report issued June 29 from the White House. A more detailed record, in several volumes, is to come from the Government Printing Office soon.

For the *Atlantic* Dr. Leighton has written the personal account of what he saw, of what the Japanese survivors reported, and of what he felt as he listened to their recital. Obviously the survivors were confused and not always strictly accurate in their recollection. — THE EDITOR

1

WE approached Hiroshima a little after day-break on a winter day, driving in a jeep below a leaden sky and in the face of a cold, wet wind. On either side of the road, black flat fields were turning green under winter wheat. Here and there peasants worked, swinging spades or grubbing in mud and water with blue hands. Some in black split-toed shoes left tracks like cloven hoofs. To the north, looming close over the level land, mountains thrust heavy summits of pine darkly against the overcast. To the south and far away, the bay lay in dull brightness under fitful rain.

"Hiroshima," said the driver, a GI from a Kansas farm, who had been through the city many times, "don't look no different from any other bombed town. You soon get used to it. You'll see little old mud walls right in the middle of town that wasn't knocked down. They been exaggerating about that bomb."

Within a few miles the fields along the road were replaced by houses and shops that looked worn and dull yet intact. On the road itself people straggled to work, some on bicycles, most of them on foot — tattered and bandy-legged old men, girls with red cheeks and bright eyes, ancient women under towering bundles, middle-aged men looking stiff in Western business suits. In one place there were several Koreans together, the women easily distinguished from the Japanese by their white blouses and the full skirts that swung as they strode. At a bus stop a crowd stood waiting in a line long enough to fill a train. Half a mile farther on we passed the bus, small, battered, and gray, standing half obliterated by the cloud of smoke that came from the charcoal burner at the back while the driver stood working at its machinery.

Children of all ages waved, laughed, and shouted at us as had the children in other parts of Japan.

"Haro-goodabye! Haro-goodabye!"

"Jeepu! Jeecepu!"

Like the children of Hamelin to the piper, they came rushing, at the sound of our approach, from doorways and alleyways and from behind houses, to line up by the road and cheer. One little fellow of about six threw himself into the air, his little body twisting and feet kicking in a fit of glee.

The adults gazed at us with solemn eyes or looked straight ahead. They were more subdued than those I had seen elsewhere in Japan. The children seemed different, possessed by some common animation denied their elders — an animation which impelled them toward the occupation forces, toward the strong and the new.

Presently a two-story trade school appeared, with boards instead of window glass, and then a factory in the same condition. Soon there were shops and houses all along the way with windows missing. A house came into view with its roof pressed down, tiles scattered, and walls bulging outward. A shop with no front, like an open mouth, showed its contents, public and private, clear to the rear window.

The road turned to the Ota River, where the tide was running out and boats lay heaved over on the beach. A bridge ended suddenly like a headless neck. Now every house and shop was damaged and lay with only one end or a corner standing.

Then all the buildings ceased and we came as if from a forest out on a plain, as if from tumult into silence. Imagine a city dump with its smells of wet ashes, mold, and things rotting, but one that runs from your feet almost to the limits of vision. As is often the case with level and desolate places on the earth, the sky seemed close above it. The predominant colors were red and yellow, crumbles of stone, bricks, red earth, and rust. Low walls made rectangles that marked where houses had stood, like sites of prehistoric villages. Here and there in the middle distance, a few large buildings stood about, buttes in the rubble of the plain.

"You see them?" said the driver, as if it were

a triumph for his side. "The bomb didn't knock them down."

Running like ruler lines through the waste were black roads surprisingly dotted with people, some on foot and some in carts of all sizes drawn by man, woman, horse, or cow. Clothing was old and tattered and of every combination from full European to full Japanese. People looked as if they had grabbed what they could from a rummage sale.

Occasionally, blending like protective coloration with the rubble were shacks built out of fragments of boards and iron. Around them were vegetable gardens, for the most part full of *daikon*, Japanese radish. A few more pretentious sheds were going up, shining bright yellow with new boards.

We slowed down to go around a piece of cornice that lay partly across the road like a glacial boulder, and from somewhere in a band of children who cheered and called to us came the gift of a tangerine that landed on the floor of the jeep. Wondering at them, I picked it up and put it in my pocket.

When crossing a bridge, we could see down through the swiftly running water to the stones and shells on the bottom. This clearness gave a feeling of odd contrast to the disorder of the land. We passed a number of trees burned black but still holding up some leafless branches as if in perpetual winter.

The drive ended at a large building that was still standing, a former bank, now a police headquarters, where I had an appointment with the chief to arrange for office space and guides. The driver said, as he got out, "This is it."

2

ONE hears it said that, after all, Japanese cities were really a collection of tinderboxes, while American urban centers are made of stronger stuff. In Hiroshima there were many buildings of types common in the United States and some, prepared against earthquakes, far stronger. The engineers of the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey concluded from their examination that "the overwhelming bulk of buildings in American cities would not stand up against an atomic bomb bursting at a mile or a mile and a half from them." To this must be added the realization that the bomb dropped at Hiroshima will be considered primitive by future standards.

The bank building which housed the police headquarters was a well-made structure of stone, three stories high. Through an imposing entrance my interpreter and I went past tall and solid metal doors that were bent inward like cardboard and no longer usable. The lobby was large and high, but dark because it had no window glass and the openings were boarded to keep out the wind. Through poor light there loomed the white face of a clock up on one wall, its hands pointing to 8.10 — the time it had stopped on August 6.

In the years when that clock had been going,

Hiroshima had been a city, at first unknown to Europe and America, then a source of immigrants to the United States, and finally an enemy port. It lay on a delta between the seven mouths of the Ota and was traversed by canals and an ancient highway that connected Kyoto in the east with Shimonoseki in the west. Close around the city stood mountains covered with red pine, while before it stretched the bay, indented with headlands and spread with islands, in places narrow and steep like a fjord. In shallows near the shore, rows of poles stood as if in a bean patch, set in the sea to anchor oysters and to catch edible seaweed passing in the tide. In deeper water, fishing boats with hawkish prows and planked with red pine were tending nets. A few fishermen used cormorants to make their catch.

Hiroshima had expanses of park, residences, gardens, orange and persimmon trees. Since there had been much traveling back and forth by relatives of immigrants to California, the influence of the United States was marked. On main streets there were movies and restaurants with façades that would have fitted into shopping districts of Bakersfield or San Diego.

But Hiroshima was also ancient. Its feudal castle raised a five-story keep that could be seen a long distance over the level land of the delta. There were three large temples and many smaller ones and the tombs of the Asano family and of the wife and son of the leader of the Forty-seven Ronin, Oishi-Yoshio. There were also Christian churches, whose bells mingled with the temple gongs and the honking of auto horns and the rattling of trolleys.

The people of the city had earned their living by buying and selling farm produce and fish, by making mountain pines into boats for the fishing fleet of the Inland Sea, by meat packing, rubber processing, and oil refining, by making textiles from the cocoons of wild silkworms, by brewing rice and grape wine, by manufacturing paper umbrellas, needles, *tabi* socks, small arms, metal castings, and by working in utilities and services such as electricity, transportation, schools, and hospitals.

During the war there was an increase of industrialization, and plants grew up, chiefly in the outskirts.

There was a famous gay district with little streets along which a person walking in the night could hear laughter, the twang of the *shamisen*, and geishas singing.

The university had been an active cultural center but also stressed athletics, particularly swimming. There were sometimes mass aquatic exercises when hundreds of students would swim for miles, strung out in the bay in a long line with boats attending.

Although not a fortified town, Hiroshima was a major military command station, supply depot, and staging area because of its protected position and because of Ujina Harbor with access to the Pacific, the Sea of Japan, and the East China Sea. More

than a third of the city's land was taken up with military installations, and from the harbor troopships left for Korea, Manchuria, China, and the southern regions. However, toward the end of hostilities, most of the shipping had ceased because of sinkings in the Inland Sea.

The population of Hiroshima was given as well over 300,000 before the war, but this was reduced by evacuation, before the atomic bomb fell, probably to about 245,000. It is still not certain how many the bomb killed, but the best estimate is from 70,000 to 80,000.

3

ABOUT seven o'clock on the morning of August 6 there was an air-raid warning and three planes were reported in the vicinity. No one was much disturbed. For a long time B-29's flying over in small numbers had been a common sight. At some future date, Hiroshima might suffer an incendiary raid from masses of planes such as had devastated other Japanese cities. With this possibility in mind there had been evacuations, and firebreaks were being prepared. But on this particular morning there could be no disaster from just three planes.

By 7.30 the "all clear" had sounded and people were thinking again of the day's plans, looking forward to their affairs and engagements of the morning and afternoon. The castle keep stood in the sun. Children bathed in the river. Farmers labored in the fields and fishermen on the water. City stores and factories got under way with their businesses.

In the heart of the city near the buildings of the Prefectural Government and at the intersection of the busiest streets, everybody had stopped and stood in a crowd gazing up at three parachutes floating down through the blue air.

The bomb exploded several hundred feet above their heads.

The people for miles around Hiroshima, in the fields, in the mountains, and on the bay, saw a light that was brilliant even in the sun, and felt heat. A countrywoman was going out to her farm when suddenly, "I saw a light reflected on the mountain and then a streak just like lightning came."

A town official was crossing a bridge on his bicycle about ten miles from the heart of the city when he felt the right side of his face seared, and thinking that he had sunstroke, he jumped to the ground.

A woman who was washing dishes noticed that she felt "very warm on the side of my face next the wall. I looked out the window toward the city and saw something like a sun in bright color."

At a slower pace, after the flash, came the sound of the explosion, which some people have no recollection of hearing, while others described it as an earth-shaking roar, like thunder or a big wind. A black smoky mass, lit up with color, ascended into

the sky and impressed beholders with its beauty. Red, gold, blue, orange, and many other shades mingled with the black.

Nearer to the city and at its edges, the explosion made a more direct and individual impact on people. Almost everyone thought that an ordinary bomb had landed very close to him, and only later realized the extent of the damage.

A man who was oiling the machinery in a factory saw the lights go out and thought that something must be wrong with the electricity. "But when the roof started crumbling down, I was in a daze, wondering what was happening. Then I noticed my hands and feet were bleeding. I don't know how I hurt myself."

Another, who was putting points on needles, was knocked unconscious, and when he came to, found "all my surroundings burned to the ground and flames raging here and there. I ran home for my family without knowing I was burned around my head. When I arrived home, our house was devastated and destroyed by flames. I ran to the neighbors and inquired about my family and learned that they had all been taken to safety across the river."

An invalid who was drinking tea said, "The tin roof sidings came swirling into my room and everything was black. Rubble and glass and everything you can think of was blasted into my house."

Said a woman, "I was in the back of the house doing the washing. All of a sudden, the bomb exploded. My clothes were burned off and I received burns on my legs, arms, and back. The skin was just hanging loose. The first thing I did was run in the air-raid shelter and lie there exhausted. Then I thought of my baby in the house and ran back to it. The whole house was knocked down and was burning. My mother and father came crawling out of the debris, their faces and arms just black. I heard the baby crying, and crawled in and dug it out from under the burning embers. It was pretty badly burned. My mother carried it to the shelter."

In the heart of the city death prevailed and few were left to tell us about it. That part of the picture has to be reconstructed, as in archaeology, from the remains.

The crowd that stood gazing upward at the parachutes went down withered and black, like a burned-out patch of weeds. Flames shot out of the castle keep. Trolleys bulging with passengers stopped, and all died at once, leaving burned figures still standing supporting each other and fingers fused to the straps. The military at their barracks and offices were wiped out. So too were factories full of workers, including students from schools, volunteers from neighboring towns working on the firebreaks, children scavenging for wood, the Mayor's staff, and the units for air-raid precaution, fire, welfare, and relief. The larger war industries, since they were on the fringe of the city, were for the most part not

seriously damaged. Most of the personnel in the Prefectural Government offices were killed, though the Governor himself happened to be in Tokyo. In hospitals and clinics, patients, doctors, and nurses all died together, as did the priests and pastors of the temples and the churches. Of 1780 nurses, 1654 were killed, and 90 per cent of the doctors in Hiroshima were casualties.

People who were in buildings that sheltered them from the instantaneous effects that accompanied the flash were moments later decapitated or cut to ribbons by flying glass. Others were crushed as walls and floors gave way even in buildings that maintained their outer shells erect. In the thousands of houses that fell, people were pinned below the wreckage, not killed in many cases, but held there till the fire that swept the city caught up with them and put an end to their screams.

A police chief said that he was in his back yard when the bomb went off. He was knocked down and a concrete wall fell over him, but he was able to dig himself out and go at once toward the police station in the bank. "When I arrived at the office, I found ten policemen, some severely wounded. These were evacuated to a place of safety where they could get aid. We tried to clean up the glass from the windows, but fire was spreading and a hot southerly wind was blowing. We used a hose with water from a hydrant and also formed a bucket brigade. At noon the water in the hydrants gave out, but in this building we were lucky because we could pump water from a well. We carried buckets up from the basement to the roof and threw water down over the building. People on the road were fainting from the heat and we threw water on them too and carried them into the one room in the building that had not been affected by the bomb. We applied oil and ointment to those who had burns.

"About 1.00 P.M. we began to apply first aid to the people outside, since the fire seemed under control as far as this building was concerned. A doctor came to help. He himself was wounded in one leg. By night this place was covered by a mass of people. One doctor applied all the first aid."

A doctor who was at a military hospital outside Hiroshima said that about an hour after the bomb went off, "many, many people came rushing to my clinic. They were rushing in all directions of the compass from the city. Many were stretcher cases. Some had their hair burned off, were injured in the back, had broken legs, arms, and thighs. The majority of the cases were those injured from glass; many had glass imbedded in the body. Next to the glass injuries, the most frequent were those who had their faces and hands burned, and also the chest and back. Most of the people arrived barefooted; many had their clothes burned off. Women were wearing men's clothing and men were wearing women's. They had put on anything they could pick up along the way.

"On the first day about 250 came, who were so

injured they had to stay in the hospital, and we also attended about 500 others. Of all of these about 100 died."

A talkative man in a newspaper office said that the most severely burned people looked like red shrimps. Some had "skin which still burned sagging from the face and body with a reddish-white skin underneath showing."

A reporter who was outside the city at the time of the explosion, but came in immediately afterward, noticed among the dead a mother with a baby held tightly in her arms. He saw several women running around nude, red from burns, and without hair. Many people climbed into water tanks kept for putting out fires and there died. "The most pathetic cases were the small children looking for their parents. There was one child of about eleven with a four-year-old on his back, looking, looking for his mother in vain."

Shortly after the bomb fell, there was a high wind, or "fire storm" engendered by the heat, that tore up trees and, whirling over the river, made waterspouts. In some areas rain fell.

The severely burned woman who had been washing when the bomb fell said that she went down to the river, where "there were many people just dripping from their burns. Many of them were so badly burned that you could see the meat. By this time it was raining pretty badly. I could not walk or lie down or do anything. Water poured into the shelter and I received water blisters as well as blisters from the burns. It rained a lot right after the bomb."

Although the fire burned for days, the major destruction did not take very long. A fisherman out on the bay said, "I saw suddenly a flash of light. I thought something burned my face. I hid in the boat face down. When I looked up later, Hiroshima was completely burned."

4

HIROSHIMA, of course, never had been prepared for a disaster of the magnitude which overtook it, but in addition the organized sources of aid that did exist were decimated along with everything else. As a result, rescue had to come from surrounding areas, and soon trucks and trains were picking up the wounded, while hospitals, schools, temples, assembly halls, and tents were preparing to receive them. However, the suburbs and surrounding areas were overwhelmed by the rush of immediate survivors out of the bombed region and so, for about a day, help did not penetrate far into the city. This, together with the fact that survivors who were physically uninjured were stunned and bewildered, resulted in great numbers of the wounded dying from lack of aid.

The vice-mayor of a neighboring town that began receiving the wounded about 11.30 in the morning

said, "Everybody looked alike. The eyes appeared to be a mass of melted flesh. The lips were split up and also looked like a mass of molten flesh. Only the nose appeared the same as before. The death scene was awful. The patient would turn blue and when we touched the body the skin would stick to our hands."

Those who ventured into Hiroshima were greeted by sights they were reluctant to describe. A businessman reported: "The bodies of half-dead people lay on the roadside, on the bridges, in the water, in the gardens, and everywhere. It was a sight no one wants to see. Practically all of these people were nude. Their color was brownish blackish and some of their bodies were dripping. There was a fellow whose head was half burned so that I thought he was wearing a hat." Another man said, "The bodies of the dead were so burned that we could not distinguish men from women."

In the public parks great numbers of both wounded and dead were congregated. There were cries for aid and cries for water and there were places where unidentifiable shapes merely stirred.

In the late afternoon, aid began to come farther into the city from the outer edges. Rice balls and other food were brought. From their mission up the valley a number of Jesuits came, and one of them, Father Siemes, gave a vivid and careful description of what he had seen, when he was later interviewed by members of the Bombing Survey in Tokyo. He said, "Beneath the wreckage of the houses along the way many had been trapped and they screamed to be rescued from the oncoming flames. They had to be left to their fate."

On a bridge, he encountered a procession of soldiers "dragging themselves along with the help of staves or carried by their less severely injured comrades. Abandoned on the bridge there stood with sunken heads a number of horses with large burns on their flanks.

"Fukai, the secretary of the mission, was completely out of his mind. He did not want to leave the house when the fires were burning closer, and explained that he did not want to survive the destruction of his fatherland." He had to be carried away by force.

After dark, the priests helped pull from the river two children who suffered chills and then died. There was a sandspit in the river, covered with wounded, who cried for help and who were afraid that the rising tide would drown them. After midnight, "only occasionally did we hear calls for help."

Many patients were brought to an open field right behind Hiroshima station, and tents were set up for them. Doctors came in from the neighboring prefectures and from near-by towns such as Yamaguchi, Okayama, and Shimane. The Army also took part in relief measures, and all available military facilities and units were mobilized to that end.

A fisherman who came to Hiroshima to see what had happened said, "I cannot describe the situation

in words, it was so pitiful. To see so many people dead was a terrible sight. Their clothes were shredded and their bodies puffed up, some with tongues hanging out. They were dead in all shapes."

As late as the second day the priests noted that among cadavers there were still many wounded alive. "Frightfully injured forms beckoned to us and then collapsed."

They carried some to the hospitals, but "we could not move everybody who lay exposed to the sun." It did not make much difference, anyway, for in the hospitals there was little that could be done. They just lay in the corridors, row on row, and died.

A businessman came into Hiroshima on the third day. "I went to my brother's house in the suburbs and found that all were wounded but none killed. They were stunned and could hardly speak. The next day, one of the four children died. She got black and blue in the face, just as if you had mashed your finger, and had died fifteen minutes after that. In another half hour, her sister did the same thing and she died also."

The wife of a soldier who had been with the Hiroshima troops said, "My husband was a soldier and so he was to die, but when it actually happened, I wondered why we did not all go with him. They called me and I went to see. I was to find him in the heap, but I decided against looking at the bodies. I want to remember him as he was — big and healthy, not some horribly charred body. If I saw that, it would remain forever in my eyes."

A police chief told how the dead were collected and burned. "Many could not be identified. In cases where it was possible, the corpses or the ashes were given to the immediate family. Mostly, the cremation was done by the police or the soldiers, and the identified ashes were given to the family. The ashes of those not identified were turned over to the City Hall. There still are boxes in the City Hall. Occasionally even now one is identified, or is supposed to be identified, and is claimed."

The destroyed heart of Hiroshima consisted of 4.7 square miles, and the best estimates indicate that the mortality rate was 15,000 to the square mile. For many days funeral processions moved along the roads and through the towns and villages all around Hiroshima. The winds were pervaded by the smell of death and cremation. At night the skies were lit with the flames of funeral pyres.

5

VERY few of the people we interviewed at Hiroshima attempted to make a play for sympathy or to make us feel guilty. The general manner was one which might be interpreted as due either to lingering apathy and absence of feeling consequent on shock, or to reserve which masked hate. It was probably a mixture of both, in varying degrees in

different people. But on the surface everyone appeared willing to coöperate and oblige.

An official of a near-by small town thought that "if America had such a weapon, there was no use to go on. Many high school students in Hiroshima who were wounded in the raid spoke incoherently on their deathbeds, saying, 'Please avenge that raid for us somehow.' However, most of the people felt that since it was war, it was just *shikata ga nai*, could not be helped. But we were unified in the idea that we had to win the war."

A newspaper reporter said that after the bomb fell, some felt that this was the end, while others wanted to go on regardless. "Those who had actually experienced the bomb were the ones who wanted to quit, while those who had not, wanted to go on."

The wife of a soldier killed in the blast said, "Though many are resentful against America, I feel no animosity. It was an understood war and the use of weapons was fair. I only wonder why they didn't let the people know about this bomb and give us a chance, before bombing us, to give up."

A police chief believed that the general reaction among the people was one of surprise and a feeling that "we have taken the worst beating, we have been the goats." He said, "They felt that America had done a terrible thing and were very bitter, but after the surrender they turned on the Japanese military. They felt they had been fooled, and wondered if the military knew that the bomb was coming and why they did not take steps. The bomb made no difference in the fighting spirit of the people: it drew them together and made them more coöperative. My eldest son was killed, but I felt that it was destiny that ruled. When I see people who got away without any injury, I feel a little pang of envy naturally, but I don't feel bitter toward them."

Poking in the ruins one day, I came on the stone figure of a dog, one of that grinning type derived from China which commonly guards the entrances to temples. It was tilted on its pedestal but undamaged, and the grin gleamed out as if it were hailing me. Its rakish air and its look of fiendish satisfaction with all that lay around drew me on to inspect it more closely. It was then apparent that the look was not directed at me, but out somewhere beyond. It was, of course, only a piece of stone, and it displayed no particular artistic merit; yet in

looking at it I felt that I was a clod, while it had a higher, sentient wisdom locked up within.

The look and the feeling it inspired were familiar and I groped to remember where I had seen it before other than on temple dogs. The eyes were creased in a fashion that did not exactly connote mirth, and the lips were drawn far back in a smile that seemed to blend bitterness, glee, and compassion. The word "sardonic" came to mind, and this led to recognition and a realization of terrible appropriateness.

All who have acquaintance with the dead know the curious smile that may creep over the human face as *rigor mortis* sets in, a smile of special quality called by doctors *risus sardonicus*. The dog had this look, and it seemed to me probable that some ancient Oriental sculptor, in seeking an expression for temple guardians that would drive off evil spirits, had taken this death grin as his model, and thus it had come down through hundreds of years to this beast looking out on Hiroshima.

Many a soldier has seen this face looking up at him from the field of battle, before he himself was wearing it, and many a priest and doctor has found himself alone with it in a darkened room. As with the dog, at first the look seems at you, and then beyond you, as if there lay at last behind it knowledge of the huge joke of life which the rest of us feel vaguely but cannot comprehend. And there is that tinge of compassion that is as dreadful as it is unknowable.

As I continued to study this stone face, it began to appear that the grin was not directed at the waste and the destruction around, at the red and yellow and the smells, any more than it was at me. It was not so much a face looking at Hiroshima as it was the face of Hiroshima. The carved eyes gazed beyond the rubble, beyond the gardens of radishes and fields of winter wheat, beyond the toiling adults and the rippling children with their tangerines and shouts of "Haro-goodabye!" surging up with new life like flowers and weeds spreading over devastation, beyond the mountains with red pines in the blue sky, beyond all these, over the whole broad shoulder of the world to where, in cities and towns, watches on wrists and clocks on towers still ticked and moved. The face seemed to be smiling and waiting for the harvest of the wind that had been sown.

There was one woman in Hiroshima who said, "If there are such things as ghosts, why don't they haunt the Americans?"

Perhaps they do.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

SERPENT VERSUS DONOVAN

by ALISTAIR MACCRAE

ON the third Friday of September the town council of Ballyfintry appointed a committee with extraordinary powers to deal with the delicate question of Sarah Donovan's attitude to the new wide road that was coming into the town to bring civilization and a glorious dust-covered, petrol-stinking, man-mind-thyself prosperity to it and to the whole district. The road was then only two miles away and the surveyors would soon have to decide whether to bring it marching straight through the town or make a detour to avoid it. That had been written down in red ink on the agenda, and Terence O'Shea, conscious of the deep solemnity of the occasion, had reared himself on his hind legs, given an introductory cough, and made a motion to appoint a committee to investigate Sarah Donovan's mind, and apply what measures they might consider necessary to work the miracle of a change in it, and so allow the new era of milk and honey to come into the place unhindered.

The first they elected to the committee was that little slimy bum of a lawyer, Aloysius Slaney, and soon he was flanked to east and west by the corporate wisdom, cunning, and snake's-belly sagacity of Cornelius Rodgers, the proprietor of the Plough Hotel, and Terence Josceyline, the butcher.

As soon as the meeting was over, this unholy trinity of roguery got into a huddle and went to a private room in the Plough, where they sat knocking the guts out of a five-gill bottle of Scotch whiskey

and bending their imaginations over the smoke of three cigars.

Slaney put the point to them with commendable brevity. In a nutshell, it was this. Here was that ould stick Donovan, twelve solid years left alone, with her man marching out of it and away to the far corners of the earth, where, for all was known, he might be settled down now with a handful of naked black women filing his teeth for him, and herself living a life on a thin string of empty days that made dust and ashes look like strawberry trifle by comparison, and lighting useless lamps in windows fore and aft every night the way they would cast a beam of light for his wayward feet coming back to her.

Aloysius Slaney took a hefty pull at his cigar and blew a reflective ring of smoke round a ray of sunshine. "That," he said, in his best dehydrated legal voice, "in so far as it goes, is her own affair and her own funeral, but now we come to our affair and what looks like being the funeral of our unborn prosperity if we're not careful.

"This Sarah Donovan owns a garden, and that garden, as you gentlemen well know, juts out from her doorstep beyond all Christian proportion to the size of the residence, and at a place that's strategically placed to command the entry of the new wide road that's coming down the valley. But for the same sentimental old foolishness that causes this female martyr to light lamps in her windows and live the frozen life of a celibate nun, she refuses point-blank to allow any alteration to her garden till her man comes back, and when, if ever, that will be, God only knows."

They pondered that over in the depths of a fog of smoke and the biting smell of whiskey. Josceyline said: "Can't we force the issue?"

"No use," said Slaney. "She has all the trumps.

A Clydesider, born in 1906, ALISTAIR MACCRAE left school at fourteen to go to work in the Glasgow shipyards. He continued his education in public libraries and had broken into print as the author of journalistic articles and short plays when, in 1940, he enlisted in the Royal Tank Regiment for the duration. He resumed his writing of fiction in the military hospital near Aldershot. This is the second of Mr. MacCrae's narratives to appear in the *Atlantic*.

She holds that bit of land on a lease that makes it impossible for us to touch it."

"That's what they call democracy," grunted Rodgers. "Democracy means allowin' the random whims of one old woman wipin' her feet on the door mat of madness to hold the whole process of civilization locked up in the hollow of a withered hand. It means the forward march of human progress is to be held at bay by a yellow old face lookin' into the past after the shadow of a man she'll surely never see again." Having got that off his chest, Rodgers turned his face into the whiskey glass again.

"Send a deputation," said Josceyline, "and offer the ould witch money. Money always takes the trick."

"Not with this one," said Slaney. "We've tried it. It was just like shouting into an empty house."

"Did you offer her enough?" said Rodgers.

"Enough and more than enough." Slaney was flat, emphatic, and perfectly final about that.

"This is fanaticism," he said, "and putting money up against it is like popping peas at the Pyramids."

"There's only one thing for it," Josceyline said, "and that's to get her convinced he's dead. If she was convinced he was dead she'd soon soften up."

"That's easy said, but how are we goin' to do it?" said Rodgers. "Are we goin' to produce a home-baked corpse of Michael Donovan an' serve it up on a plate or what? For if you ask me, that ould wan will fall for nothing less."

"Ye'd think," said Josceyline, "ye'd think, in these days of enlightened opinion, that twelve years of unmitigated absence would be a tolerable equivalent for death in even the most stupid of female minds."

"Tach!" said Rodgers. "I'm sick of female minds. They are instruments that don't answer to the logical stimulus of natural common sense. Ye'd need the wisdom of the serpent—"

Aloysius Slaney came to sudden life on that. He jumped to his feet and smashed one claw hand down on the table. "Serpent!" he cried. "Serpent! That's what we want."

2

IN the silence that followed, Josceyline started slowly and methodically to rub his long nose while he stared darkly and doubtfully into Slaney's face. After a while Slaney answered the unspoken question that hung thick in the air of the room. He said: "No, I'm not mad."

Rodgers squinted at him over his cigar. "If ye're not itself," he said, "ye're givin' what I would call a damned good impersonation of it. What the devil do ye mean by sayin' we want a serpent?"

Slaney smiled his most slimy smile and weaved a vague pattern in the air with his cigar. "Let me

ask *you* one first," he said. "What, now, is the clearest thing you remember about this Michael Donovan?"

Rodgers wrinkled his nose in thought. "Well, it's all damned stupid," he said, "but if ye want to know, my clearest memory of Donovan was him standin' out there in my own bar, mad drunk and roarin' out 'The Wearin' o' the Green' in a voice like ten locomotives runnin' over Fingal's Stones without anny rails."

"And you?" Slaney turned his weasel face on Josceyline.

Josceyline looked down the length of his nose at the lawyer and said: "So far as my memory can descend the ladder of human frailty to mind such a man at all, my clearest recollection—indeed my only recollection of him—was one day he came into my shop and bought a pound of tripe and then went up the middle of the High Street eatin' it raw out of the paper. I thought at the time it was the most glarin' exhibition of sodden, unmannered ignorance I'd ever seen in a civilized Christian town, and the place at the time full of foreign visitors from England."

Slaney listened till they were both finished with their reminiscences. Then he gave a bit of a disparaging grunt. "Well," he said, "there's not much in either of your contributions to help on the matter in hand. Now I'll tell ye what I mind about Michael Donovan. I mind a queer sort of a pin he always wore in his tie. It was made of rolled gold in the shape of a serpent rearing up to strike, with two green stones for eyes. A cruel-looking ornament, but fascinating—damned fascinating. It fascinated me, and I've never seen another like it."

Rodgers said: "Now ye come to mention it I do mind him wearin' a thing like that. He used to call it his lucky pin."

"Of course," said Josceyline, "his lucky pin. He never moved without it stuck into his cravat like a charm. The man was up to the neck in ignorant superstition."

Slaney broke in again, his thin reedy voice filling his words with all the double meanings his ferreting mind could dig up. "Exactly," he said. "Donovan never moved without that pin. I want you to remember that because it's important—it's the most important thing that's been said. And beside it I want you to lay the fact that I can mind every detail of that pin, which wouldn't be a wonder, for every time I met the man I found myself lookin' into a snake's head with two green eyes rearin' out at me."

Rodgers thought: "That's because ye've lost the way of lookin' people in the face," but he didn't say it. What he did say was: "All this might be very interesting to you, but I don't see that it's getting us anywhere, Aloysius."

"Ye're damned right," muttered Josceyline, "it isn't. Drawin' pretty pictures of serpents out of a heap of old memories won't ever help us to move

the mountain of prejudice and stupid sentiment that ould Sarah Donovan has for a mind."

"Maybe not," said Slaney, "but I've an idea that it might."

"Spill it, then," said Rodgers impatiently, "for God knows there's a remarkable dearth of ideas on the subject round here."

"I was just thinkin'," said Aloysius Slaney softly. "I was just thinkin' that if that pin was to appear in the town here without Donovan's ugly puss stickin' above it, the thought might enter that old fool's head that he was indeed dead, defunct, and finally departed this mortal coil."

Rodgers sat glowering into space, and the birth of a sneer began to visit his ugly mouth. "A tolerable sort of inspiration for the likes of you, Aloysius," he said. "Man, I can just see that pin, which I suppose ye'll conjure up, like Ali Baba, out of the moon, comin' sailin' in to Ballyfintry under its own steam to settle down under the startled eyes of ould Sarah."

"Which statement only goes to prove that ye're even a bigger fool than ye look, Cornelius," said Slaney sweetly. "The aforesaid pin won't come sailin' in anywhere under any sort of steam. Doesn't it strike your mislaid intelligence as possible that I could have a perfect duplicate of that pin made by a jeweler I know, and that I could find a stranger to bring it to Sarah Donovan, surrounded and garnished by a suitable story of the lonely death of her useless husband?"

That bit of Slaney's wisdom was followed by a respectful silence while the other two measured the plan in their minds, and took thorough stock of all its implications. At last Josceyline said: "It's a long shot, Aloysius. I don't think she would fall for it."

"Then ye've a lamentable lack of the knowledge of human nature," said Slaney. "Remember the age of the ould stick and the tormentin' way she's lived for the last twelve years."

"Even at that —" said Josceyline. Rodgers said nothing, only blew out a great cloud of blue smoke and stared into it with the wrapped-up look of a fortuneteller.

But Slaney was warming up to his idea now, and didn't care what they said or did. "You leave this to me, and the man I'll get to tell the story," he said. "When she's finally convinced that Donovan's dead, and sees there's no longer any use holdin' the fort for him, she'll be damned glad to take the money we've offered and let the new road cut a way through that jungle wilderness she calls a garden."

Rodgers spoke at last. "You're a cunning devil, Aloysius Slaney," was all he said, but he said it in a tone that was well laced with a mixture of envy and admiration, not to mention the three new glasses of Scotch whiskey he poured out to wet the launching of the idea.

The next day Aloysius Slaney had business in

Ballyfergus, about ten miles away, first with a jeweler, and then with an ocher-faced man in a muffler who smelt of dulce and stale beer. That very night the ocher-faced man, who called himself Patrick Tierney, spent a quiet hour or so in the dark prowling round the garden of Sarah Donovan, watching the ceremony of her lighting the lamps and all the other paraphernalia that marked the end of a lonely day. Then, when he was sure she had gone to bed, this Patrick Tierney quietly opened a window and climbed in. Being a careful man he took off his boots before putting his feet on the floor inside the house; then he set about the task of gathering what information he could about Michael Donovan. He didn't get much, but had a good squint at a photograph on the wall in which Donovan stood in all his glory, well plastered up for the occasion and wearing the serpent pin in front of him.

The man stood looking at this for a long while, as if soaking every feature of it into his mind, then he turned and went quietly out by the way he had come in. The only thing he had neglected to take care of was the churned-up mess he had made walking up and down in the garden to keep warm while he waited. But as the garden was well covered in by overgrown bushes and weeds, no one would ever notice that.

Two days later the ocher-faced man again visited Ballyfintry, but this time in daylight. He walked down the street looking this way and that, as a stranger would, and stopping now and again on his way to ask someone for directions to the house of the Widow Donovan. He put a sort of soft, meaning emphasis on the word "Widow," and more than one that he asked noticed that he was wearing in his cravat a gold pin shaped like a rearing serpent — an ornament that seemed vaguely familiar to them.

3

SARAH DONOVAN looked more every day like a lantern stuck on the end of a thin stick, her face being so hollow and the cheekbones rearing up like two platforms under the deep sockets of her eyes with the dark fever burning away far back in them.

She was thin to gauntness and was never still in her dark shadowy house, drifting like a starved ghost from room to room, always sorting this and arranging that, cleaning what was already clean, burnishing and polishing brass and copper that already shone with a hard malevolence in the dimness of her four rooms.

The overgrown garden and the everlasting curtains over the windows made a formidable barrier for any sunlight that tried to get in. That had been the way of it for so many years now that the place had taken on the look of a mausoleum in which an automatic corpse perambulated around inside.

Three times a week she would leave the place for the space of an hour, once to make confession and receive Communion at the Church of Our Lady, the second time to draw her pension at the Post Office, and the third time to buy in what little she needed to keep her spare frame in motion. On all these occasions she would sail through the place like a forlorn derelict ship, bare-masted, her thin face pointed forward the way she was going, and never as much as a look to right or left, let alone the human weakness of a word in the passing.

When she came back again, she would take off her coat and pick up the endless thread of useless duty where she had left off, filling in the slow time till dusk, when she would light a lamp in the front window and one in the back. Only then she would stand still for a little minute, with her eyes closed and her lips moving without any sound coming, before lying down to sleep like the last installment of death till the first gray of the morning. On Tuesday forenoons she would wash clothes and hang them on a big wooden clotheshorse round the fire to dry, and always among them would be some of Michael Donovan's underclothes, maybe a shirt or a pair of drawers, or socks — always some little thing that pinned her mind and activity to the memory of her man.

In that way she was more faithful to the absence of him than many a woman was to the living presence of a man, which was remarkable, considering that Michael Donovan had been a cruel-natured individual who gave her many a bruise when they were in it together. But that is the nature of some women; the more cruel a man is, the better they seem to serve him.

4

IT WAS on one of these Tuesdays that the stranger knocked at the door and she standing in the middle of wringing out a pair of her husband's woolen drawers. When the knock came she stopped in the middle of it, her hands still tightly wrapped round the wool like two great bundles of knotted veins. The sound of the knock seemed a long time in penetrating to her mind, and it was repeated in a louder tone before she stepped, like a yellow wraith, out of the cloud of steam and went to the door. When she opened the door she found a strange man standing there, his face well beaten up with all kinds of weather, and dressed like one who knew more about ships than houses.

But face and body and everything else were lost on Sarah Donovan, whose eyes were fixed in a nailed-down hypnotism on one thing only — a tiepin in the shape of a rearing serpent with two green stones for eyes that looked at her from below the man's unshaven chin.

Patrick Tierney opened his mouth to say what his business was, but before he could get a blessed word out, the long yellow forefinger of the woman

was fastened on the tiepin. "Where did ye get that?" she asked, her voice making a low vibration in the still morning air.

The man saw then that the pin was a ticket of admission to this place just as the lawyer had said, so he asked in a quiet, civil way if he could come in and remove the conversation from the handy ears of the town that might be passing and not above loitering a bit to pick up all that was going.

She brought him in then, and he sat down heavily on a horsehair chair beside the highly polished table in the sitting room, where he was facing again the flat-faced likeness of Michael Donovan. As for the old woman, she just stood watching the serpent's head, like a still statue in gray and yellow stone, with never a move out of her.

Patrick Tierney took the pin out then and rolled it over and over between his fingers. "It belonged to a dead man," he said, "a man ye know well, Mrs. Donovan."

The change in her was sudden, like the shudder of an electric shock convulsing the movement into the muscles of her face and hands. She screamed out in a thin shrill cry: "That's a lie! Before God, that's a lie! Michael Donovan's living and coming back again."

"I'm sorry, Missus," said Tierney. "It's a hard thing breakin' it to ye, but I know what ye know, and that is if Michael Donovan ever comes back it'll be carried in the arms of angels he'll be, for I got this off his dead body."

The face of the woman went into a stillness then and did not change any more. It was set the way it would be in death, frozen still in its mold, and her body was quiet so that she did not even seem to breathe. Her eyes were fixed on him with such a look as made Tierney forget forever the rest of the highly colored story Aloysius Slaney had built up for him. All he could do now was look into the horrible dark places of Sarah Donovan's eyes and babble the words: "He's dead, dead. I got this off his body." Then he waited for her to speak, while the silence stretched itself out like a long rope on which was hung the far-away life of the town in little muffled memories of sound. At last, when she did speak, it was only to ask him what his name was and where he lived.

He told her his name was Patrick Tierney and for the passing time he was staying with a Mrs. Stone in the High Street of Ballyfergus, his ship being in Belfast having her bottom scraped. And all the time he cursed himself inside for being such a pulp-brained bum as to allow the eyes of one mad old woman to rob his wits of the ready benefit of using an alias and a false address.

Sarah Donovan pondered over the knowledge of who he was and where he lived, behind the mask of her face; then she said again: "He's not dead. He's coming back." Only this time she said it without any meaning, like a child repeating a parrot lesson in school.

Tierney was still struggling under the paralyzing power of her burning eyes, struggling to remember the next installment of the story Slaney had given him, but in the end nothing would come of it except the words: "Dead. Dead. Dead. You know he's dead, Sarah Donovan."

Then at last he saw a dim waver working over her face, and she turned away from him and went to the window. She pulled the curtains to the side and stood looking out for what seemed to him like ten long eternities. When she turned back, the fierce light had died out of the caves of her eyes, and she sat down. Slowly, heavily, her head sank down. Her voice was as lifeless as old ashes when she said: "I know he's dead. Yes, I know he's dead."

The man went away then on soft feet, his mind in a daze and not knowing properly where he was going, driven by the terrible urge to get out of it, out of the shadows of the house and away from this gaunt shadow of a woman. He set his ocher face with desperate urgency on a course for the public bar of the Plough Hotel.

When he was well gone Sarah Donovan stirred herself and went out to the garden—a thing she had not done for many years. For a while she walked about among the dank vegetation, muttering incessantly to herself, with her scorched eyes looking down. Then she went back into the house, and drew the curtains again, tight over the windows. That night she lit no lamps, and next morning she did not appear in the town to draw her pension.

5

IT WAS four days before Sarah Donovan's absence from confession, added to the accumulated regiment of milk bottles on her step, spurred on the curiosity of the town to have the door knocked in by a policeman.

Then they found her lying her length on the couch, stone dead, and the place stinking like the inside of a gasometer. The only difference in her from the time she was living was that she did not breathe now, and her eyes were frozen in a still mirror of fear.

It was Slaney himself who discovered the sheet of note paper on the table, and he would have crumpled it up quietly and destroyed it, only he was not sure, with all the eyes in the room, if someone else had not seen it as well. On the paper it said that Sarah Donovan left her house and garden to Patrick Tierney, c/o Mrs. Stone, High Street, Ballyfergus, on the sole condition that he would allow no interference with the existing property, but would inherit and live in it just as it was.

That was a shot in the eye for Aloysius Slaney, and he had to call another meeting of the extraordinary committee to deal with the new problems confronting them.

They gathered again in the private room in the Plough Hotel, and Slaney read out Sarah Donovan's last will and testament to them. When he had finished, the three of them sat gathering their thoughts together, trying to see a way out of it.

Josceyline said: "Well, that's the brilliant outside edge of everything. It's the most remarkable and unique instance of a kick on the behind from the far side of the grave that I've ever heard of."

Cornelius Rodgers waved that bit of wisdom aside impatiently. "What are we goin' to do about it?" he said. "That's what we want to know, and the more precious time we spend philosophizin' and recriminatin' and moanin', the less time we'll have to deal adequately with this man Tierney."

Aloysius Slaney looked his narrowest look at the other two, and then he opened his mind to them slowly, like a man opening up a bag of ferrets.

And out the ferrets came in the shape of a double-crossing idea as flagrant in its simple criminal roguery as had ever fallen on the hard, experienced ears of Rodgers and Josceyline.

"Why not just forget about this fool Tierney? Why not put the whole business on ice till he is well out of the place, and then destroy the will and let the property revert to the town."

At first the other two attempted a sort of circumspect shock for the sake of appearances, but at last they got round to admitting it might be an act of civil benefaction to avoid the risk of this drunken wanderer gaining property in a decent town.

They were in the process of anointing that bit of roguery with three glasses of whiskey when there was the devil of a rumpus from outside, followed in due time by the lumbering drunken body of Patrick Tierney.

He orientated his way round the room and came at last to anchor before the weasel face of Aloysius Slaney. Arrived there, he leered into the face of the lawyer, struck an attitude, and said, "I've had a letter from the dead departed."

Slaney looked at him and saw the serpent tiepin with the green eyes still decorating the scarf under the stubble of his chin. There was something the lawyer did not like about that. He gritted his teeth and said: "You'd better take that pin out now."

With a slow and insolent deliberation Tierney removed the serpent pin, and rolled it over and over between his thick tobacco-stained fingers. He said: "Sure. Sure. I forgot there wouldn't be room in the place for another serpent with all that's in it already."

"What do ye want?" said Rodgers, eying him up and down beneath his heavy lids.

"It's not what I want, it's what I've got," said Tierney. "I told ye I'd had a letter from the dead departed. It's a notification from the late suicide-lamented Sarah Donovan invitin' me to inherit the house and garden which she has just left with such indiscriminatin' haste."

"Let me see that letter." Slaney ground the demand out between his tight teeth. But Tierney gave him a sidelong look and said: "I can't do that, for in my natural stupidity I handed it over to a Protestant lawyer in Ballyfergus. But I have a copy here ye can look at for your amusement, Mr. Slaney."

Aloysius Slaney took the paper from Tierney's brown paw and in a dull voice read out a duplicate of the will he had lying in his pocket.

It took the three of them a good five minutes to digest the meaning of that one, and then the words began to fly.

"The will would be contested. The woman had been insane. Balance of mind disturbed. No court of law could uphold such a document." To all of which Patrick Tierney replied that the Protestant lawyer thought another way entirely. Out of the storm of words rose his grim ocher face and heavy rampart body, obdurate, obstinate, and undeniably the inheritor of that house and garden — on one condition.

6

WHEN half an hour of it had passed and no impression was made on Tierney except that he began to steer a slow way to the door with the copy of the will in his pocket, Aloysius Slaney swallowed hard and started to eat the dust.

"Of course," he said, "a man like you wouldn't dream of wanting a house like that, especially on those conditions."

"And why wouldn't I?" said Tierney.

"For the simple reason that ye're a natural wanderer on the face of the earth," said Slaney, "a man of the sea and never at rest away from it. What now would the likes of you want with a dark old house and such a wilderness of a garden?"

"There'll come a day when the spirit will move me to settle down," said Tierney, "and what better place could I find to settle in than this — among all my friends," he added, with the ghost of a sneering smile.

Josceyline weighed in then, digging up his best mollifying voice. "Man, man," he said, "surely ye don't contemplate spending the declinin' years of an active life pinin' away in a corner of a damp and dark old house?"

"It wasn't a bad house by what I saw of it," said Tierney. "Not a bad house at all."

Rodgers said: "And what about yourself stuck in it, haunted all your remainin' life by the ghost of an ould woman you druv to death by a fantastic story about her man being dead."

Slaney said: "Indeed, maybe that's what she left it to ye for. Maybe she wanted ye in a place handy for her hauntin' ye."

Tierney looked at him, a long-drawn-out look. "If there's hauntin' in it," he said, "I know who'll be gettin' haunted, an' that's the wan that in-

stigated the story an' planted the seed in me mind to rise up an' drive the livin' burnin' hope out of the face of an ould woman till in desperation she turns the gas on an' forgets to put a light to it."

Slaney lapped that up, and then, after a minute of silence, he said quietly: "How much, Tierney?"

The ocher face lifted up a heavy look of surprise. "I don't know what ye mean," he said.

Slaney chucked impatiently with his tongue against his false teeth. "You know you've no shadow of intention of occupying that house," he said. "I'm asking you how much do you want to renounce the inheritance."

Tierney took a look at them all in turn while his brain slowly turned over and pondered the facts of the case — the wide road coming into it, the house standing in the way, these three old crows appointed by the town council to straighten the thing out. He did a quiet sum in his own mind and said six hundred pounds.

Slaney laughed, but it was a very thin laugh. It was even thinner when Josceyline echoed it. Rodgers made no sound, but just lit himself a cigar, which he got well going before he spoke. Then he said: "Surely to God it won't take you all that money to drink yourself to death and you half way there."

For answer, Tierney rotated slowly towards the door. "I'd better go and see about movin' into me new house," he said.

But Aloysius Slaney stopped him. Aloysius Slaney wanted to talk it over as friends. Maybe Rodgers would bring another bottle of whiskey. Rodgers brought the whiskey, and for a while they let the whiskey do the talking; it took the whole of a five-gill bottle and the three councilors only nibbling a drop here and there, but it did more than all the big brains in Ballyfintry could have done in ten years. Tierney finished up with ten one-pound notes in his pocket, and in Slaney's pocket, lying snugly beside the will, was a signed abdication from the rights of the house, written in a round uncertain handwriting — but written, and signed. That was the thing. Next day Patrick Tierney weighed anchor with a thick head and a tongue like a door mat, and he was never seen in the place again.

At the end of the week there was a special meeting of the town council at which there was present a man from the road engineers, a man with a tall bald dome of a head like an eggshell, and thin specs on his nose.

Aloysius Slaney made his report, regretting the unfortunate demise of the late Sarah Donovan by a gas accident, and saying that in the absence of any kith or kin the house and property had *ipso facto* reverted to the community.

The mayor, on behalf of the council, thanked Slaney and the extraordinary committee for their noble and disinterested work, and assured the man with the eggshell head that there would now be no hindrance to the new wide road cutting a way

through the garden of the old dark house at the end of the town.

On hearing that, the man with the eggshell head heaved a sigh of relief because he liked his roads to be straight for the motorcars. He took off his specs to say a few words that fell from his lips like dry biscuits; then he put them on again and went away in a hurry to give the sign that all was clear. So next day, two men with spyglasses on three sticks stood at the end of the town and looked at a distant object along an invisible line that ran straight through the garden of the late Sarah Donovan.

Three weeks later the road came, carried along by three hundred navvies and road makers, who laid it down behind them like a broad gray ribbon. The only snag was that when they came to the garden of the late Sarah Donovan, the proceedings had to be held up for two days while the police held a post-mortem over the body of a man which they found buried there not far in front of the window.

It was lying with its face down, and not very deep, as if the work had been done in a hurry, and maybe by a weak person with no other help.

When they examined the body in the county hospital, they discovered a great gaping hole in the back of the skull — a hole that made the examining doctor say something about a blunt instrument, maybe like a hammer a woman would use ordinarily for breaking coal.

The corpse was in a sad state of decomposition and the doctor said it must have been there for about ten or twelve years, there being nothing much more than a skeleton left, but the cravat it wore round its neck had been made of tougher stuff, it being still there and looking very queer beneath the grinning bones of the face.

It was Aloysius Slaney who identified it as the remains of Michael Donovan when he saw stuck in the cravat, under the rotten face, a tiepin in the shape of a rearing serpent with two green stones for eyes.

AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE

by JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER

1

SHORTLY before Germany plunged Europe into war, a battalion of United States Marines, in amphibious maneuvers in the Chesapeake, climbed over the side of a battleship down cargo nets to 50-foot motor launches. In 1944-1945, task forces lifting three to six divisions put whole armies ashore in Normandy, Southern France, and the Pacific. In the space of five years, what Admiral King has called "the most difficult of all operations in modern warfare" had been entirely transformed by an amazing series of developments in most of which scientists played an important role.

The concept of utilizing control of the sea to launch an overseas expedition of wide strategic possibilities is a very old one. The student of grand strategy will still find much food for thought in the British use of such expeditions in the Seven Years' War and the Wars of the French Revolution and Empire. But the technological developments of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had strengthened the de-

fense to such a degree that, by 1939, opposed landings on hostile shores seemed too hazardous for contemplation. The mine, the submarine torpedo, heavy ordnance, and land-based aircraft were generally assumed to have made the great land powers immune from overseas attack.

It was not sufficiently realized that one man's poison may be another man's meat: that the submarine, customarily regarded as par excellence a defensive weapon, could play an important role in an amphibious attack. Nor was it foreseen that an umbrella of aircraft could control the air, and help control the surface, as an amphibious force approached its target, and that the development of communications would permit it to team up with surface vessels in placing so heavy a fire on hostile shores as to make possible the establishment of a beachhead and the interdiction, or at the least the curtailment, of counterattacks by enemy air and ground forces during the initial period of the build-up.

In the pre-war discussions at the Army or Navy War College or in the War Plans Divisions of the two services, an officer would have been regarded as an impractical dreamer if he had suggested that the classic theories of step-by-step advance across the Pacific should be scrapped, and that an American

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task force, of a size and kind hitherto undreamed of, could by-pass important enemy bases in the Carolines, including Truk, then believed to be a sort of Japanese Gibraltar, and seize bases in the Marianas and Ryukyus from which long-range bombers could burn and blast the cities of Japan.

The armchair strategist who talks glibly about bold advances usually fights shy of what Mr. Churchill is said to have referred to as "that horrid American word 'logistics.'" If he neglects the all-important factor of supply, he will be committing as grave an error as the inventor who talks about perpetual motion with no concern for friction. The historians of World War II who write a century from now, with a long view of the development of naval strategy, will probably be less impressed with the great developments of communications and firepower than with our ability to maintain huge naval forces for months in active operations so far from our shores.

In World War I the main fleets were tethered to home bases by a line not over 450 or 500 sea miles long. In the Pacific in 1944-1945 such a distance might seem to a supply officer just a good long spit. It is easier to understand radar or the atomic bomb than to grasp how we were able to maintain our huge fleet for months off the shores of Okinawa.

2

BECAUSE of the comprehensive nature of amphibious warfare, the larger part of the new developments sponsored by the Office of Scientific Research and Development influenced its transformations. Some new weapons and equipment played much the same role in the landings in Sicily or France as they did at Saipan or Lingayen. Some had more importance in the European or Pacific theater than they did anywhere else. The amphibious operations in the Mediterranean and in Europe involved essentially short overseas movements, employing an endless amphibian chain belt to move and supply armies carried from the United States and Great Britain to Africa, Sicily, Italy, and France. In the Central Pacific, possibly the "most amphibious" theater, the great distances and the fewer bases available resulted in longer lines of supply.

Amphibious operations in the South and Southwest Pacific theaters combined the features of those in the Central Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean, and had special features of their own: a large land mass, less initial opposition but little land maneuver because of the jungle. Our potential in amphibious and land-based air power in these theaters permitted brilliant "end-run" landings and enabled us to achieve much with little in the way of troops, landing craft, bombardment, and striking forces.

Navigation from ship to shore was a minor problem in the great landings of the Central Pacific, which were "power plays" carried out in broad daylight. Here there was little or no concern about surprise,

but it was an important factor in some pre-dawn landings in the South and Southwest Pacific and in the landings in Africa, Sicily, Italy, and France. On the way to his objective the officer commanding an amphibious force had Loran in his command ship as a navigation aid. The VHF (very high frequencies) tended to get tied up with tactical traffic but the National Defense Research Committee had provided an excellent alternative for night signaling in convoy.

In these night landings it was not easy to hit the right beach at the right time. To do this required accurate navigation, first from the transport area to the line of departure, where the attack was launched, thence to the hostile shore. To grapple with this problem the Chairman of NDRC, at Admiral Furer's request, set up in April, 1942, a committee (later called Naloc) to study navigational aids to landing operations. The committee's problem was to devise means of finding a beach within 200 yards of a target point and within one minute of H Hour from a position 5 to 10 miles off the coast, in the dark of the night and without compromising the security of the whole operation.

With the cooperation of the Navy, Naloc began testing radar and landing craft at Norfolk. Their program called for navigational tools and doctrine, for training, and for redesigning and procuring LCC's (Landing Craft Control) to lead other craft to the beaches.

During the summer, tests went ahead at Fishers Island and at Woods Hole on radar and radio sonobuoys, fathometers, odographs, and gyrocompasses. The SG radar could furnish tangents and ranges, but the NDRC scientists came up with another device, the Virtual PPI Reflectoscope, something like a Disney animated chart, which enabled a navigator to determine the position of his ship by superimposing on his Plan Position Indicator the image of an actual chart. A refinement known as the Navigational Microfilm Projector replaced the paper chart by a system of lenses to project the image of a small film on a screen. These devices were tested successfully on cruises along the Maine coast and in the Caribbean.

By October, 1943, LCC's designed to carry this gear were coming from the production line at the rate of one a week and trained crews were ready to man them. The craft had excellent compasses, fathometers, and communications equipment, but were too uncomfortable for the necessary prolonged use by their crew. They proved too large for ready handling overside from an assault transport and too small to go any distance under their own power in heavy weather. They were generally replaced as primary control craft by the PC's (submarine chasers), but they did good service in numerous operations as secondary and tertiary control craft.

As secondary control craft on D Day in Normandy, for example, they accompanied the PC's to a line 3000 to 4000 yards off the beach, where tank

landing craft unloaded their amphibious tanks. Then the LCC's led the tanks to within 400 yards of the shore, returning to the line of departure to help control smaller craft. On D Day they assembled and dispatched 25 assault waves from the transport area. As tertiary control craft they put over the buoys for the Mulberry and Gooseberry docks.

In anticipation of amphibious attacks, the Germans and Japanese expended considerable effort and ingenuity on underwater defenses. A steel rail with one end sharpened to a point and the other imbedded in a large block of concrete was a likely device to skewer a landing craft and a difficult item to blow up or move away. Mines were interspersed among the various obstacles in such profusion that an invader who timed his arrival for low tide would have a hard time clearing a lane on the beach before the tide rose enough to complicate his operations. The Japanese made effective use of coconut logs in bolstering the already formidable protective screen of natural coral reef at Tarawa before our attack in November, 1943.

Two months earlier a Joint Army and Navy Board on the Demolition of Underwater Obstacles had been established at Fort Pierce, Florida, and at Navy request, NDRC had set up a committee, later known as the Doloc, to collaborate in the work. It was clear that demolition of underwater obstacles by hand-placed charges would be costly under enemy fire, and that mechanical aids were much to be desired before the Normandy and Pacific landings of 1944. The deadline set for the gear to be on the dock for shipment, February 1, left too little time for satisfactory solutions and showed up the limitations of forced-draft research. Such research may work in developing a specific piece of apparatus, but even good men will often fail to solve a highly complex problem against an early deadline.

Within the time limits set it was clear to the members of Doloc that they could not develop satisfactory new weapons. The best they could do was to take existing weapons, make hasty improvements, demonstrate their possibilities, and make suggestions for their tactical use. It was also clear that no single device would be able to demolish the variety of obstacles likely to be met: deep-water mines, shallow-water mines, water obstacles, wire, dragon teeth, traps, and beach walls. The brilliant successes of the Navy underwater demolition teams and the comparable Engineer units were due to their training, their courage, and their leadership, rather than to anything the scientists could do to help them.

3

THE two chief problems of amphibious assaults were the control of traffic from the transport area to and from the beaches and the massing of firepower to cover the landings. Both were the subject of constant study, resulting in a long evolution

of tactical doctrine as our new weapons and equipment came into use and the enemy introduced weapons of his own and methods of countering ours. Both problems laid tremendous burdens on communications and led to the introduction of special command ships with every variety of communications channels and a wealth of radar and sonar information. A parallel development was the installation of Combat Information Centers in destroyers and headquarters ships for the tactical control of aircraft over the targets in the Pacific theaters.

The use of deception in amphibious operations varied greatly with the theaters. In the great landings in Normandy and in Southern France it was carried to the peak of perfection. On D Day the Germans were convinced that the operations in the Bay of the Seine were a feint, or at best a secondary operation, and that the main attack was coming in the Pas-de-Calais.

Tactical surprise saved thousands of lives, at the very least, if not the success of the whole operation. Here the radar countermeasures experts gave full rein to their imagination and turned loose a bewildering array of jammers and deception devices. They blinded the eyes of enemy radars to conceal the true direction of the Allied attack and filled the German scopes in the Pas-de-Calais area repeatedly with the fanciest imaginable assortment of simulated echoes. A ghostly procession of nonexistent battleships, cruisers, destroyers, transports, landing craft, and air squadrons swam into the German's ken, thanks to the most sophisticated faking in the history of man.

This was what one might call a single-wing offensive in the field of deception. We faked a play straight through the center of the line and smashed off right tackle. To ensure the success of the landings in Southern France on August 15, 1944, we resorted to a double-wing offensive. We created the illusion of sweeps around both ends and smashed straight ashore through the center. The illusion we created was so perfect that the Germans expected a landing in the Bay of Genoa to the east and another far to the west of our actual landings.

Hot debate has raged as to the use of smoke as a screen for an amphibious landing. There has been no dispute as to its indispensability in screening the transport area whenever necessary between dusk and daylight against enemy air attack. For that purpose it was as necessary as radar or sonar. Between the landings on Leyte, when the Japanese first countered with kamikazes, and those on Okinawa, there was a tremendous growth in the use and application of the smoke tactics developed for the Marianas operations. Smoke became a major concern in logistics. One shudders to think what would have happened to our fleet off Leyte, Lingayen, or Okinawa if smoke had not been available to shroud it.

When an airplane approaches a transport area veiled in smoke the bombardier has little time in

which to make his decisions. He must do so long before he is directly over the target and must consequently look through a thickness of screen considerably greater than its perpendicular depth from top to bottom. Because of this, and the fact that he has flak and his instruments on his mind, a smoke screen may be much more effective against him than it would be against an unhurried observer.

If smoke was used in daylight hours it often blinded our own anti-aircraft gunners, and if whipped along the surface of the water in a strong breeze it sometimes broke into eddying patches which only partly concealed our ships.

The offensive use of smoke to cover the assault waves was another story. In theory, if the wind was onshore, you could send a cloud of smoke ahead of the first wave to blind the eyes of the enemy. But what if the wind changed and the smoke rolled back over your coughing, choking men, throwing the landing craft into confusion? Theoretically, smoke could be used on the leeward flank of a landing force to screen it against enfilading fire. Here again there was a risk of a change of wind. Where everything depended on accurate timing and the perfect control of the ship-to-shore movement, was it wise to take chances? Admiral Turner did not think so.

His classic landings in the Central Pacific were "power plays," with little or no need for deception. The airfields from which enemy air attack might come had been carefully neutralized by sweeps of carrier groups and bombardment by cruiser divisions. A striking force of fast battleships and carriers was at hand to dispose of the enemy fleet if the Japanese cared to risk it, as they did at the time of the landings on Saipan and Leyte. And firepower so heavy that the figures fail to give any adequate idea of it was massed on the enemy targets — firepower better controlled than ever before, and applied after careful study of the effects of previous land bombardment.

"How are you feeling?" asked Vice-Admiral Harry Hill of a wounded Marine who had just been brought back to his ship off Saipan. "Fine, thank you, sir," replied the wounded man. "I was in the thirteenth wave today. Next time I hope to be in the first or second." There spoke an old hand who knew the paralyzing effect on the defenders of a preliminary (pre-assault) barrage laid down by surface vessels when combined with bombing and with artillery fire from land bases.

In the attack on Munda in 1943, pains had been taken to secure advanced bases from which field-pieces could be brought to bear on the main enemy positions. In defending an atoll as extensive as Kwajalein in 1944 the Japanese did not have men and guns enough to defend all the low islands surrounding the great lagoon. By means of A-frames the superb Dukws landed on an unoccupied island four batteries of 105-millimeter guns, which poured 75,000 rounds on the defenses of Kwajalein Island.

Here we were profiting from the lessons of Tarawa, as well as the experience of Munda.

4

WHEN to end the barrage is one of the most critical decisions in an amphibious operation. If it is lifted too late it will mow down the men of our own first wave. If it lifts too soon, the enemy — or the part of the enemy that has not been killed, stunned, or badly wounded by the bombing and shelling — will leap to any guns still capable of action and sweep the beach with them. Was there any means of keeping the enemy fire down in the critical period between the time when the barrage had lifted and the first waves hit the beach?

Because of its recoilless feature and light construction, which permitted the installation of launchers on landing craft and gave them firepower equal to that of much larger vessels, the barrage rocket proved to be the answer. NDRC distinguished itself in the development of rockets and rocket launchers. Its expenditures for research on these weapons stood second only to those for radar. The successes of Division 3 did much to shape the development of amphibious warfare. Rockets fired from support boats — LCS(S) — helped to cover our landings in Sicily in July, 1943. United States forces took their first islands in the Pacific without them, but at Arawe, in December, 1943, two Dukws and two submarine chasers, each equipped with rocket launchers, helped to break down the beach defenses prior to the assault landings.

Their fire offered such a good solution to the problem of keeping the Japanese down, when the barrage lifted and the troops hit the beach, that the use of rockets spread rapidly in the South and Southwest Pacific theaters. The LCI's (Landing Craft Infantry) could fire to cover a broad front, not merely straight ahead. LCT(R)'s (Landing Craft Tanks — Rocket), LCVP's (Landing Craft Vehicles Personnel), and LCM's (Landing Craft Medium) also carried rockets. An officer of the 2nd Engineer Special Brigade stated that as an instrument of morale they were extremely valuable: —

"It is much easier for troops to make an initial landing on a beachhead which they know has been well covered by rocket fire in advance of their landing. Second, as an antipersonnel weapon, the rocket is by far our most important weapon used in amphibious assault operations."

The landings in Normandy were a halfway point in the development of rocket tactics. At Omaha Beach rocket craft took a position in close formation in line abreast, about 2700 yards astern of the leading wave of landing craft. They were to proceed in and deliver rocket fire when the landing wave was about 300 yards offshore. Their commanders, after the operation, pronounced rocket craft the most valuable of close-fire support weapons.

Leyte and Lingayen were big rocket shows, but Admiral Turner did not make much use of beach barrage rockets until the Okinawa landings. This may have been due in part to the enormous firepower at his disposal. He used the airborne rocket extensively, both as a pre-H-Hour weapon and in direct support of troops. Here the role of the rocket was a big one.

It was at Okinawa that rocket tactics reached their culmination. There the "Interim" LSM(R)'s (Landing Ship Medium—Rockets) fulfilled a variety of needs. They bombarded the beaches just before H Hour, harassed isolated strong points, patrolled against enemy suicide boats, and upon call supplied fire support to advancing troops. A single LSM(R) could hit a beach with 100 rockets a minute. With 15 craft loosing a barrage against a single beach—7500 rockets in five minutes—a beach must have been almost as hot as an exploding ammunition ship. In another instance a rocket bombardment, before a landing, completely disrupted about 200 yards of a highway and of a small railway between Naha and the southern beaches, and thus effectively denied the enemy his use of reinforcements.

In affording call fire support at Okinawa LSM(R)'s came definitely into their own. Four LSM(R)'s, two on the east side of the island and two on the west, fired an average of two deckloads of rockets each, daily for ten days, in support of our troops pushing south. Rockets which arched over protecting ridges just inland from the landing beaches inflicted heavy casualties on retreating Japanese forces. In this action our commanders used air spot of rocket fire for the first time. Successful as its introduction was, it would doubtless have been even more valuable with "Ultimate" LSM(R)'s equipped with improved launchers.

In all uses to which the Interim LSM(R) was put, performance was impaired by the limited range of rockets,—4000 to 5000 yards,—the time required for reloading, and inaccurate fire. Nevertheless it performed yeoman service. The varied ways in which rockets and rocket ships were now employed showed how the conception of their tactical uses had grown since their initial employment.

5

OF ALL the devices specially designed by NDRC for amphibious warfare the Dukw was the most successful. Its versatility made it of use in all the amphibious theaters. When the staff planners were racking their brains as to how to land supplies on the coast of Sicily despite the shallow beach gradient, this seagoing $2\frac{1}{2}$ -ton Army truck came as an answer to prayer. The driver, able to adjust tire pressure without leaving his seat, could change the pressure to what would give him traction in soft sand, and the trick would be turned.

At first thought, it seemed preposterous to use rubber tires on jagged coral which tore the steel tracks off other amphibians. But exhaustive tests on the Florida Keys showed that rubber tires with the right pressure—30 pounds—could take the beating and still hold up. As a result of these tests Division 12 of NDRC evolved the doctrine of a particular tire pressure for a particular terrain—10 pounds pressure for soft sand, 30 pounds for coral, and 40 pounds for hard roads. This was only part of the job. The Army and Navy had to be convinced, too.

The Dukw was conceived primarily as a means of expediting discharge of cargo from ships, through surf if need be, to shore dumps. It made good in this role, though, as events developed, there were a number of other things it could do even better than serve as a general cargo handler.

The first Transportation Corps Amphibian Truck Company to be activated, the 451st, reached New Caledonia in March, 1943, the same month in which the Dukws first arrived in North Africa. But it was in Sicily that they scored their first great combat success. General Patton had been much impressed by a demonstration of these amphibians at Arzeu in April and had immediately requested increased numbers of them for the forthcoming invasion.

In the Sicilian landings of July 10, 1943, the British had about 300 Dukws, divided between two companies and a temporary group (which left England after only four days of Dukw training and came directly into Sicily). The Americans used about 700 Dukws.

The British Dukws landed without difficulty, and surf conditions in the British sector remained mild. But the American landings took place in heavy weather. Several transports smashed up boats trying to get them over the side. On one transport a 20-ton LCM swung back and forth over the deck like a charm on a watch chain. Two thirds of the LCVP's and LCM's broached in the surf, but the Dukws kept rolling. General Eisenhower declared the new amphibian to be invaluable. "It greatly facilitates flow of supplies over beaches and on one beach was used as assault craft. Mechanism should be kept secret as long as possible. We should be delighted to get some more of them."

In the Ellice Islands operations in 1943, pre-loaded Dukws swam out of the LST's to the amazement of those who saw them for the first time. To see ships well offshore opening their bows, letting down ramps, and disgorging Dukws was an incongruous picture. It resembled nothing so much as a novel and grotesque manifestation of the age-old business of birth. In fact, it was just that—birth of a tactic which became Standard Operating Procedure.

The Dukw was not used at Tarawa, but by the time of the landings at Kwajalein Atoll on January 31, 1944, it was on the first team. It had found a new role, which some regard as the most important

it played in the Pacific. This was to carry a pre-loaded artillery piece and initial ammunition ashore, unload by means of an A-frame mounted on a fellow Dukw, return to the parent LST, and shuttle ammunition and supplies till all were ashore. A well-trained crew could rig the A-frame, unload the piece, and hitch it to the Dukw pintle hook in seventy-five seconds. A battery could be set up in firing position within seven minutes of landing.

The Dukw had many advantages, which steadily increased its circle of friends. It could be carried on transports, usually on deck in place of LCVP's or in small areas in between the LCVP skids. In action the Dukws' wonderful bilge pump kept many of them afloat even when they had been severely holed.

As with all new equipment, mistakes in use of the Dukw were inevitable. Ranking officers of both Army and Navy were often ignorant of the capabilities and limitations of the Dukw. Because of their slow speed afloat—about 5 knots—it was inefficient, unless unavoidable, to have Dukws make a water-carry of much over a mile from ship to shore. Ships to be unloaded sometimes moored too far offshore. Dumps were sometimes too far inland. Because of their high speed ashore, there was constant temptation to take Dukws from their primary assignment for purposes of land transportation.

At times Dukws were overloaded or badly loaded. There was consequently a high loss both in vehicles and in tonnage hauled. Crews were sometimes green. Teamwork with crews of ships, on the one hand, and with crews at dumps, on the other, was sometimes ragged. Technical officers and men were often hopelessly inadequate in number to provide satisfactory maintenance. There seemed never to be enough spare parts.

6

THE most crucial amphibious operation in history was Operation Overlord, the landing in Normandy; and circumstances conspired to make the Dukw virtually indispensable to the success of the operation.

The first companies landed on D Day—with the 1st Engineer Special Brigade on Utah Beach, and with the 5th and 6th Brigades on Omaha Beach. Loaded with high-priority engineering equipment, artillery pieces, and ammunition, these Dukws pushed through passages only partly cleared of underwater obstacles and mines. On the beaches they encountered heavy enemy fire as well as land mines. In contrast to the driver of a land truck, a driver of a Dukw rarely became a casualty if his vehicle detonated a mine. The front wheels and engine compartment well in front of the driver absorbed the shock of the explosion. Still, casualties did occur.

On D plus 3 the first of the Negro Dukw compa-

nies arrived on the beach in LST's and LCT's. To make land runs by Dukws as short as possible, transfer points were set up in the dunes close to the beaches. Though the beaches were of firm sand, the Dukws encountered other operating difficulties. The small North Sea coasters were used for cargo vessels because they are a difficult target and are able to operate close to shore. But they rolled violently in the rough Channel waters, and they had heavy side guardrails which caused much damage to Dukw hulls and headlights.

Sea conditions were bad much of the time, particularly at Omaha, which was partly open to prevailing northwest winds. Surf was high, and tides ran as fast as 3 knots. The shore was cluttered with wreckage and spilled cargo. There was consequently a high mortality to Dukw propellers and rudders. Maintenance became a nightmare but the Dukw met the test.

The first three weeks of the assault on France demonstrated beyond question the usefulness and dependability of the Dukw in the hands of an experienced operator. Not only did it move cargo from ship to shore, as other ferry craft could, but it could and did transport that cargo overland to a dump. This ability, possessed by the Dukw alone of all the ferry craft used in Operation Neptune, went far to solve the problem posed by a shortage of trucks and cranes during the first days on Omaha Beach. Again, following the storm of 19-22 June, it was the Dukw that enabled immediate resumption of the movement of large quantities of cargo. While the hulls of other types of ferry craft were being battered on the beach, the Dukws were safely ashore in their parks, waiting to begin work when the storm abated. Undoubtedly, the present model of the Dukw is susceptible of modification and improvement to give it greater sturdiness, but, with all its imperfections, it converted this beach operation from what might have been a random piling of supplies on the beach to an orderly movement from ship to dump.¹

The Germans had been sure that even if the Allies succeeded in landing, they could not bring enough supplies across the open beaches of Normandy to support a major offensive. The Wehrmacht had only to gather strength and drive the Allies back into the sea. When the great storm destroyed the improvised breakwater, the very survival of the Allied field armies depended more than ever on the Dukw.

In spite of all difficulties, the Normandy beaches continued to serve as major ports into the late fall, with Dukws bringing ashore 40 per cent of all supplies landed between June 6 and September 1. They sustained General Eisenhower's report on their high value in the Sicilian landings. Altogether, approximately 2000 Dukws were operating on the coast of Normandy by D plus 60. Even so, Operation Overlord hardly represents the culmination of Dukw tactics in themselves.

Report of the Engineer Special Brigade Group.

In the Pacific the going was often heartbreaking. At Iwo Jima, for instance, beaches were so steep that the front wheels would bury in the soft volcanic ash before the rear wheels could obtain proper traction. Hit by heavy surf, a vehicle would be swung broadside and swamped, if not towed out without delay by tractors. A few spots were found where, with tires deflated as low as 5 pounds, the Dukws could climb out themselves. They were under mortar and small-arms fire much of the time and their hulls were often punctured in many places. Shore conditions were so critical for a time that Dukws had to put back to sea regardless of seaworthiness, and several LST's were designated as repair ships.

Though losses in Dukws during the first five days of the Iwo operation were 50 per cent, casualties among Dukw drivers were light — each company of approximately 184 men averaged about 3 killed or missing and 10 wounded. General Holland M. Smith, Commanding General of the Fleet Marine Force, commended the Army Negro drivers for their courage and skill. Their performance led the Marines to request training for their Dukw companies in the Dukw school at Oahu under supervision of OSRD personnel.

7

At Iwo Jima, Dukws took on another major role for which their ability to swim in and out of an LST ideally qualified them. This was transporting casualties directly from field stations to hospital ships. Otherwise it was necessary to carry casualties back to the beach by truck, then by litter through surf to landing craft. Gravely wounded men could hardly stand so much handling. But by carrying thousands of casualties untouched from field stations to hospital LST's, Dukws unquestionably saved many lives.

In the Central Pacific landings, LVT's (amph-tracks) were used more extensively than Dukws for cargo transfer because there were more LVT's, and the Dukws available were in high demand for specialized tasks. But their role in transferring cargo was highly important, as at Saipan, Guam, Peleliu, and Angaur, especially in the early stages of a landing, when channels for LCVP's, LCM's, LCT's, and LST's had not yet been blasted through the reef.

As one control officer described the operation: —

We would load LCVP's, LCM's, LCT's, and pontoon barges with high-priority cargo (and in the early stages with reserve troops) and send them in to a "transfer area" off the reef. Empty LVT's, and Dukws would come off the beach, cross the reef, transfer cargo from the boats (under the direction of primary and secondary control officers in PC's and LCC's at the Trans-

fer area) and take the cargo back across the reef to the beach dumps. Refinements included: (1) landing LCT's and LST's on the reef, where LVT's and Dukws could drive into them for loading; (2) anchoring pontoon barges off the reef to make it easier for LVT's and Dukws to come alongside for loading; (3) loading the pontoon barges with gasoline drums to provide offshore filling stations for LVT's and Dukws, when the opposition was too tough or the beach too rugged to land the drums and establish fuel dumps ashore.

American resourcefulness turned the Dukw to many uses. Dukws were landing artillery pieces during early phases of an assault — as in the surprising "end runs" up the Italian coast at night to turn Kesselring's flank. They were mounting rockets and artillery. They were evacuating wounded from shore to hospital ship. They were laying communications wire across water channels. They were landing troops over reefs and sand bars which hampered the usual craft for carrying personnel. Ashore they were towing vehicles and transporting both men and supplies. They were useful in underwater salvage work. And on occasion — as at Saipan, where a freighter was hung on a coral reef with solid seas breaking over her and washing men off her decks — Dukws rescued shipwrecked crews. By the end of the war, over 21,000 Dukws had been procured besides nearly 7000 more whose production had been authorized. Enough companies had been trained to man 5000 to 6000 vehicles.

Years from now, under different conditions as to secrecy, when the archives of all the combatants are equally accessible, an historian of amphibious warfare may be able to trace in minute detail the evolution of the Standard Operating Procedures of friend and foe, and show with precision the influence of each new weapon and each countermeasure in the evolution of tactics. Even now the main lines are clear. Because naval power, air power, and land power merge in amphibious operations, the greater part of the contributions made by the scientists who came to the aid of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Forces helped to increase our amphibious might.

It is well that they did, for in no earlier war had leaders even dreamed of amphibious attacks on such a scale. Nothing but the immense stakes and the lack of a satisfactory alternative would have justified taking the risks involved in the Normandy invasion. The great contributions of the scientists lent confidence to the chiefs who shouldered this terrible responsibility, to the planners who conceived the complicated procedures, and to the brave men who carried them out. The new weapons and equipment saved thousands of Allied lives in forcing open the European and Pacific fortresses. Indeed, without them it is hard to believe that the invasions could even have been attempted.

POEMS

ECCE VIDIMUS

by CONSTANCE CARRIER

THE auditorium is full of parents,
restless and buzzing: all the lights are on,
the classrooms closed and forgotten. The clock says eight.
And now the boys and girls emerge from the wings,
shining, diffident, fearful, stumbling a little.
They edge through the rows of benches that rise in a curve,
and they find their places, and seat themselves, and rustle,
and blink at the footlights, aware of parents beyond.
They are not even individuals yet —
only the promise, incipient, going-to-be:
the girls in their long bright dresses, the boys in new suits,
their faces flushed and defenseless, every one
certain that he is the center, that all the eyes
beyond the kindly dazzle are staring at him.
And some of them preen themselves, and some of them shrink,
and all of them are tense and taut and trembling,
and they nudge each other, or wait in palpitant silence,
or arrange a fold of the dress, or touch the tie.

Till the director is suddenly before them,
and the lights darken, and the rustling stops.

Swiftly and in a single motion they rise:
the chord is given: they start the Palestrina.
And with that instant they are drained of themselves,
resolved into music, simplified, absorbed.
They are possessed by it, and yet become
(for their nervousness has vanished) self-possessed.
The separate voice is separate no longer,
it makes a part of the whole of the harmony,
swelling, diminishing, to the final chord.

The lights go on again for the intermission:
they settle back, by the grace of the music given
a new composure, there on their island platform,
with a moat of music between them and the chatter,
the crackle of programs, the hum of conversation —
a moat of music remembered, music running
clear as a stream . . . They will sing again, the children,
for another hour, and then will come the moment
when the last song ends, the disenchanting let-down
when, dazed and blinded, they stumble back into themselves
and the lighted hall and the proud embarrassing parents.

But the music remembered will carry them through and over
the flat familiar world. The music remembered
will take them a long way forward to being grown-up —
their first awareness, a mark of their growth more certain
than the mark on the wall. They have gone outside of themselves.

And some of them will toss all night in excitement,
having breathed of a new air, now, for the first time, here:
and most will find it too subtle, too rarefied —
and one, perhaps, will find in this air the substance
his lungs and his life have starved for. There could be one.

It was Shelley, I think, who said that poetry
(or any art, I suppose) is the opposite
of egotism: And it is true reversed,
true either way for adult or adolescent —
the ancient paradox, the one commandment:
he who loses himself will find himself.
And some of us are angered, resentful of it,
try to be first, or loudest, to keep the ego
intact, untaken: some of us are afraid,
and glad when the spell is broken, the circle split,
and the poverty need no longer be exposed.
And others, possessed at moments by the magic,
feel a secret relief in the common burden,
the round of meals and getting up in the morning
and money and work and going to bed at night.
These things are real, they say, and the rest illusion.

They may be right, but I do not think they are.
I have heard the children singing, and as I saw them,
heard in my heart as they sang it: *Behold, we have seen.*

SECOND MOVEMENT

by ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE outward music ceases; all that sound,
That rush of sound, is hushed, breaks off, is mute.
In this dead sea the deaf and dumb are drowned
With drum and trumpet, violin and flute.
Silence, opaque, oppressive, fills the air,
Falls from the sky, and rises from the ground,
Immediate and appalling: tell me, where
Has music vanished? how shall it be found?

Hark! From the hidden inner instrument
Something is playing music in reply:
Passion and patience and perception blent
In full accord, affirmative and high.
Hearing this reassurance, how can I
Doubt, any longer, where the music went?

FIRST PERSONAL

by RALPH BARTON PERRY

Philosopher, author, and university professor, RALPH BARTON PERRY taught at Harvard under Presidents Eliot, Lowell, and Conant. He was for forty-four years a member of the Department of Philosophy, and on his retirement last spring, a dinner was given in his honor. This is his response: — THE EDITOR

I BEGIN with "I," and I fear I shall end with that same pronoun. I have attended many funerals; this is the first at which I have played the leading role. But I gather from the things that have been said tonight that, unlike Mark Antony, you came to praise, and not to bury, me. This gift which you have brought is a symbol of your kindly feeling. It symbolizes your kindness, and does not measure it. And it expresses a kindness which is not limited to yourselves, but represents the kindness of wider circles — including my many absent friends and the many friends who have gone before. Through you I feel the great current of this accumulated kindness of which I am tonight the object, and I might add, the victim — the victim because of my sense of helplessness to respond. No response from me can be proportional to so much kindness.

Perhaps it is of the very essence of gratitude that it should feel itself unequal to the task — doubly inadequate because the feeling is unequal to the benefit received, and because the words which it employs are unequal to the feeling. These poor words of mine are a symbol and not a measure of my gratitude; and as your kindness comes not only from yourselves but also from the past and the distant, so I should like to thank not only you but through you all those who have showered blessings upon me — from my parents to my latest and youngest benefactor. In short, my gratitude, like your kindness, is cosmic.

I take this occasion to be an ordeal, in which I am called upon to disregard all inhibitions of modesty, reticence, and good taste. I assume that you are in an indulgent mood, and that you will judge me indulgently tonight, believing me when I say that it would have been easier for me had I been allowed quietly to disappear, as when a man goes on sabbatical leave and discovers on his return that his absence has been unnoticed. But since you are bound to have your Roman holiday, I will accept the butchery as bravely as possible. I suppose that as every man at least once in his life courts a girl, writes a poem, and sings a song — so he does an autobiography. If I must do it sooner or later, this is as

good an occasion as any, and I shall have it over with — or at least begun.

My confessions, I fear, will have a flavor of Pollyanna. I have been very lucky. I owe what happiness and success I have had largely to what is called a "happy combination of fortuitous circumstances" — to circumstances beyond my control and for which I take no credit. I was born with good health and of good parents. Both of my parents were teachers, and my education began virtually in the cradle. It was a non-progressive education, based on the theory that being made to do what others think is good for you leads in the end to an interest of your own in what is good. Thus, for example, my father forbade my reading the Henty books, which were my boyhood's equivalent of the comics, and substituted Shakespeare and Pope's *Essay on Man*. I came to like Shakespeare, and even Pope, and was saved a lot of time. Being forbidden to go to the theater, except to Shakespeare and Gilbert and Sullivan, also saved a lot of time.

I should explain that my father was a great teacher of the old school, who was able to catch his pupils without baiting the hook — or at any rate without live bait. He could fire his pupils, his son included, by the utterance of precepts which in other mouths were cold; and convert correctness of English style, or the mastery of Greek irregular verbs, into objects of passionate devotion and emulation.

In any case, I got an early start, entered college at fifteen, graduated at nineteen, took a master's degree at twenty, a doctor's degree at twenty-two, began my teaching at Williams in the same year, became instructor at Harvard at twenty-six with three years of teaching experience already behind me, became assistant professor at twenty-nine, Chairman of the Department at thirty-one, full professor at thirty-seven, and am now retiring just fifty years after graduation from college, and after forty-seven years of teaching, of which forty-four were at Harvard. I might add that by the grace of divers deans, presidents, and governing bodies, an increase of faculty salaries was usually so timed as to coincide with my promotions of rank.

It has also been my good fortune that in my professional career I should have been identified with what I felt to be the greatest department in the greatest of universities. When I graduated from college I was headed for the Princeton Theological Seminary, then the stronghold of Presbyterian fundamentalism. My wise father was here again the instrument of Providence, perhaps the most important of the circumstances beyond my control. He had named me after Ralph Waldo Emerson, and in my childhood had expressed the hope that I might some day become "a professor at Harvard University."

And so, at my graduation from college — whereas most of my friends and teachers then regarded New England as a bleak Arctic region of heresy and effeminate snobbery — my father said, "Why not try a year at Harvard?" It happened that he had read some of James and Royce, and so he suggested that I make this short detour on my way to the Presbyterian pulpit. Once I was here, Harvard did the rest, not suddenly or violently, but by the gradual maturing of my mind and the awakening of critical capacities which the Princetonian blend of Kant and Scottish realism, carefully attuned to Presbyterian theology, had left completely dormant.

I am sure that in the kindness of your hearts it occurs to you to say that I may myself have had certain capacities that enabled me to assist Providence in the making of my career. I acknowledge one such capacity: namely, a capacity for work. My father used to quote (I think from Matthew Arnold, but it has been said many times) that "genius is an infinite capacity for work." If this be true, then, having a considerable but finite capacity for work, I have possessed something proportionally short of genius.

When I speak of a capacity for work I mean a capacity for sustained effort *whatever be the task*, a generalized capacity that does not require special talents or interests. I have been told that Royce said of me, "Perry is a retriever. Throw a stick anywhere and he will fetch it."

And, to conclude this theme, when in the second half of my first year of graduate study (February 11, 1897) I went to James to ask if he would send me students to tutor in elementary psychology, he said, "I am sorry you have to work so hard"; and then added, "but that is the way to the stars." He was not referring to himself or others of the stellar galaxy of which he was a member, but when I returned to Harvard as a teacher in 1902, after three years in the less strenuous atmosphere of Williams and Smith, the thing that impressed me most about my famous elder colleagues — James, Royce, Palmer, Münsterberg, and Santayana — was their prodigious labor and the corresponding volume of their productivity. I fell in behind and did my best, somewhat breathlessly, to keep the pace.

I have referred to my change of career. There has never been any change of vocation. I was and remain at heart a preacher. I have become, I hope, less

mindful of other people's shortcomings and more mindful of my own. I know that in my thinking I have become less dogmatic and pugnacious, more disposed to look to the minds of others for their kernel of truth than for their shell of error. But I have always had the naïve, simple-minded, perhaps utterly foolish, idea of *doing good*. I believe that I have always hoped that if the universe were weighed in the moral scales before and after my life it might be found that I had added a milligram or two. I hope that I have acquired a lighter touch, and I may sometimes have successfully concealed my preaching under the guise of the history of thought, or the sober analysis of some technical problem; but I doubt if I have fooled anybody — certainly not any of you who know me well. And I feel reasonably sure that my dying breath will be hortatory.

In any case, there is a man in every boy; and it is equally — perhaps more certainly — true that there is a boy in every man. Whether my boyhood would have recognized my manhood I am not so sure, but I can testify that my manhood recognizes my boyhood. I can see now that when I became a college and university teacher instead of a Presbyterian minister I merely substituted the platform for the pulpit, the lecture or public address for the sermon, and the class or audience for the congregation.

I was always interested in the use of the spoken or written word for that vague purpose of doing good to which I have just alluded. In school and college I took part in plays, trained myself in public speaking, participated in debates and oratorical contests. When in my youth I thought of law, I thought of it as an occupation which might lead to politics. When I thought of becoming a historian I thought of it as an opportunity of writing books. And the deep contentment which I have felt in my chosen professional job has been due, I feel sure, to the fact that it gave me an almost limitless opportunity of oral and written verbalizing.

And what a job it is! Granted a university such as Harvard (and I admit that this is an important condition), one has security without subjection; routine duties that bind but do not narrow or enslave; a fixed schedule that leaves large periods of leisure; and above all the sense of belonging to a great institution which does not prohibit personal initiative and choice, but lends its prestige to whatever influence its members are able to exert. An institution such as Harvard not only extends, permits, and allows freedom to its teachers, but promotes and implements it, and takes pride in those who exercise it. I can think of no form of social organization in which a man can make a living, and obtain reinforcement from mutual aid, with so small a cost to his private inclinations. He does not even have to remain within its confines. If he feels cloistered it is his own fault. For the gates are wide open, and provided he keeps his occasional engagements, no one asks where or how far he may have gone abroad in the intervals. In short, once having enjoyed the privileges of this occupation, I

have never been able to understand how anyone having it within his reach would be willing to do anything else.

As yet I have said nothing of the more personal side of my vocation. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of the human contacts which it creates. If I were asked to choose some section of mankind with whom I was forced by circumstance to associate most intimately, I would choose the members of the academic community — students, colleagues of all ages, and those select non-academic persons who find it agreeable to live in a college or university town, and mingle with their academic brothers. I am probably prejudiced, but it is my belief that there is no other society whose members have so high an average of character, intelligence, disinterestedness, wit, and personal distinction, or who have been so happy in their choice of wives.

This community of scholars, as we call ourselves (taking this to signify our standards and aspirations, rather than our attainments), is a world-wide community. It embraces all of the thousand colleges and universities of the land, with all their local differences, representing the rich variety of the national life. It embraces the colleges and universities of all the world. Travel at home and abroad for study or refreshment, or as visiting lecturer or teacher, forms a normal part of the academic career; and wherever one goes, whether to California or to South America, whether to Europe or to Asia, there one finds one's brothers in the spirit, speaking some idiom of the same language. No errant professor need ever find himself friendless or (which for a professor is scarcely less important) speechless.

In all these personal and social values the Harvard of my time has been pre-eminent. I have served at Harvard under three presidents: from 1902 to 1909 under Charles William Eliot, from 1909 to 1933 under Abbott Lawrence Lowell, and since 1933 under James Bryant Conant — all great presidents, under whom Harvard has grown and prospered, and kept its high prestige even in the face of ever sharpening competition. I have known them all personally as well as officially. I will not here specify my different feelings towards these men, or attempt to characterize them individually. Suffice it to say that I have felt pride in them all. They have all been stubborn men, each with his own variety of stubbornness. Each has known how to plant his feet and not merely move with the crowd; each has succeeded in leading the contentious, ruling the ungovernable, and organizing the undisciplinable, under a constitution as mysterious and indefinable as the famous unwritten constitution of Great Britain.

I came, as I said, to a Department composed of William James, Josiah Royce, George Herbert Palmer, Hugo Münsterberg, and George Santayana. When the last of these celebrated men departed with the retirement of Palmer in 1913, they were followed by a no less celebrated man — Alfred North Whitehead — who because of his essential great-

ness of mind and character, and because of his rare capacity to feel, and show, and evoke affection instantly became not only our pride but the elder brother of the family.

This glorious epoch created difficulties for those of us who came after. It was natural that the world should make invidious comparisons and refer quite frankly in our hearing to the greater past. It was inevitable that we should ourselves feel not only that we had something to live up to, but that we could not possibly, by any straining of our capacities, succeed in living up to it. But I think we all agree that it was better so — better to have a high standard by which to measure our limitations than to be too easily satisfied.

Here again I have been peculiarly fortunate, for to me these great men were for fifteen years not a legend, a memory, or a shelf of books, but a living and vitalizing presence. I asked nothing better than to enjoy and profit by them and to model myself upon their virtues.

They were extraordinary men not only in their individual genius but in their collective variety, their cross-fertilization and inter-stimulation, and the atmospheric forces which their mutual opposition discharged, to the great delight and profit of their students and younger colleagues. They were alike in the wide range of their interests — embracing the techniques of experimental psychology and of logic, the history of the past, the systematic and speculative approach to basic problems of being and knowledge, the appreciation of art and literature, the study and application of morals, politics, and religion.

These interests were not divided among them, but combined in each. Each was a complete philosopher in himself, having something to say on every question, and saying it forcibly and profusely, each in his own peculiar terms, springing from his own peculiar insight. Because of this central core of personal conviction, they were all not only instructive, but eloquent. But how magnificently different! James empirical, voluntaristic, mercurial, genial, witty; Royce massive, overpowering, learned, humorous — to James as the diffused glow of heat lightning to the flashes of chain lightning, or as the paragraph to the sentence. James was a man of the world, by accident a teacher, whose lectures were always conversations; Royce a teacher, by accident occasionally astray in the world, whose conversations were always lectures. (It was said, I think by Dickinson Miller, that for Royce, lecturing was the easiest form of breathing!)

Münsterberg, who could lecture superbly in broken English, and who once illustrated a point by referring to "ze leetle cannery bird," was so masterfully schematic and comprehensive that the International Congress of Arts and Sciences held at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 was organized after his *a priori* pattern, leaders of culture from the ends of the earth being cast in the roles which he assigned them. Palmer was pat, tidy, powerful through simple lucidity, pious without dogma, reading poetry by his

fireside to a small circle of the initiated, but called to all parts of the country to lecture and advise.

It was from Münsterberg and Palmer, who reigned as chairmen during my early days, that I learned what I have learned of the arts of academic diplomacy and politics. Münsterberg's art was flagrant. He put others on their guard by introducing each latest move with the words "to be perfectly frank." Palmer's art reached the higher level of artlessness, and was always so clothed in benevolence that its victims could not complain without the appearance of ingratitude. From Palmer and Münsterberg I learned how to be a department chairman; from Royce I learned that anybody, however reluctant, can be a chairman if he accepts it as a duty; from James and Santayana I learned that there are more important things to do.

Santayana was somewhat detached, like his Epicurean gods. But he was faithful to all his academic tasks, and was a great lecturer in courses of the middle group — the best of all lecturers I have known, because of his ability to give to his extemporaneous talk the perfection of literary style. Through his lectures, and through a small circle of admiring students with whom he conversed, he played a greater part in the life of Harvard than, in his published reminiscences, he has given himself credit for. With James and Palmer, strikingly different as they were, he was responsible for what I like to think is now a part of our imperishable tradition: the idea, namely, that whatever is worth saying is worth saying well, and that philosophy is one of those subjects in which felicity of expression is inseparable from thought.

This congeries of extraordinary and unique individuals composed not a menagerie or a Babel of discordant voices, but, strange to relate, a department. They not only disagreed with one another on almost every debatable subject: they heartily disapproved of one another. And yet they were bound together — by their sense of humor, their enjoyment of one another's idiosyncrasies, their loyalty to the Department and the University, their tolerance, and their mutual affection.

To these impressions I should like to add my memory of James Haughton Woods, and my testimony of gratitude and admiration. He was infinitely kind, exuberant, steadfast. He was a practical mystic who could gaze at the stars without taking his eye off the ball. As a teacher he possessed a gift in which he excelled all his colleagues: the gift, namely, of sympathetic understanding. When he lectured or talked about Oriental or Greek philosophy he spoke as one who identified himself with it, conveying the impression of authenticity of feeling as well as of thought.

The era of Whitehead and Woods was also the era of David Prall, versatile and devoted teacher, lover of the arts, knightly and self-martyred liberal; and of Ernest Hocking, salty idealist, empirical dogmatist, defender of the faith — sprung from the

old philosophical nobility but indulgent toward the pragmatist and realist *arrivistes* of his day.

The associations within a university such as Harvard are happily not confined to a department. This is one of the compensations for the much lamented burden of administrative work, such as department meetings, the chairmanship of a department, or membership of a faculty committee. I can say that I regret none of these. The Committee of Eight, the Committee on Educational Policy, the Syndics of the University Press, the Radio Board, and American Defense-Harvard Group cost time and labor, but through them I made new and lasting friends, and enjoyed the exciting experience of reaching joint decisions on matters of policy through the give and take of discussion.

Because I lived in Cambridge for many years my colleagues were also neighbors and my neighbors included colleagues from all departments of the University. The number of my friends, even of my most intimate friends, has embraced members of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, and Business Administration, as well as members of all the departments of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. This has brought to me, as it brings to any Harvard teacher, not only a rich diversity of friendships but a direct and firsthand access to every form of scholarly achievement in its best personal embodiments.

I have left to the end what I feel most strongly of all, my gratitude, namely, to those younger than myself. A university affords, perhaps, the best of all exemplifications of that beneficent contrivance of nature by which the generations of men overlap and form a continuous stream. It is a good thing to live with one's elders. It is an even better thing to live with one's juniors, and to feel that through them you participate in the future. I am thinking of my thousands of students, and of my students' students. I am thinking of my children and their friends, and of my friends' children. I am thinking of my younger colleagues, most of whom have been my students, and all of whom are my friends.

And when I think of the younger friends and colleagues whom I leave behind — of Henry Sheffer, Clarence Lewis, Raphael Demos, John Wild, Donald Williams, Van Quine, Henry Aiken, Werner Jaeger, Harry Wolfson, Ivor Richards, Overton Taylor — I think of them (and I know you will all believe me) with no trace whatsoever of speaking from the heights, but with a sense that theirs is the greater role. It is a good thing to have both a past and a future. I hope that I, too, have a future — even now. Without that hope I should not know how to live. But if I were forced to choose between a past and a future, I would take the future.

It is a good thing for a university or department to have a past which can be remembered with satisfaction and pride; but only when that past is a source of strength for the future. And so I salute the future of Harvard and of its Department of Philosophy — with undoubting confidence, and with all my heart.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

OBEAH

by HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND

MY mother's maid Ann was from Montserrat in the British West Indies and she had been with us quite a long time when we took her to Bermuda one year. She didn't feel much like a Montserrat girl any more, and she readily took on the general snobbish attitude of the other Bermudian girls toward the "West Indies."

Unlike the "West Indies," Bermudian colored girls wore shoes, on Sundays proud patent leather ones, or shining white; dresses of cotton in lavender or pink or yellow, and great serious straw hats. The majority of them worked for English people, and they knew the Anglican church service as accurately as their employers did. And Ann was like them, attending the Episcopal cathedral in Hamilton every Sunday, carrying the prayer book in her huge brown hands encased in their white cotton gloves.

She could have been taken for a real Bermudian, except for her speech, which was still broadly and unmistakably Montserrat, while Bermudians spoke in a fine Dickens manner in the identical fashion of Samuel Weller. "Should I throw away that wine?" they would inquire of their mistresses politely, inquiring not as to the disposition of a remnant of Chianti, but of a green trailing plant; and they always spoke of the "vegetable garden."

Ann did, however, approximate their extremely haughty attitude toward the "West Indies." And she was particularly distant toward Danny. He was a "West India" man who drove us in his carriage on errands mostly, back and forth to the grocery in Hamilton. She was very remote with him, but to us Danny was indeed a fascinating man. He may have

been thirty-five, but to us children he seemed venerable, and possessed of an infinite wisdom. This impression was heightened by the two pairs of spectacles he wore, his white helmet, and the wonderful, mysterious things he said.

One day Mother was riding with us, with Ann. And Ann had just asked Mother how her sister's asthma was.

"Oh, not very well, Ann, thank you," my mother said. "The doctors don't seem to know what to do about it."

Danny turned around and peered at Mother behind his two sets of spectacles. "Tell she to eat rah cockroach, Mistress," he tossed back at us, and turned again, briskly flicking his whip over the horse's back.

I could see that Mother was trying to keep from laughing. She took out her handkerchief and pressed it against her mouth. But Ann had a different kind of look. She pursed her lips and glared disapprovingly at Danny. Then she began to shake her head furiously from side to side.

When my mother had finally regained her composure she embarked on what seemed a safe subject. "You know, when I'm down in these islands," she said to Ann, "I always think of that eruption of Mount Pelée in Martinique. I hope there aren't any volcanoes around here."

"No, there are not, Mahdam," said Danny, whirling upon us suddenly again from the front seat. "It happen in Martinique because they crucify the pig."

"But why, Danny —" began my mother, and then retired again, choking behind her handkerchief, while Ann again darted that furious look at Danny, accompanied by the grave shaking of her head.

We drove along in silence then, over the white coral road, between the houses with the purple bougainvillaea, and in a minute we were in Hamilton.

Illinois-born, HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND served her apprenticeship on newspapers in Boston and Chicago before establishing herself as a free lance in New York City. Her book of short stories, *My Own Manhattan*, which will include "Obeah," is to be published by Ives Washburn this autumn.

So we heard no more about the "rah" cockroach or the mysterious crucifixion of the pig.

But that night, when Ann was putting me to bed, I ventured to ask her about it. "Why do they crucify a pig in Martinique, Ann?" I asked. "And did it really make that volcano start?"

Ann pursed her lips again, and shook her head the way she did in the carriage. "My bless, Miss Henry," she said. "Don't ever ask about ting like that. Dahnny a very unghadly mahn."

And she let down the Venetian blind, and crushed a grasshopper beneath her foot, the way you almost always have to get rid of something when you go to bed in Bermuda.

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THAT was all the satisfaction I ever had about the many mysterious things Danny told us. When we were going for a drive with him, we used to try to get out to the carriage before Ann, so that we could talk to him, because she seemed to disapprove so heartily of him and his conversation.

One morning I told him about a mouse that had been in my room the night before.

"And it squeaks," I said. "Little squeaks, like this." I tried to imitate the sound. Danny listened, his head, in the white helmet, inclined thoughtfully to one side.

"That," he said, "are a singing mouse, Mistress." He looked at me gravely behind his two pairs of spectacles. "Never let they kill that mouse, Mistress," he said. "Never let they kill she."

I said I knew they would. They had killed many live things in my little bedroom.

"Don't you tell them about she, Mistress," he said. "Don't you tell." He stepped close and whispered. "That mouse," he said, "are a *Token*."

I never had a chance to ask what a *Token* was, because Ann came out just then. It probably wouldn't have been any use anyway, for Danny would never explain these mysterious matters. So far would he go and no farther. Ann got into the carriage and we followed her. She never liked to leave us children alone with Danny at all if she could help it.

One night when she was putting me to bed, I tried to ask her again about Danny. "What are all those funny things he said?" I asked. "What do they mean?"

Ann pursed her lips and shook her head. "He very foolish," she said. "Very unghadly."

"But what do those things mean?" I said, thinking of the "rah" cockroach and the pig and the singing mouse.

She shook her head. "Ahl wickedness," she said. "Obeah they cahl it. Mahgie they mean. You never ask about ting like that," she said. "He not very sensible."

And she tiptoed mysteriously from the room. I let her go, without any more questions, because I was so afraid the mouse might begin to sing.

It was some time before I heard any more about "obeah." In fact, weeks afterwards.

One afternoon, when my mother was having people for tea, and Ann was too busy in the house to go, we were sent for a drive alone with Danny. I still think it was one of the most wonderful afternoons of my life. We drove along the coral roads at a leisurely pace, not the brisk one we had to assume when we were going into Hamilton marketing, and Danny talked to us and told us about everything. Though never quite enough. When we started to question him, he closed up like a clam. But he was generous with time at least. That afternoon, whenever we wanted to investigate anything at the side of the road, he stopped and allowed us to get down.

The first place we stopped was by a little pool. It was inland a short distance from the sea. The marsh grass waved thickly about it, and it sparkled in the sunshine — a magical blue, the color of larkspur. We took off our shoes and socks and waded happily in. But suddenly we heard something gliding through the shining grasses. My sister ran screaming to the carriage.

"Danny!" she cried. "Maybe it's a snake!"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "No snakes in Bermuda. But snake would not be here in the daytime anyway. In my home, Trinidad, we have a sayin': 'Black Mamba — she only wahk at night.'"

He knew everything. And we ambled on through the sunny hot afternoon, at the same delightful lazy pace, stopping to look at things.

At another curve, we came to an old pink stucco house set on a hillside, its weathered green shutters hanging crazily. "Oh, Danny!" we cried. "Let's go in there! A deserted house!"

But he shook his head. "No," he said. "Not in there. Best not, little Mistress."

When we asked why, he stopped the horse and turned around to gaze at us solemnly behind his two pairs of spectacles. "Lahst time," he said, "lahst time I go an' see that house —"

"What, Danny?" we shrieked.

"I go in an' tread very cautious," he said. "Cautious, as not to waken the dead. For the house hahnted, little Mistress."

"Ooh, Danny," we said. "Ooh."

"But when I go in I see a real live wooman. A wooman I know of next pahrish."

"Yes, Danny?" we cried.

"An' she sit in rocker in parlor. She sit in rocker an' rock she baby in she lahp. But sudden I gaze an' —"

"What?" we shrieked. "What?"

"The baby turn sudden to frog, and rahn away," he said. He touched the horse lightly with his whip, and we started slowly on. "No," he said. "Best not go in there. Best not go in there, little Mistress."

We rode quietly on through the dreamy Bermuda stillness, wondering about the baby who turned into a frog. We knew it would be useless to question Danny further.

So we sat in the back seat tactfully waiting for his next revelation. It was not long in coming. "This," he observed, turning again to face us behind his goggles, "this the North Shore Road. It is here I think," he said, checking the horse, "yes — just about here — that I met the donkey."

"The donkey?" we asked in unison.

"Yes," he said. "Just about here. A big donkey, blahk and white — very fierce and strahng. An' he hahve cigar in he mouf."

We laughed.

"A donkey with a *cigar*, Danny!" we said. "How funny!"

"Oh, no," said Danny, looking solemn. "No, little Mistress. Not funny. He ahsk me for a light an' when I say I hahve none, he say —"

"What?" we squealed.

Danny drew back his lips in a dreadful leer.

"He say, 'See my teef? See my teef?'"

That seemed to be that, too. Danny silently turned the carriage around toward home.

When we reached there, Ann appeared to have been very anxious about us. She rushed out and seized our hands, with scarcely a curt nod to Danny.

"You late!" she cried. "What make you so late?"

3

DURING supper, which we had in the kitchen because of the tea party in the front of the house, Ann inquired about our afternoon. Knowing her prejudice, I was careful to avoid any allusions to Danny's stories, but my sister was not so wise.

She told the curious story about Danny and the donkey he met on the North Shore Road.

And Ann was not amused. She was, in fact, quite furious, as I knew she would be. She pursed her lips and shook her head. "He very ungahdly," she said. And she rushed us through our supper and to bed.

Just as she was letting down the blind, I made a last effort to find out about things. "That about the donkey," I said. "Was that obeah?"

"It was tahk," she said. "Tahk of a foolish mahn. An' you never ahsk about ting like that," she said.

After that day, she was always careful that we never were in the carriage with Danny unless she was there. And if he embarked on one of his anecdotes, she changed the subject in a very reproving manner.

Once when we were driving along, he whirled around, the way he always did, and offered to tell our fortunes. But Ann suddenly became very much interested in the grocery list and began to question him about it. "Is the pound cake to be hahd at the grocery?" she asked, and other limitless questions until we trotted right into the center of Hamilton, and he had no chance to tell our fortunes.

But of course Ann had no use for fortunes anyway. I remember a charity garden party she took us to once, over on the Devonshire side of the island. There was an English lady there, dressed as a gypsy, who

was telling everyone's fortune for a shilling, for the hospital. But Ann had refused to have hers told, shaking her head and laughing. "My bless," she said, "I know my fortune. To work hahd all my days."

Fortunes were evidently another foolish and ungahdly subject.

Not long after that we left Bermuda. Danny drove us down to the boat, and we were sad to see the last of him, with his white helmet and his two pairs of spectacles. But up North, we were too busy with school and everything else to think much about him or the wonderful stories he would never explain. Or obeah.

Almost two years later, he turned up again in a most unexpected way. One night Ann appeared at the parlor door, and spoke to my mother. "May I see you for one moment, Mahdam?" she asked.

Mother got up and went out to the kitchen. She was gone for some time.

When she finally came back to the living room, none of us could quite believe the news she had to tell: Danny had become a cook on one of the West Indies boats. "You remember in Bermuda he was a chef before he was a driver," my mother said. "He took the job shortly after we left. Whenever his boat has been in port, he has been seeing Ann. And amazingly — she has *married* him!"

"Is she going to leave?" we wailed anxiously. It was our only reaction. We even forgot to wonder if we should see Danny again, and if Ann would let us hear his mysterious stories now. And if he would really explain them.

"Oh, no," said my mother. "He keeps his job on the boat, and she keeps hers here. She only thought I should know."

It was just after Thanksgiving, and the next day Ann was in the dining room, lingering over her carpet sweeper and talking to us, as she sometimes did.

"Danny was home at Thahnksiving," she said. "An' he brought a present. A turkey he cook heself on the boat."

"Oh, Ann," I said. "How wonderful! Was it good?"

She shook her head. And suddenly she pursed her lips in the old way. "I do not know," she said.

"Not know, Ann?" I asked. "Weren't you hungry?"

"Oh, yes," said Ann. "I made myself a cheese sahnndwich."

"A cheese sandwich?" I said. "With all that good turkey Danny cooked?"

"My bless," she said. "Yes. A cheese sahnndwich." And Danny's bride resumed her task with the carpet sweeper.

"I never eat ahfter he," she said.

"I never eat ahfter he." It was something that would have no explanation. Like how she ever came to marry that ungahdly mahn. Or singing mice, or talking donkeys.

You just never ahsk about ting like that.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

SUCH IS RACHEL

by JACQUELINE SHOHE

JACOB BENZION'S sons arrived in their big cars at their father's house in the Arab part of Cairo. The narrow street could hardly contain the cars, and the Moslem neighbors, gathered on their jasmine-bordered verandas to take in the sweet evening air, observed, "Tonight the old Jew has his sons and his grandchildren around him to celebrate Passover, the great feast of his people. May Allah gladden the old man's heart!" For many days they had seen the servant Mohamed coming back with baskets of food in preparation for the feast. The Arab neighbors smiled, pleased that the house usually so silent behind its high walls would overflow, this one night, with the voices of young people.

The Benzion sons, their wives and children, wearing handsome European clothes, smiled vaguely at the indistinct mass of their father's neighbors, and were ill at ease in the half-forgotten Arab surroundings. Arab children gazed at the cars, patting the steel flanks with shy, curious fingers, and their parents said, "Late into the night will we hear the Jews' prayers. Then the sons and their families will return to their European houses far across the river."

In the house, each of the Benzions went in turn to the armchair where the old man sat, his hands folded in his robes. They knelt, kissed Jacob's hand, and he blessed each of them. The eldest son, Isaac, knelt a little stiffly, as a man to whom his years were already a burden. Simon knelt with unthinking acceptance, and David, the third son, knelt with unswerving de-

votion to his old father and the old ways. The women knelt passively, as women do, a little reluctant to give this mark of respect to a man of another house. In the children, he felt the resistance in their necks, which refused to yield under his blessing, their shame to obey the Oriental custom.

Only Rachel, David's thirteen-year-old daughter, coming up to him with her little brother, had no shame in kneeling, and when she had kissed his hand, she shifted her head slightly, so that after her lips, her cheek touched her grandfather's hand. He blessed her, saying the Hebrew words slowly, as if he wanted to bless her more than the others. When Rachel stood up again and pushed her brother before him, he felt pride, because the girl Rachel carried well her name.

Jacob examined David's son, a blond lad with merry golden eyes, brought to him for his first Passover, and he wondered what Passover would mean to this grandchild who had light hair. The boy knelt, kissed the old hand, but before his grandfather had had time to bless him, he escaped, laughing, to his mother. David rebuked his son in French, "Jack, are you not ashamed to run from under your grandfather's blessing? How often have I told you you must venerate the head of your house?"

David's father, who understood French and English although he did not speak them, said to him in Arabic, "Your son is an *affrit*, a little devil, but he meant no wrong. And, my son, this is a different world from the one we left behind us when we came from Arabia thirty years ago. The world changes, David, and you must accept the change."

Jack did not understand the Arab speech, but laughed again, because he knew that the old man in Arab clothes they called his grandfather had sided with him against his father.

The women gossiped in one corner, and the young ones in another. Rachel was silent, and Jack, ob-

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serving everything with his intelligent golden eyes, saw his uncle Isaac glance nervously at the door left open. He tugged at his sister and asked, "Rachel, why is the door open?"

"Tonight, any man who's poor and hungry can come in and be one of us," Rachel said. "The door is open for all. The guest may be a barefooted beggar — he may also be the Messiah."

Jack pondered a while. "But Rachel," he asked, "Miss Kelly said Jesus was the Messiah, that he had already come, so why are we still waiting for him?"

Rachel was angry. Always their English governess was saying such things to pull Jack away. Passionately, she told her brother, "What can *she* know about the real Messiah, the one who is ours and other people's too, the one who will save the Jews, and everybody, and not only the Christians as she says — He may come tonight —" And Rachel's eyes went to the door open on the little garden, with its jasmine and honeysuckle, where the Messiah might appear any moment.

Isaac also looked at the door open on the Arab street and he asked Jacob, "My father, why do we not close the door, so that we may have our Passover in peace, unheard by those outside?"

The old man said, "Isaac, these are kindly people, our neighbors, who mean us no harm. Do you not know that tonight our house must be open to any man with a need to be filled, for us to fill his need? Are we to shut our door when the Prophet may come? Ah, Isaac, how far has your heart strayed from Israel?" Then Jacob, shutting the anger within him, lifted himself from his armchair and told them all, "Now, my children, let us go in and start the prayers, and thank the Lord for having delivered us from Pharaoh's heavy yoke."

They followed him into the dining room, next to the parlor where they had sat. Rachel went in holding Jack by the hand, impatient to make him share the pain and pride of Passover, to win his soul, and give it to her grandfather. Jacob seated himself in the armchair at the head of the table, his sons on his right side, the women on his left, and at the opposite end of the table, the young ones, with Rachel and Jack in the middle, facing him.

2

RACHEL gazed at the long Passover table. She saw beside her grandfather the engraved silver tray covered with glasses, tall ones for the grownups, small ones for the children, the glasses brimming over with the ruby-red wine from Palestine. On her side of the table she saw the Seder, a basket covered with red and gold brocade, under which were hidden all the symbolical things they would use for the prayer. She saw the centerpiece of roses, the roses still full and round and sweet-scented on their wire stems. She saw the silver goblet from which the Messiah would drink if he came to visit them. Her

hand tightened on Jack's, and she asked him, "Isn't it beautiful — don't you love it?"

Jack squirmed to free his hand. "You hurt me, Rachel. No, I don't like it a bit. The table is so big the servant won't have enough room to pass with the dishes. The chairs are almost against the walls."

Rachel dropped his hand, and her vision also dropped away. Jack had made her see the narrow limits set by plain whitewashed walls where before she had only seen the mystical beauty of the table. She watched the others getting ready for the prayer, and in a voice now a little uncertain, she said, "Get your school cap, Jack, and put it on your head."

"Why?"

"Because you must have something on your head for the prayers."

"When Miss Kelly took me to church once, people took their hats off. We put them on — it's silly."

"Look, Jack, not all people pray God in the same way. Why should you think one way is good and the other is silly? Go, Jack, please get your cap."

When Jack came back with the round navy blue cap of his English school on his head, he said, "Maurice and Charles have no hats, only napkins. Why, Rachel?"

"They never wear hats, and they think it's bright and funny to pray with a napkin falling off their heads all the time. They are just stupid."

Rachel's eyes left the napkin heads, rested on those of her uncles, with their European hats pushed back on their heads, went over to the vulgar faces of her aunts, the aloofness of her mother, and the tired dignity of her father's face under his felt hat worn straight on his forehead. She saw Jacob in the ample folds of his long silk robe, with its harmony of two shades of gray, and wearing on his majestic head a white turban draped around his red fez as he would have worn a crown. He was, to the girl, a serene old king of those days when the Hebrews had great kings, except that he ruled over subjects unworthy of him. She watched the slow dignity with which he washed his hands before starting the prayer, oblivious of the servant holding out the towel for him to dry his hands. Why was she not a boy so that she could be like him? Why had there never been great Hebrew queens?

Jacob Benzion began the prayer, the men chanting the old rhythm with him, "Praise to Thee, Eternal, our God, who has chosen us from among all people, and has given us this sacred feast to commemorate our deliverance from Egypt . . ."

They all leaned on their left elbows to drink the wine and Rachel made Jack sip his. She wanted to give him the meaning of Passover in words a child of eight could understand. Fearing the task before her, she thought there was so much she did not know and could not explain. Yet she knew the task was hers, for was she not the only one to know that when her grandfather died one worthy of him should be among them, so that something of his greatness would live on? She was only a girl, there-

fore useless. The last hope was Jack, the last child old Jacob could have brought to him for Passover. She dared not, she could not, fail. Her heart beat hard within her, and she cleared her voice to ask her brother, "Do you know who built the Pyramids?"

Jack said, "The people who build houses."

"No, we built them. We, the Jews. That was long ago, when Egypt was different. There was a cruel king in Egypt then, and his name was Pharaoh. He made us carry those heavy stones on our bare backs, his soldiers flogged us, and thousands died building those Pyramids we see every day. We were slaves, you see."

"You mean *we* were slaves?" He was unbelieving.

"Yes, we were slaves. But that's nothing to be ashamed of when you've gained your freedom and God is on your side."

"Perhaps you were a slave, but I'm sure I never was. I don't want to have been a slave, ever."

"We have the same mother and father, Jack."

"Yes, but you are like Father, and I'm like Mother, and I'm sure *she* was never a slave."

Rachel did not answer. Anguished, she thought Jack might be right. He was like their mother, and not like herself, her father, and her grandfather. Perhaps her mother's people had not been Jews in those times, but people like the Gauls she learned about in her French history book, carefree savage pagans, roaming in green forests, while the Jews strained under the heavy stones and the floggings, erecting Pyramids in burning golden deserts. Perhaps, indeed, the unforgotten bitter splendor of those days was hers and not her brother's.

Rachel would not give up. "You'll understand later, Jack. But now listen to me. I can't tell you the story exactly as it is in the prayer book. Mine is in English, and I only know where Grandfather is in the prayer when he does something my book says we should do, then I find my place again. But you are a boy, and later you'll learn Hebrew and you'll know it all as it is. Shall I tell you the story?"

Jack had been ready to say he did not want to learn Hebrew, but Rachel's eyes were pleading, and he could no longer tease. He slipped his hand in hers, and said, in a fit of tenderness, "Please tell me the story, Rachel darling."

3

JACOB lifted the unleavened bread and said, "Here is the bread our fathers ate in Egypt. This year we eat it here, next year in the land of Israel as free-men." He watched his sons repeat the words, watched all of them nibble at the hard bread. Simon's wife shouted to her youngest son across the table, "Don't eat too much of it, Charles. You know how this stuff always hurts your stomach."

Jacob said to her angrily, "What matters your son's bellyache, woman? Were not our ancestors'

bowels twisted by worse pains?" And watching his sons, he thought they were hardly better than this woman.

He saw Isaac, who refused to admit he was bound in chains; Simon, who did not even know he had chains; and David, accepting them with mystical resignation. He saw his sons' sons, who could hardly read the words in the prayer book, their mothers, waiting with vacant eyes to resume their gossip. He thought of his other sons who had gone west too far, too soon, and who had probably forgotten Passover existed. How could those still around him ignore the burning and longing in those words?

Wearily, he thought he should feel joy at this numerous family surrounding him, but he felt only the sadness of a dying hope. He remembered how he had brought them to Egypt, long ago, from Jeddah, in Arabia. He had wanted to transplant his tree, withering in the ancient dryness of Arabia, to the rich soil of Egypt, where fresh winds blew from west and north. He had wanted the tree to grow mighty in the forest of Israel, and have his old Judaism bloom again in the new climate. What had become of his vision when, full of faith, he crossed the Arabian desert in caravan with all his tribe? To giddy heights his tree had grown, but now, hollow inside, unable to draw the sap from its roots; how could it stand when came the tempests and the storms?

What of his sons, and their wives, and their children? They had grown prosperous in Egypt, but they had forgotten that Israel had always storms to withstand, and they were Israel. They no longer knew that wealth was only the means by which, in the abundant years, one generation eats enough, learns enough, accumulates enough for the next generations to live on in the lean years, the years of persecution and huddling in ghettos. They no longer knew that the hungry years spread over generations and were much longer than the seven lean years of which Joseph spoke to Pharaoh. When the time would come to pack and leave, as their ancestors had done in Egypt, would they find the strength to survive, these children who did not know that always the Jew is thrown back into the ghetto?

His voice low, he commanded, "David, read this part of the prayer. Your son, the youngest among us, should read these words, but since he has not been taught Hebrew, you must speak his words for him."

David bent his head under the reproach, and read, "Why is this night different from all other nights?"

Jacob began to read the answers, as in old times, when children were taught their great inheritance.

Simon said, "Why not skip this part of the prayer, my father? The children do not listen, and they cannot understand."

Jacob looked at the young ones, impatiently fidgeting on their chairs, the youth of his house who could not feel the words in which beat the heart of Israel. He told his sons, "If their ears hear not, and

their eyes see not, still I will do that which the Law commands, for it is still our duty to instruct our children."

He read the four answers for the four types of children the Law describes — the wise, the ignorant, the stupid, the mean — and asked himself, "Around me, I have the ignorant, the stupid, and the mean, but who is wise among them?"

How long he had prayed for this wise one, the one to lead the house of Jacob after him! Year by year, generation by generation, child by child, face by face, he had watched for a sign that would tell him, "This is the Chosen one." Once again he searched their faces, but where was the Chosen one?

His eyes dwelt on David of the ancient wisdom, a lost exile to whom a new world was a prison. This was his dearest, but not the one to guide the house of Jacob, for in this age the truly wise one had to marry within him the past and the future, the old and the new, and David lived in the past.

And here was David's son, a blond head wearing an English school cap as a birthright, eyes sparkling with merriment, eyes on which the brooding thoughts of Israel never cast their shadows, a smiling child, subtly chiding the tradition of his fathers. This was the last child, the last hope, and this too was gone. For Jacob was past eighty, and life, ebbing away, could wait no longer for a child still unborn.

His eyes went from Jack to Rachel, in whom he had always seen the maiden by the well, whom Jacob, father of Israel, had loved. To this Rachel, his own, the new world was a well from which she drew her substance, and yet on her face alone had he seen his own emotion mirrored at Passover. In her, by an irony of fate, two worlds were made one, the beauty of an old tradition wed to the vigor of a new age, as he had wanted them to be in his Chosen one. In this maiden, to be given as bride to another old man's house, were squandered the gifts he had sought in the man who was to make great his house.

Time had come for Jacob to die, a bitter death with none there to take his place, with all hope dead. The house of Jacob would die with Jacob, crumbling as a castle of sand, for were they not, his sons and their children, sterile grains of sand to be blown away and scattered, useless, among other people? He read the Passover prayer, while in his heart the cry rose, "What, O Lord, has become of Israel? Is Thy Chosen People a rivulet to melt away meekly in the mighty seas of other people? Why hast Thou forsaken me, and my house, and Israel, O Lord?"

His vision of Israel's new greatness, again to spring from the loins of Jacob, the vision which had swept him across the desert, appeared now as utter folly, and nothing remained but a dark despair, an old patriarch who no longer heard the voice of his Lord. The old voice rasped and sobbed when Jacob recited the ten plagues the Lord had sent upon the Egyptians, and his hand, so steady when it had blessed, trembled now as he shook drops of wine out of his glass, one drop for each plague.

The change in the father's voice dried the prayer on the sons' lips. Isaac asked, "Are you ill, my father?" Simon said, "Rest yourself awhile, the prayer can wait." And David asked, "What grief assails you, my father, that makes you sing the song of triumph as a lament of death?"

"Grief lies heavy upon me," Jacob said, "and when God wills, time may soon come to rest, but now, let us still pray."

4

RACHEL knew the sorrow which had quelled Jacob's voice. The old king was dying, knowing no head was proud enough to wear his crown. Ah! Had she not been born woman, she would have worn the crown, even if she were to pick it from the gutter, even if it were a crown of thorns. Yet, Rachel would not despair. When they had been slaves in Egypt, had not God saved them when they had reached the bottom of despair? Had He not sent Moses to lead them, and worked miracle after miracle until they had won their freedom? What God had done then, He could do again. He had not abandoned Moses, and now He could not abandon Jacob, and still be God. There would be a miracle, and perhaps even now could Jack be won.

She told her brother, "This part of the prayer tells how God punished the Egyptians and thanks Him for all He did for us. God sent Moses to Pharaoh to ask him to let us leave. Pharaoh always said, yes, he would let us go, but he always broke his promise, and treated the slaves worse than before. Ten times, God had to punish the Egyptians. He changed the Nile water into a river of blood, sent wild beasts, millions of frogs and grasshoppers to eat up all the crops. He made darkness out of daylight, and killed the Egyptians' first-born. Pharaoh was so wicked, even then he didn't let us go. Then —"

"It's horrible, Rachel," Jack interrupted. "God couldn't have done those things."

"What else could He do if Pharaoh shut his heart to all pity?"

"But the little children, it wasn't their fault. How could God kill babies?"

"And our babies, Jack, what had they done when Pharaoh had wanted to kill them, and what had their parents done? Can't you see how wrong it is to pity the masters, when the masters have no pity for the slaves? Should we have stayed slaves forever?"

"I don't know, Rachel, it's all so cruel. And why did we have to come back to Egypt after all that? It makes me feel ashamed."

"Every country has been to us as Pharaoh's Egypt, although never so bad, I think, and every country we had to leave. If we had never returned when things got better, long ago there would have been no place for us to live in."

"You mean those things still happen?"

"Yes, Jack, they do."

"When I grow up, I don't want to be a Jew. It's too horrible. Why do you, Rachel?"

"I'm born that way — oh, Jack, why won't you understand?"

Rachel knew she was defeated, and wished her heart could become a hard little pebble, to feel no more the steel fingers squeezing so much pain out of it.

While she had talked to Jack, she had not noticed her cousins listening to her. Now she heard them goad her. The girl Arlette said, "There's Rachel trying to make a convert. Well, you didn't, Rachel, did you?" And the boy Maurice, "And now when the old man calls us for that comedy of carrying the bread, he won't call you, Rachel, will he?"

Rachel did not answer. Instead, she asked God, "Why didn't You help me when I did try, so hard? But now at least, please, God, help me not to cry in front of everybody, and also make Grandfather call me to carry the bread this time, and not leave me out so all the others will laugh at me."

Jacob's eyes had rested on Rachel. In his torment the sight of her was soothing as oil upon scorched flesh. While saying the prayers, he had watched all that passed at the other end of the table. He thought, "As in the temple one candle is lit with the flame from another candle, so has Rachel wanted to light her brother with her own flame. How could she, a little maiden, know the boy was already cut off from his people, already burning with an alien flame?"

Now he saw serenity fled from her face, and held-back tears flicker in her dark eyes as stars in somber night. Still only a child, she knew the deep grief of losing a soul beloved that one had wanted to bring in offering to the Lord. Had she known his vision and his despair, with love enough to divine his secret heart? Why else the anguish and the immense appeal in her eyes? And if it were so, his doubt must be her doubt, and his ache her ache. What mattered if, being woman, she was useless to the house of Jacob! She was a soul kindred to his own, and he knew how the sharp steel of pain could pierce such a soul. She was worthy of being a son of his house, and as a son he would treat her.

When he reached the part of the prayer which told how the Hebrews left Egypt, and how the young boys slung the still unraised bread around their shoulders, to carry on the long passage, he said, "Let our two youngest boys come forth to carry the bread, as our ancestors did in Egypt, and Rachel, my child, you too come forth, and carry the bread." He watched the change on her face from grief to uncertain joy, and faith returned to the radiant eyes.

Isaac asked, "Why Rachel? She is only a girl."

Rachel stood against the wall, not daring to advance. Again Jacob called her, "Come, Rachel, do not fear, and carry our burden like a man."

He wrapped the bread in a napkin, and when she

had knelt before him he tied it around her shoulder. Then he said, "Let my old hand bless your young head." And when he had blessed her he kept his hand on her dark hair, and turning to his sons, he said in answer to Isaac, "Women there are who count as men, for they are wise when men are foolish, strong when men are weak, brave when men are cowards. Such is Rachel."

The girl returned to her chair, holding the precious bread against her as if afraid to lose it. And Jacob's mind dwelt upon the words he had spoken, and the truth in them beyond the truth in his thought. Such indeed was Rachel, brave and wise, as the one he had awaited. Seeking a man, he had failed to see in Rachel the Lord's gift. In his pride, he had thought first of building the greatness of his house, and seeking a shepherd for his flock, he had forgotten Israel, the greater flock. For if the girl Rachel could not lead his house, she could do greater things for Israel in the new world open before her. And before Israel, what mattered the house of Jacob? Let it perish! If one was there to accomplish its purpose it had not existed in vain.

But was not this too heavy a burden to lay on the slight shoulders of a girl? He had known the loneliness of one who lived for such a task, and where he had weakened, could he ask this child to remain strong? As the time had come in the prayer to eat the bitter herbs, symbol of the bitterness of their life in Egypt, he thought, "Can I take this child by the hand and tell her, 'The bitter herbs of earth shall be thine, but not the sweet wine of life; the pains and the searching will be thy lot, but not the laughter and the joy, for thou art chosen?'"

When the bitter herbs had reached the lower end of the table, again he watched Rachel. Jack tasted them and pushed them away, saying, "They're so bitter."

"Yes, they are bitter, but they must be eaten," Rachel said.

She ate hers, and then she ate her brother's. Their bitterness was hers, and her people's, and that of so many others. And when one refused his share of bitterness, another must eat both shares. Her grandfather had said she was strong and brave, and having no man, he had chosen her, a girl. There could be no other meaning to his words, and now she must learn to be worthy of him. Gravely eating the herbs, she looked up at him and smiled to show him she had understood him and was ready for what he wanted of her.

Jacob smiled back, now that he could no longer doubt. Alone the child had taken to herself the bitterness of those who carry forth the Lord's ordained task. Again, she had been sure when he had doubted, and alone, she had heard the Lord's call.

And when Jacob sang the hymn praising the Lord for all He had done to deliver His people from slavery, his voice soared sure and full, "Praise to the Eternal, for He is kind, and His loving-kindness is eternal."

THE ERRORS OF RALPH INGERSOLL

by CHARLES H. TAYLOR

1

RALPH INGERSOLL's *Top Secret* purports to be the "inside story" of the campaigns in Western Europe. The author concentrates on what happened at the higher levels of command, on the personalities involved, and on the reasons for major decisions of strategy and tactics. These matters, and the minds and motives of generals, he interprets in a fashion that has the sweep and finality of history itself. Reviewers have disliked many of his larger judgments; they have wondered how one officer, in a subordinate staff section, could know quite as much as Mr. Ingersoll does; they have pointed out that practically no general—save two that Mr. Ingersoll worked directly for—fails to emerge as incompetent or worse.

But the reviewers have done very little to challenge the foundations of Mr. Ingersoll's military theses, and a great many readers are probably under the impression that, regardless of his opinions, *Top Secret* is an authoritative account of the operations in Europe by a man who "knows his stuff." Many readers, too, have undoubtedly been impressed because Mr. Ingersoll gives so many fine and authentic passages of personal experience, including combat, which seem to lend authenticity to the larger treatment. But Mr. Ingersoll's gift as a reporter, describing what he saw as it happened, obviously has little relation to his capacity to interpret operations as vast and complex as those of the European campaign.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR, who in civilian life is Lea Professor of European History at Harvard, served in the Army from June, 1942, to July, 1946, emerging with the rank of Colonel. After a year in Military Intelligence, he joined the Historical Branch, G-2, of which he was first Executive Officer and later Chief of the Editorial Branch. He served abroad in the ETO on historical field work from March, 1944, to February, 1945, took part in the Normandy and French Campaigns, and for a time was attached to the First Army Headquarters. He wrote the War Department study *Omaha Beachhead*, helped in the publication of *St-Lô* (now on press), and worked on other phases of the European campaign.

Mr. Ingersoll's views cannot be better than his knowledge of the military facts. Let us take a reasonably large section of the work, check it in some detail, and see what facts the author uses, how carefully he handles them, and what and how many are omitted. For this purpose, the campaign in Normandy (June to August, 1944) affords a fair sample—about 100 pages of the 354 in the book.

To begin with, there are a large number of outright errors on spot events. Many may concern matters of limited importance; yet they are not without significance as to the care used by an author who builds up reader confidence by making so many flat and unqualified assertions. Four samples of such mistakes can be cited from three pages. Since Mr. Ingersoll's main interest is with the mistakes of Allied generals, he may be pardoned for naming Von Kluge instead of Von Rundstedt as German Commander in the West at the time of the invasion (p. 153). And since the account is at all points very vague on the plan of the invasion, perhaps the front of the initial assault (six divisions rather than seven, as stated on p. 151) is of little moment. There is a good story (p. 153) about the hesitation of the German underlings to "lift a telephone" or sound the alarm for hours on D Day after "the first reports of the approaching Allied fleet reached the headquarters of Colonel General Von Kluge (*sic*).” Unfortunately for the tale, the Seventh German Army's War Diary and Telephone Journal record the enemy's full exchange of views on the coming attack between Western Command, Army, and Army Group staffs as early as 0230, when the first airborne troops were landing—four hours before the seaborne assault.

As for Mr. Ingersoll's account of what happened at Omaha Beach (p. 151), the survivors of that grim action might be entitled to take exception to every particular in his short but precise account. He has them pinned on the beach "for six hours until the destroyer screen swung in close and battered the pillboxes"; actually, elements of all eight

assault infantry battalions were past the bluffs within two to three hours after the initial landings, and the destroyers' work — while important — was mainly to help the follow-up units.

The only other reference to Omaha (p. 128) is equally erroneous, since Mr. Ingersoll there alludes to the trouble the assault troops were in because they had no tanks ("on the beach, without tanks to help them"). This was not the case. Although most of the amphibious tanks launched were swamped, half of them were carried in all the way to the sand by LST's, and altogether, nearly two thirds of the 96 tanks scheduled to support the first waves were landed. What the real troubles on Omaha Beach were, and how they were met, is not even suggested in this account.

Other mistakes like these can be picked up. In some cases one hesitates to call them minor, since they are used in connection with broader problems. For example, in order to deny the British Army any credit for holding down strong German forces and helping the July break-through, Mr. Ingersoll argues (pp. 179-180) that about July 25 the German troops, if counted "battalion by battalion," were "slightly stronger" in front of the Americans than on the British sector, though he admits that the Germans did have "a higher percentage of armor in reserve at Caen." On looking more closely at this phrasing, it is hard to refrain from use of the word "specious." Actually, the Germans had at least five panzer divisions on the British front (and very little of their armor was held in reserve!) as against two facing the Americans. Just what does "slightly stronger" mean in this context, or making a count "battalion by battalion"? And what of the estimate for the same period recently published in General Eisenhower's Report, which gives the Germans (p. 38) a *real* (effective) strength of nine divisions of all types on the British front as against seven and one-half on the American?

For anyone concerned with the importance of terrain in military operations, Mr. Ingersoll produces some startling generalizations. The Bocage, or hedgerow, country he locates (p. 154) as starting just east of Caen and running thence in a shallow arc "sixty or seventy miles inland" south and then west toward Avranches. That he includes the British sector entirely in this country is perfectly clear (see the references to terrain on pp. 162-163; also the last paragraph on p. 189). One wonders if Mr. Ingersoll ever really saw the comparatively open country near Caen, or the long bare slopes that stretch along the hilly roads from Caen toward Thury-Harcourt and Falaise? Or even if he read the G-2 descriptions of this country in the Overlord-Neptune (invasion) plans? Nothing could be more unlike this section than the terrain a little farther west, where real hedgerow country sets in.

But even here, Mr. Ingersoll's description is misleading. In the Bocage he tells us (p. 154), "the

ground is broken into a continuous succession of tiny hills without marked ridge lines." Actually, there are large and definite areas, particularly south of St-Lô and east of the Vire, where the ridge lines are long and pronounced, and the phrase "tiny hills" verges on the absurd. So many of these ridges lay across the axis of possible American attack in this region that they were considered something of a military obstacle. But Mr. Ingersoll's loosest observation on terrain (p. 154) is the simple assertion that "beyond the Bocage country, France is flat"! If the interior of Brittany, the highlands of the Perche district, the country toward Lisieux, le Mans, and Laval, are flat, then topographic maps (and the word "flat") have lost all meaning. Even in a relative sense, level country really begins near the Loire River and on the plains of Chartres.

Mr. Ingersoll furnishes (p. 155) one map to illustrate some 75 pages of text; on it, the most prominent feature is a solid black wedge which apparently marks the area of the great First Army break-through that started on July 25. The strange thing about this wedge is its indication that St-Lô lies in the very middle of the break-through zone, whereas in the actual operation the five-mile front of main attack (described on p. 167) lay entirely west of St-Lô and across the Vire River. Under any circumstances, to call this operation the "St-Lô break-through" leads to confusion, and the map raises the question as to whether the confusion is here only one of nomenclature.

2

BUT there are mistakes, of commission or omission, much more weighty than those so far cited. One, of potentially large proportions, is contained in a single matter-of-fact sentence, set down without the slightest suggestion of any qualification. "The force on Omaha," so runs the text (p. 152), "made a clean break-through and on D plus 1 were only halted by orders from Montgomery himself." This statement lends itself admirably to the author's thesis, elaborated a few pages later, that the British commander was getting ready at this time to steal the show by attacking at Caen.

But the statement bears no slightest resemblance to the facts of V Corps operations for the period. So far from making any break-through on D plus 1, the two divisions of that corps were still trying to reach the initial beachhead line set for D Day. They only fought up to this line on D plus 2. So far from stopping even then, the corps issued new attack orders for D plus 3, and continued to attack every day until June 13 (D plus 7), when they stopped on orders from General Bradley, who was concentrating his main effort toward Cherbourg.

Where did this precious bit of misinformation come from, to reach the pages of *Top Secret*? The

only clue seems to be the opening sentence of Mr. Ingersoll's foreword: "I could never unscramble my sources of information for this book."

Another flat mistake, developed at some length, concerns German plans after the landings. According to Mr. Ingersoll (p. 153), "the first enemy command decision with which Montgomery had to contend was not . . . an order to counter-attack the beachhead." Instead, the Germans are said to have moved up reserves and formed their troops into a "continuous line," ordering them to "dig in" and contain the beachhead.

Nothing could be farther from the real story as revealed in the headquarters journal of the German Seventh Army (it was captured in August, and parts of it were published in SHAEF reports as early as September, but Mr. Ingersoll doesn't like SHAEF or its documents). Hitler began to "order battles" on D Day — not, as the author states, on D plus 60 (p. 179). On the evening of D Day, Seventh Army was ordered to concentrate all available armor and destroy, first, the British beachhead by immediate counterattack. During the next week, Von Rundstedt and Rommel made every attempt to carry out this order: one after another their four nearest panzer divisions arrived and attempted to strike. Except locally at Villers-Bocage these efforts had small success, and for two reasons: Allied air forces disrupted all preparations for coordinated attack, and the British Second Army kept the pressure on and gave the enemy no chance to get set. But the Germans *had* tried to attack, and they suspended the effort about D plus 7 only in order to build up more armored striking force before resuming an offensive at Caen.

They never got this force built up, and their own detailed records show why: Allied attacks kept the German lines fully strained, and forced them to fritter away offensive units in defensive work.

Having attributed to the German command a policy which was the reverse of the facts, Mr. Ingersoll turns (pp. 156-163) to Field Marshal Montgomery's policy, which was to go on the offensive at Caen about D plus 7. The author makes it clear that he considers that this "bold decision" was made for motives of personal prestige, and that it was a great error. But he also makes it clear that he has forgotten salient features of the invasion plans. On p. 156 he sums up the general situation about D plus 7: "So Commander-in-Chief Montgomery's problem, as soon as sufficient forces had landed to give him troops to command, was to break out from the Bocage country somewhere."

This statement ignores the Overlord-Neptune plan, which assigned certain definite first objectives to be attained by the Allied armies during the first few days and weeks while the lodgment area was being built up. Most of these objectives had yet to be reached: Cherbourg and the Cotentin and St-Lô had not yet been taken by the Americans; the British had not yet taken all their D Day objectives, notably

Caen, and did not have the country just south of Caen, which was suitable for airfields.

Unless the Overlord-Neptune plan was to be immediately departed from, the British should certainly go on the offensive to round out the beachhead assigned to them. And this they did, and this was the battle "of his own making" and the nature of the "bold decision" that Montgomery made! Whether he hoped for major results in doing it, and whether he expected to achieve a break-through and personal fame, are beside the point, which is that he had to attack at Caen or disregard the whole Allied plan — leaving the initiative to the Germans on their strongest sector.

Mr. Ingersoll often shows a fondness for arguing by implication. In connection with Montgomery's decision to go on the offensive toward Caen, the author implies that the British commander could have done much better, if he *had* to attack, by using American divisions to aid the effort instead of making it an all-British show — (p. 157) "the bold decision to defeat the German Army facing him immediately, with his own British Second Army and without any assistance at all from the Americans to the west of him."

Let us do what Mr. Ingersoll does not do, and look at the situation of the American forces to the west on D plus 7. In the Cotentin, VII Corps was still trying to get past Montebourg on the road to Cherbourg, and the peninsula was not yet cut. Carentan had just been captured, but this narrow link between General Bradley's two beachheads was threatened with enemy counterattack from the south. Of the four divisions of V Corps, next to the British and holding the most advanced positions inland of any Allied force, one armored unit had been sent to Carentan and two divisions were engaged in a fierce effort to carry Hill 192 and make progress toward the important objective of St-Lô. This leaves the 1st Division, out in a salient at Caumont, facing elements of the fresh 2d Panzer Division, which had just defeated British spearheads at Villers-Bocage, and expecting attack itself. Will Mr. Ingersoll explain how use could be made of American forces in his attack near Caen, without prejudicing the drive on Cherbourg, the defense of Carentan, or the push toward St-Lô?

3

As with Overlord-Neptune, so with the great break-through operation named Cobra: Mr. Ingersoll is so reticent with information on what the orders for that operation were, what its stated objectives, and what the main lines of its development, that one may find it hard to decide whether he really knows the plan, the orders, and the moves. Certainly on one major aspect there is wide room for doubt. Where does Mr. Ingersoll think the main forces of Third Army went after passing Avranches and the German flank after

August 1? Implying great disapproval, he tells us (pp. 184–185) about two of General Patton's armored divisions going into Brittany, while the German counterattack toward Avranches was stopped at Mortain (August 7–12). That is all we know about Patton's columns until the point (p. 187, 4th paragraph, shows that it is *after* Mortain) where Patton is pictured as arguing for going to Paris, and Montgomery is arguing for an envelopment.

As far as the reader knows, no American forces have yet turned east from Brittany, and we are left to assume that that decision is made by Bradley at this time. Why has Mr. Ingersoll passed over in silence the fact that two of Patton's corps (followed soon by a third) had turned east after debouching from Avranches, while one went into Brittany? And that by August 6, Patton's columns were already far on the deep flank and rear of the Germans attacking at Mortain? That by August 9, le Mans had been captured, and Argentan was reached by August 12, so that the envelopment was already a fact? At the very least, these omissions hardly help the reader to understand General Bradley's real problems or decisions at this stage.

But the most remarkable example of Mr. Ingersoll's unawareness of main operational facts — and one about which there can be no slightest doubt — concerns the First Army offensive of July 3–20, which led up to and made possible the Cobra breakthrough. It was no small affair; three corps and part of a fourth were involved, and some twelve divisions. The gains were meager — five to ten miles on a forty-mile front, including la Haye-du-Puits, St-Lô, and Hill 192. The losses were perhaps the heaviest for any comparable period of the war in Europe; divisions like the 79th, 90th, 83rd, 4th, and 29th were losing up to 500 men a day in continuous, savage battle. XIX Corps lost about 12,000 soldiers; over-all losses were between 30,000 and 40,000. Months later, units that had part in this, the “Battle of the Hedgerows” *par excellence*, remembered it as their hardest period of the European war. Though it did not reach most of the original objectives assigned, this offensive did achieve major results: it got First Army out of swampy, low ground and into terrain where the break-through effort could be, and was, launched.

Much more of military interest could be said about this battle. But the point to note here is that Mr. Ingersoll either doesn't know about it at all, or (you can take your choice after reading the short paragraph at the foot of p. 164) *he places the action in June before the fall of Cherbourg!*

He tells us that General Bradley, using less than half his force in the drive toward Cherbourg, had “plenty for his other divisions to do.” “The order was to attack constantly inland, away from the marshes and the flooded areas back of where the

peninsula joins the mainland. The attacks were unspectacular; some of them were obvious and heavy-handed . . . involving heavy casualties. But through the weeks they edged forward until, *by the time Cherbourg fell* [my italics], they had spread some miles south from the base of the peninsula. Now the Americans had room to maneuver, with a net of good roads.”

If it referred to July, this summary would correspond roughly to the costly offensive that led up to Cobra. But placed before the fall of Cherbourg (June 26), the battles described by Mr. Ingersoll exist only in his own imagination. In actuality, until July 3 our forces at the base of the Cotentin were on the defensive.

As for July, the author maintains a strange silence on any events of that month before Cobra: the more strange because Mr. Ingersoll has told us that, Cherbourg captured, Bradley was “set to go.” And when did he go? You may search the pages of *Top Secret* in vain to find what Bradley and First Army did from June 26 to July 25. Surely one of the strangest periods of quiescence in military annals — if it were true!

It would be hard to find a more basic or total misconception of main operations than is here involved. And the error could be followed further — except that there is evidently no use in asking Mr. Ingersoll if he knows the relation of the July battle to the Overlord-Neptune plan; or its relation to Montgomery's orders (these orders, mentioned at bottom of p. 165 as though they were not followed, actually led to the early July offensive); or even to inquire if Mr. Ingersoll realizes that the code name of this July battle was Lucky Strike, since he attaches that name to the break-through campaign (p. 168).

Other more or less pointed queries could be put about other parts of the French Campaign, but enough has been noted here to suggest a tentative conclusion: facts are sometimes the pay-off, and when he wrote *Top Secret*, Mr. Ingersoll remembered little of the fundamental military operations which he takes it upon himself to appraise and judge. And beyond that conclusion, two opinions: that his appraisals and judgments are not likely to be better than his knowledge of the main features of the operations; and that the care (or lack of it) shown in dealing with simple facts is an index to the validity of the author's far-reaching interpretations and criticisms.

For me, *Top Secret* was particularly uncomfortable reading because Mr. Ingersoll and I agree so completely on one point; for me, as for him, General Bradley is *the* great field general of the war in Europe. And for this very reason, and also because of my estimate of his character, it seems entirely unnecessary and unfitting to give General Bradley a build-up at the expense of his commander, his allies, his fellow generals, and — above all — of the facts.

MY WRESTLE WITH ENGLISH

by HUGO JOHANSON

I

COMPARATIVELY few persons write for publication in a language adopted after they have reached maturity. The dread of "pen vaulting" from one language to another is particularly noticeable in members of the intelligentsia. An illuminating as well as an amusing example came to light in the November *Atlantic Monthly*, where Dr. Einstein's discourse on the atomic bomb appeared under the rubric: "As told to Raymond Swing." Seemingly the physicist in question had amassed during his twelve years here sufficient English and courage to converse with a ghost just in from the airwaves, but not enough self-confidence to approach us mortals in writing.

Since Dr. Einstein is well along in years and a shy, busy man to boot, his hesitancy to leap is understandable. On the other hand, the tardiness of transplanted professional authors is baffling. For instance, how many of the American literary expatriates who invaded France in the early twenties, remaining there in many instances until the late war sent them packing, have written bread-and-butter belles-lettres that didn't have to be translated by the hostess?

It may be countered that they went there for a change of mental climate, not for a change of language. This is plausible: no one goes abroad because he is weary of expressing himself in English; but, is it possible to be one with the mental climate of the land of one's choice without taking its form — that is, its language — to one's bosom?

I should say, no. Having had my say, I must confess that it isn't based upon actual intimacy with *émigré* authors or uprooted intellectuals, but upon lone tribulations as a poor relation to them both. The kinship cannot be denied for I, too, came to the United States when well along in my unformative years, and during the following dozen of them I

A son of Sweden, born in 1895, who came to the United States midway in a seafaring career, and who now lives in California, HUGO JOHANSON has triumphed over that difficulty which used to confront Joseph Conrad: the difficulty of writing precisely what he meant — in English.

During the past decade Mr. Johanson has contributed a number of notable essays and short stories to the *Atlantic*, among the best remembered being "June in St. Petersburg" (June, 1937), "Barbro and Her Menfolk" (November, 1938), and "My Hotels" (March, 1946).

wrote nothing more profound in English than filling out an occasional laundry list. But, unlike my betters, I didn't write anything in my native language either; in fact, I wasn't an author at all. I was part of a social stratum where the closeness of the bunks and the bitterness of the gripings regulated the density of the neighborhood and the outlook.

Books kept me down. It is unlikely that anybody, unless he be a publisher's reader, could have read so much and yet remained so unimproved as I was. Social workers blamed my good reading for my poor circumstances. As early as 1911, in Europe, a *diakonissa* from a seafarers' rescue ark who came upon me in a lodging house as plain as sin, where I used to hole up between voyages and read myself full, endeavored to elevate me from my pallet of straw and paper-backed fancy to her bulwarks of pine and faith. At my assurance that I was ready to turn over a new leaf, she threw in the tract and fled.

But long before that I lived on frontispiece for breakfast and finis for supper. At five, I was declared decadent and sent to school a year ahead of time for reading Boccaccio's *Decameron* unexpurgated; at six, I sat at the back of the class and enjoyed Strindberg on the sly; at seven, I played truant so that I might take up German and French in the switchyards by copying and translating the lettering on the *Güterwagen* and *voitures de luxe* which came over from the Continent on the Trelleborg-Sassnitz train ferries; an outcast at fourteen, I was sent to sea with a *psalmbok* so spick-and-span that it fetched me a bedraggled *Also Sprach Zarathustra* in trade.

In between the poisonous *rarae aves*, I devoured the pistoled and tomahawked fry that boys everywhere feed on; at times of dearth, I dimmed my facial expression from depraved eagerness to angelic nothingness and gained admittance to the waxed center tables of restricted parlors, upon which were arranged volumes of defeat and comeback, courtship and bliss, soil and sacrifice, doubt and piety, dialect and wagishness, authored by Scandinavian soul mates to Howells, Stockton, Egglestone, Garland, Mitchell, and Dunne.

The moment I arrived in the United States, the free press introduced me to the facts of English for a nickel. Their headlines, together with the photo-

graphic evidences underneath — the displayed cadaver, the flaunted thigh, the confident moulder, the multi-wed darling, the slobbering winner — taught the meaning of “crime,” “sex,” “politics,” “cinema,” and “sport.” Every extra was a *First Reader*, every scoop a *Primitive Primer*. Thanks to them, I soaked up grammar in the graft, syntax in the sob section, and alliterative composition in the alley compost at large.

Soon I could make out that, by and large, the republic’s divorcees were gay, the bachelors confirmed, the matrons comely, the men self-made, the pies home-made, the lies fabricated, the students gifted, the gamblers notorious, the chefs famous, the authors and lecturers noted, the recluses wealthy, the white trash poor, the travelers intrepid, the diplomats distinguished, the hold-up men desperate, the lawyers astute, the politicians slick, the statesmen august, the businessmen successful, the octogenarians spry, the cows contented, the masses seething, the physicians prominent, the singers captivating, the prospectors grizzled, the rumors ugly, the confessions true, the stories short, the tales tall, the hopes high, the fronts false, and the bootleggers alleged.

2

SINCE I was not a sought-after person, spoken English came unhurriedly my way, and then from by-passed men with retarded diction and wandering minds, grateful for any kind of audience. Some words I understood the very first time I heard them, the speaker unwittingly helping me no end by habitually taking his time forming them. Slow curtain raisers, like “Well, let’s see now . . .,” “Come to think of it . . .,” and “As I was saying to myself only the other day . . .,” quieted my fears of getting mired in the wordplay to come; the frequent between-acts of “er” and “ah” provided me with welcome opportunities to review the dialogue so far; the ever recurring “says he,” “says she,” “says I,” never left me in doubt whose cue it was; and the closing scene’s grand finale, “Get me?” was not altogether an elegance of speech — it was also a homely reminder that, should I have missed something, a repetition of the entire performance would be gladly given.

Words beyond my ken, I left where they fell, to bob up again on some other stage where the ingenuity of the setting would give them away. As soon as I had a word down pat, I used it to think in. The up-shot was a cogitative lingo, an unavoidable mess which cleared itself up in a couple of years, and a great short-cut no matter how tangled. I still think with an accent, though, inoffensive on the surface, yet strong enough to bar me forever from being included among the pure of thought.

After six weeks of odd jobs and catch-as-catch-can English, it was a revelation to hear a recruiting sergeant use words to the effect that in the U.S. Army earning and learning were synonymous. The era was

that of Back to Normalcy I; the war hysteria was dying down; the taboo against enlisted men in eating places with white tablecloths was being reborn. During the next three years I returned and stayed out simultaneously.

At Fort Hamilton, New York, the day I enlisted, I went for the dry dust of the post library before I approached the wet hash in the mess hall. Not that the library was built alongside the beaten path: confirming Edmund Pearson’s “The agile bookworm eats, conceal’d from sight . . .,” it was housed on a shelf in a corner of the chaplain’s lecture hall, made doubly still and murky by the sign CONFIDENTIAL TALKS.

The aura of the locale had crept into the books. *The Dean’s English*, by G. Washington Moon, I got the hang of in less than a fortnight — pretty smart clip considering it was the first book I read in English and the last by Mr. Moon. Ian Maclaren’s *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* was somewhat of a conundrum. While the author furnished translations in the text for “hoast,” “howking,” “grue,” “crusie,” “birse,” “speir,” “carritches,” “deived,” “thole,” “prees,” “ettercap,” “buke” — all dead give-aways to one weaned on Norse like myself — he left “gem-keeper” and “arglebargle” to be taken for granted, an omission which in its turn left me with the justified impression that the jewelers in Scotland were forever vomiting. *Ringling Ballads* I could read almost as fast as I could stomp to the rhythm of Rose Hartwick Thorpe’s metrical feet; and I was at the Attic summit of the *Ponkapog Papers* (one hundred words high and capped with the fish dish of Ireland — Cork soles) when I was shipped out to the Philippines, which, as far as I was concerned, meant the excellent bibliotheca of Fort Santiago, Manila.

Stimulated by it I came down with a bad touch of ambition and applied for admittance to the Army’s English language school, conducted for the purpose of making clean-cut Americans out of shapeless foreigners. The school board turned me down. “Let’s wait till you get worse. Right now, you can be understood in a pinch,” it said with a Mississippian inflection. The evaluation brought me to my senses and gave me something to look forward to.

When out of bait, belittlers of the United States fall back upon the country’s lack of bookstores. My findings indicate a surplus of places vending reading matter, especially establishments in the “your pick for a penny” price range. Down on my heels, I concluded hundreds of literary deals, the most extensive involving thirty-five cents in kind or one hour’s work polishing ladies’ second-hand handbags at a St. Vincent de Paul’s salvage shop, in consideration for as many *Yale Records* and *London Mercuries* as I could tote away in a china barrel, the latter thrown in as lagniappe.

During the beggarly thirties the affinity between religious wood yards and profane bookmen was close. A morning’s forced exercise, on an empty stomach, of splitting eucalyptus wood promoted a longing for

less knotty things — say, a back-pocket edition of romance or a bland novel, its plot drawn not from the seamy side of life, to prop up against the bowl of Spanish tripe one's ultimate goal consisted of. The ordeal over, the Paymaster General peeled off four bit's worth of coupons, good on the premises, and the spree was on. The canny went to the rummage counter to pick and choose from reconditioned drawers, odd socks, and baled fedoras; the shiftless — the multitude — streamed to the NOTIONS, a department given mainly to "Read Books & the *War Cry*" and partly to ocarinas, steadied hassocks, out-of-plumb picture frames, and so on. Later, in the line outside the cook shack, more heads were buried in Beatrice Harraden's *Ships That Pass in the Night* (a work as promptly dropped by one school of readers as pounced upon by another) than there were limbs in newly acquired finery.

It mustn't be surmised, however, that the clothes-horses were non-readers. Some of them read abundantly (newspapers), some read fairly well (periodicals), none could be induced to pay for the privilege. Out-of-doors living-room readers by inclination, and scavengers and pilferers by necessity, their ready perception and swift movements enabled them to ferret out food for the mind from trash cans and park benches, unguarded newsstands and coat pockets.

The competition was brutal, well-nigh killing on the feet. "He reads the most who travels the fastest," an elderly wanderer, benched by lumbago, told me as together we watched, in Union Square, San Francisco, a limber colleague making off with a gigantic *Fortune*, which by rights of proximity and the law of Newton should have fallen to us. I tried to console him by pointing out that in the Public Library we could catch up with what had just eluded us: there, the manners were democratic, in some instances elegant. "Democratic, maybe — elegant, hell!" he exploded. He had been through the whole confounded network, from cellar to attic, he said, and he hadn't found a single spitbox located where a soul could get at it. "They keep the *Nation* chained in a binder," he added, nailing down his analysis.

I often made use of the San Francisco Public Library, and, no matter if just off a Feather River Route freight, always dressed in my best — moccasin-type loungers, half-soled with likely pieces of discarded All-Knob-Super-Grip-Power-Traction auto tires; pin-stripe overalls with hickory shirt and polka-dot leather bow tie to match; iron-weaved bandanna touching up the breast pocket with a flash of color; straightened-out hat in hand behind my back. Today, I can remember no cuspidors, misplaced or otherwise, only the endless kindness and thoughtfulness with which the members of the startled staff treated me. Classifying me as one of the many in quest of a roof to nap underneath, their efforts to keep me from careening in my seat were moving.

Usually I went there to reread *The Nigger of the "Narcissus."* It was a strangely fitting place for a

bookish onetime foremastman to appreciate Conrad in, the timid taps of the female crew dispatched in my direction by the observant lady mate, bringing out the relentless impact of a prose equal to the South Atlantic seas it dealt with. I delighted in one of the little wakers. As ten o'clock at night and closing time grew near, she used to peer into my cupped hands and whisper, ever so zephyr-like, "Good morning, Mister."

3

IN the summer of 1936, I turned to writing. Much boded well for such a venture: I had come into a cubicle of my own and been trusted with an overage typewriter. What drawbacks I could put my fingers on at the time were easily overcome. As the kitchen table was the base for my colony of zebra finches, I drafted the bed for a desk. In lieu of my chair, which I had lent to a wedding reception across the hall, where it had collapsed in the ensuing brawl, I sat down on the fireless cooker and conceived ten thousand words more or less, as rapidly as I could peck. I basted the many pages cleverly into the shape of a child's copybook and mailed it to a monthly of parts.

A few days later, I received a telegram — the editor was "considering." The guarded message ended, "Can you mail documents showing where you have been?" Poorly documented, I sent him, together with other grim and grimy strictures, a letter of credit made out in my favor by the Registry for Homeless Men and "good for two meals a day at the Community Kitchen." That made him bite for good.

My narrative was published in due time. It didn't come up to my expectations. I didn't mind that it had been cut down to about five thousand words (I had been so informed), but it seemed queer that the handsomest words were among those deleted, and furthermore, many of the words left in had been denuded and wronged until not quite themselves. Not possessing a dictionary or knowing a person who went in for such things, I set out for the Public Library to gather data for a scholarly protest. I entered it, head high as behooved a literatus; I slunk out via the back stairway.

An hour's wrestling with the Oxford *New English Dictionary* had taken the yeast out of me. I had had too many vocables in my cask. One word leading to another, I had brewed still more on the spur of the moment until, unable to bung them up, I had let them brim over. My grammar was selfish: taken in here and let out there, it suited nobody but myself; and my spelling was on a par with the average college sophomore's. I remembered that the publication hadn't sent me any author's proof to correct. Up to its neck in the billowy foam of my draught, it must have been deadly afraid of any backwash.

Reduced to small beer, I fell afoul of an assorted set of misgivings. In most respects, I suppose, they were of the kind transplanted professional authors

would be beset with. Did bilingualism conduce to Tower of Babel prose? I fretted. Would the sands of time run out faster than a perfect command of English could come in? The latter was a tormenting question to a man who took no stock in the inanity that the flood tide of life begins when hair and agility ebb.

And how about the qualities of the English language? Of course, I didn't have to ask myself whether English was a melodious idiom or not. Americans winced when Englishmen spoke, Englishmen shuddered as violently when Americans sounded off, and foreigners reacted to the verbal disturbances of the peace by either dialectic division by fining them heavily in the form of upped prices. The phonetic values of it simply didn't matter to me — I didn't intend to lecture, nobody could tell me anything, and I didn't pluck an Aeolian harp myself. But, how much was gospel in the Continental belief that English carried weight only when snarled, "Hands up!" or abbreviated into "C.O.D."?

As for my breast-fed tongue, did I owe any allegiance to it? Might it not be my true medium? As a boy I had been good at invective. When melowered by a fresh lipful of snuff my teacher used to say that he saw in me the makings of a pamphleteer.

I didn't answer the questions — the call of the fireless cooker quenched my reasoning powers for the time being. Later, being able to afford a more philosophical seat (a broken-in Morris chair, equipped with an adjustable headrest), I granted my language debts to the old country a perpetual moratorium and relegated the Tower of Babel curse to where it rightly belonged — the ill-humored Old Testament. The sands of time I invited to peter out as they pleased, the struggle for a perfect command of English I relaxed because a successful ending of it would have left me with, to borrow from Nietzsche, "the melancholia of everything completed!"

The mere ability to write English with a modicum of confidence and effortlessness is today the limit of my ambitions. I have any number of unlikely words in my cosmos (obsolete, rare, dialectical, poetical, Biblical, and foreign), but I am short of *the* words which one born and bred to the language would use instinctively. Rooting them out exhausts me. On Sundays I mix concrete for relaxation and pin money.

The qualities of a language seldom tally when the native and the denizen compare notes. The findings of both parties are motivated by entirely selfish reasons, among which the commonest and loudest is that of incommodity. In other words, when some particular quality incommodes us, we put it down as a defect of the language. I spend hours, sometimes days, looking for words which English is getting along without.

Any degree of consanguinity is sketchily expressed in English. It has no popular word for the intimate circle a child's brothers and sisters compose (Swedish *syskon*). While "siblings" does connote "one's brothers and sisters," it is unknown to most Ameri-

cans; in my Webster it is tucked away in the doghouse (lower section). Should I wish to stress that the grandmother about whom I may be writing is my mother's mother and not my father's, I must either write "my maternal grandmother" or, still worse, "my grandmother on my mother's side." Either expression strikes me as lumbering when compared with my childhood's *mormor* for mother's mother, and *farmor* for father's mother. And I do feel frustrated not being permitted to use *farmorsfarfarmorbror* for my paternal grandmother's paternal grandfather's mother's brother.

The English-speaking uncle is another befogged personality. Unless broken down and labeled piecemeal ("my father's sister's husband" or "my father's brother," and so forth), he is, Uncle Remus excepted, mighty colorless. Whenever I hear a "niece" mentioned, I hope wildly that she is that romantic creature — an illegitimate daughter of an ecclesiastic (O.E.D.). So far, she has always turned out to be lawfully begotten, though by whom is anybody's guess: possibly by the speaker's brother-in-law. Nephews are no better off, affinitatively speaking; and aunts may be dear to us and, then again, not. (Shaks.) In either case, they remain aunts.

4

As a rule I muffle the issue when attempting to suffix the feminine noun. In my ignorance I once drew upon "traitress," a word of long standing, for precedent when terming a female deserter "desertress." I was hooted down. Perhaps by now the chair-borne wordmongers have activated desertress, but only a few months ago the more literate press wrote up WAC's on the loose as "women deserters." Other stillborn words of mine are: reporteress, calumniatress, commentatress. Yet, according to Webster, alive are: fabricatress, literatrice, authoress, poetess, poetastress. To add to the hurrah's nest in my head, I find that an archdeaconess is the wife of an archdeacon, while a deaconess is strictly in the religious line.

Presumably a recognized author may -ess and -ette to his heart's content. Danker lights of my own candle power may well follow the prevalent trend of making two words do for one. Excess baggage most often handled are "woman doctor" instead of "doctress," and "woman schoolteacher" instead of "teacheress." Somehow it pleases me that the teacheresses, especially those wedded to the betterment of English, haven't a one-word appellation for their calling, distinctive enough to set them apart from their male co-workers. It strengthens my belief in the peasant saying that the more one teaches, the less one can be taught. Certainly those who haven't much wisdom to ladle out — janitresses, butcherettes, drum majorettes, and Southern California pastorettes — take readily to having their nounal forms appended.

I have harmed English in my day, but my gravest sin against it I committed on the black occasion I used "dean and deanness" for "Dean of Men and Dean of Women" in a chance event of mine. On the back of the subsequent rejection slip was penciled: "English too clipped! By 'dean & deanness,' do you by any chance mean university people or are you alluding to some elderly fellow and his wife? Call again when caught up with the current language. The Ed." I called by return mail, letting on that, together with a bevy of dictionaries, I was dead serious about "dean & deanness" being respective heads of certain collegiate bodies or chapters. Too righteous to tussle and too smart to waste postage on me, the editor didn't answer.

When used as link pins, "of" and "in" come hard to me. Usually I forget to shove them in, and when confused or nettled I pull them out ruthlessly. No matter how I manipulate them, I wreck the English train of thought. To me, Board of Trade looks right as Trade Board, and Chamber of Commerce as Commerce Chamber. I was overly democratic the time I had down some queenly ladies in waiting as "call ladies," and I bent over backwards the day I asked a meat market attendant if he had feet of pig.

My perverse tendency to foreshorten is inborn. It stems from my initial tongue, which is telescopic in the inward direction only. The classic example is of course *privatdambadrum* (ladies' private bathroom). Picked at random are a few less *okristliga* (unchristian-like) words: *pärlemorknappskén* (mother-of-pearl button sheen); *dödsängelvången* (wing bone of an angel of death); and *sjuhundrasjuttiosjuttusen-sjuhundrasjuttiosju* (seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven).

To have on *tungspetsen* (the tip of the tongue) one word for several and to suspect hyphens of being minus signs are troublesome inhibitions when trying to cope with a spendthrift language. It is obvious that I cannot ever expect to make head or tail of the solid-word form, the two-word form, and the use of the hyphen in English, when those "in the know" — dictionaries, philologists, editors, authors, teachers, printers — know too many possibilities and nary a rule. According to one dictionary, biliary calculus is "gallstone," while its next cousin, nephrite, is "kidney stone." A second "authority" prides itself by reversing the word form; a third prescribes hyphens; a fourth compromises; none relieves my acute quandary. And is it "Sunday school" (Mark Twain), or "Sunday-school" (the *New Century*), or "Sundayschool" (myself)? I am bound to be wrong, but so is someone else.

Supposedly, a hyphen bridges words; as I see it, it divorces two words which are hankering to unite and propagate a sleek issue, enriched with the combined traits of the parents. Where a hyphen ought to fuse and shape, it invariably retards and mincemeats. The hemming and hawing and pausing characteristic of people speaking English is not necessarily a sign

of profound thinking or even, as their detractors put it, labored thinking: it is the reflex action of average souls about to hurdle a hyphen.

The native users of English are incommoded by its spelling. The prevalence of spelling*bees (never grammar bees or euphony bees or composition bees) indicates what they think they have to guard against. I didn't hear of spelling bees until I came to the United States, and then I thought they were substitute honey bees. In the old country the children either spelled faultlessly as a matter of fact or else they sat down painfully as a matter of course. I still flinch hindmost when I recollect the yearly sermon of my school's traveling inspector, a bishop of hellish mien and prophetic delivery. It ran: "Correct spelling is a chore, correct speech is a skilled trade, correct composition is a profession. Act, advance, arrive, or take the consequences! The Allfather's eyes are upon you, and Herr Svenson is still in his primé. Selah."

I learned to spell my native language twice, before and after a spelling reform. Perhaps that's why spelling has been the least deterring factor in my English language life. Pitted against the other languages I have tackled, English spelling is simplicity itself. Not cluttered up by the letters *ü, å, ä, ö*, and practically undefiled by accents, it strikes me as handsome and clean.

Now and then I have been waylaid by reformers with phonetic spelling as their instrument of orthographic salvation. Drawing upon my own experience, I opine that phonetic spelling does not benefit a foreigner past the age of thirty, taking up English, primarily because he must master phonetic notation and spoken English before he tries his hand at conventional spelling. Phonetic notation is an extremely delicate art. If used as the base for phonetic spelling, it must be learned so nicely that the learner's pronunciation of English does not differ in the slightest degree from the "standard" pronunciation, an almost impossible undertaking, first, because a person of mature age cannot learn to pronounce a foreign language faultlessly, and second, because there is no standard pronunciation of the English language. It goes without saying that phonetic spelling founded upon phonetic notation taught by a Manxman would seem highly erratic to a Bronxman, and vice versa.

English spelling may be eccentric, but its eccentricities are much more uniformly accepted and recorded than some other aspects of the language; it may appear antiquated to the hustling and bustling breed which perforce must use polish on patina, but to me it manages to present a lively language in a dignified and monumental manner.

My years in this country have netted me what I have sought — a nearness with the English language. The best I can say of it is that it is one of my late loves. In common with whatever else I love, it is unfettered by constitutional amendments, royal decrees, ecclesiastical bulls, monied pressure groups, esthetic cliques, and moronic avalanches.

THE LIBRARY IN OUR TOWN

by DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

1

BY LAW, by long life in union, by reason of lightning-rapid modern intercommunication, these Federated States are one country. By tradition, still, each state knows mighty little in detail about the way its sister states keep house. We know — from photographs in the rotogravure section of the newspapers — what the governors of other states look like. What the rural schools look like in Nevada, the man in Louisiana can't imagine. And as to the smaller public libraries — !

I'm asked to set down here some account of the small Vermont public library I know best.

When a Vermonter describes something, he can't limit himself to its present condition. He would think that not meaningful, unless he also sets down how it happened to get that way. So I'll have to begin this description of our small library in Arlington, Vermont, by a brief history of the town itself. For in our state, the libraries (in towns where there is one) grow out of the community where they stand. They are not superimposed by a central authority — any more than anything else in Vermont.

In the 1760's, at the end of what we Americans with naïvely self-centered egotism call "The French and Indian War," a Canfield ancestor of mine, a young Colonial officer from Connecticut, was mustered out in Quebec, and started with three or four Army comrades to make his way back to his home state from Canada. The little party of young men came down through Vermont — then untracked, uninhabited Indian hunting ground — and one late afternoon, happening to come to the pleasant green valley where Arlington village now stands, made their overnight camp here. Three or four years later (time enough to get the hegira organized) a group of young Connecticut people from his town (New Milford) came cheerfully back, led by Israel Canfield, to settle.

Like nearly all who settled Vermont in the second

half of the eighteenth century, they were young married folks mostly, with little children; they were mostly literate (the spelling on eighteenth-century Vermont letters, deeds, memoirs, is so much better than George Washington's that it can't be compared); not poor, as they all had household gear enough to make themselves comfortable in those first log cabins; and — this is the vital point — they seem to have been children of the Great Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, not children of the church-going, psalm-singing Puritans. In many towns they established a school almost the minute a roof was over the first cabin; later, after a school, an "academy" for higher (high school grade) learning; then a library; and then, sometimes eighteen or twenty years after the settlement of the town, a church.

You need to know this in order to understand one clause in the "constitution" of our Arlington library. This constitution, the formal crystallization into a "regular" organization of the book-reading habits of Arlington people, was written in 1803, when our town was no more than a random collection of small wooden houses and cabins in the forest. We still have it — as William Allen White said in impatient astonishment about Vermonters, "Why, they never throw *anything* away!" — the well-bound old book with its fine-quality linen paper as good as the day it was bought, its round, black handwriting, page after page of it, accurately spelled, well punctuated, carefully phrased. A group, a large group, of Arlington people (the names of all our ancestors of a hundred and forty years ago are set down at the end of the document, in the swinging, easy signatures of people to whom the pen was a familiar tool) banded themselves together to buy books for reading such as they could not, individually, have afforded to own — the "library idea," no less.

As in the compact signed on the *Mayflower* they made rules *for themselves* before the communal effort began. Here are a few samples: no reader was to keep a book more than such-and-such a time, and if he did, he paid such-and-such a fine. (Did you ever hear of a rule like that before?) Any spot of tallow dropped from a candle on a page was to be paid for by such-and-such a fine if the tallow drop was of the size of a thumbnail. If larger, a larger fine. (That's a

In her books as in her deeds DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER reaffirms the staunch independence of Vermont. She performed yeoman service in France during the war years 1915 to 1918; she has proved herself a lifelong friend of Italy and a skillful translator of Italian; and in her novels, *The Brimming Cup*, *The Bent Twig*, and *The Deepening Stream*, there speaks an American voice which has invoked a wide and friendly response here and abroad.

new one, for you, I imagine.) A leaf turned down at the corner, such-and-such a fine. (Don't you wish your librarians could enforce such a rule now?)

But — this is most characteristic of the young settlement of younger generation escapees from the severe atmosphere of the older states to the south — one clause in the constitution was that at no time should more than one thirty-fifth of the money available for books be spent on works of divinity. No sermons! The vigorous young people, still chopping down trees to make clearings to plant a little corn, still wearing buckskin and linsey-woolsey, had heard the great wind blowing from eighteenth-century France and England, which ended by blowing theology and dogma out of our daily lives.

2

WHAT books did they buy? Well, I can give you, in illustration, a little incident, quite recent in date, from one of the meetings of the board of directors now running the library. They were depressed by the large number of detective stories and mysteries which Arlington people take out from the library. "Why," asked this unprofessional board, "can't they take out more of the *good* books, the serious ones, the histories, the works on agriculture?"

Somebody said, "Let's look up in the old records and see what was the first book taken out from the town library." So they did, and found that the first book circulated from the new community collection, and one which was incessantly on the go after that, was *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Since then we have laid the high rate of adventure stories to human nature rather than to a degeneration in our local intellectual fiber.

The "good" books — the *Biography of Mr. George Washington*, Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the works of Bossuet, the history and geography of this or that town or region of New York (which happened to have an active local historian), the *Universal History* — were taken out and read too — about in the proportion which Douglas Waples's devastating studies of the American reading public show they are read now. Conquering the wilderness with axe and oxcart, or going in Ford cars to the movies, Arlingtonians seem to have been about the same.

In another way they have remained the same, too — they keep the management of their community library in their own hands, and keep those hands active. This is the way our library is run. I like to tell professional librarians about it, and watch them shudder and turn pale. As for us, we do the shuddering when we hear about the way such small, home-grown libraries are run in other states.

We run our library ourselves. We pay for the books that are bought, we are the ones who read them, why shouldn't we be the ones who decide which books should be on the shelves? So we do.

Our board of directors numbers twenty-four. When you consider that our town has had, from the time of the American Revolution, around 1400 inhabitants, you can see that our board is a very large one, in relation to the population. It needs to be large, because every kind of Arlingtonian is represented on it — men, women, young, old, country people, industrial wage earners, Protestants, Catholics, a retired professor of Latin, the wife of the plumber (one of our finest, most useful members), the account-keeper in the local factory, and the one in the lumberman's office, the principal of the high school, one of the teachers, a boardinghouse keeper, respected and admired descendant of those long-ago Arlingtonians who signed the original constitution in such fine flowing handwriting, the wife of the manager of the factory, everybody in fact.

This board meets once a month, and almost everybody comes to all the meetings. Nobody wants to miss one of those free-for-all discussions. Every other month the meeting is a supper, managed in the labor-saving rural way of coöperative effort. Everybody brings one article of food.

Our motley collection sits down, as sharp-set for the discussion of books as for the admirable home-cooked food laid out in profusion — scalloped potatoes, chicken-and-noodles, cabbage salad, home-baked rolls and butter and jelly and pickles, baked macaroni in tomato sauce — maybe, in season, cold sliced ham from somebody's recent hog-butcherings — hot, hot coffee and real yellow cream, and then pie — mince pie, apple pie, pumpkin pie. If you have ever been to a country "covered dish supper" you know what the meal is like.

This appetizing and substantial food is eaten to a roaring accompaniment of clattering talk, for the members of this group have been working together for many years, and there are innumerable threads to be picked up at these monthly get-togethers. A question which everybody has asked himself is: Why is the sociable contact with one's fellow men and women so much more satisfactory at such a meeting than at a tea party or dinner party, where the purpose is wholly sociable, where the contact is the purpose of meeting, not the by-product? The answer is simple, proved by any first-hand experience of the ways of human group life: people enjoy meeting together *in a common effort*, more than just meeting together. The anxious attempts of the hostess at a party to placate by lots of food, drink, and ready-made entertainment the innate moroseness of people who resent being brought together just to be together — how that feeling vanishes into alert eager enjoyment of effort-in-common, if only the house gets on fire and all the guests have to carry out furniture and pass buckets of water!

Well, our local library board makes an effort-in-common all right, when the meal is eaten, the dishes are taken off, the trestle tables stacked away, and the two dozen members drawn together to consider what

books to buy that month. For the decision they are to make is one which, really and truly, they and they only have the necessary data to make. They are to decide not which are the good books published during the last month, but which of the good books are the best ones to buy for their own community. Looking out over the library world in astonishment, we Arlingtonians wonder how anyone, except a sizable and representative group of responsible citizens, can decide which of the good books presented by the publishing world are suitable for their community?

How can a professional librarian, no matter how skilled technically, be in touch with the many, many kinds of people in her town, intimately enough to know what books they will read? What she does — as we see it — is what we consider only the first step in selecting books. She decides from the available evidence which are books of good quality. Whether in this list there will be books which will interest such-and-such a special group of people in town, how can she tell?

On our board, those who work in the factory know from day-long contacts with their fellows what things interest them. Those who live in the country know from years of life-in-common what their farmer neighbors will take from books. Our schoolteachers speak from close professional experience and classroom observation about children's books, and it is from home observation the fathers and mothers make their decisions. The old people know what the people in their age-group like. The young people have an intuitive hunch about what speaks from the printed page to them. Church-goers know instinctively what will be acceptable to their friends. Hunters and fishermen likewise. How in the name of human nature, we often ask ourselves, can one professionally trained man or woman, shut up in the library mostly, living with books, take the place of such a citizens' committee?

But you will want to know more in detail about our procedure at these animated discussion meetings. Here it is: we have a book committee which, before the board of directors assembles, meets with our librarian — for we have a librarian. Haven't I mentioned this before? Yes, sure, we have a librarian, with whom we are on the best of terms; and who, as far as we can judge, likes our way of managing all right.

The book committee, with the librarian, has done what all librarians do, I assume: has studied the reviews in the *Sunday New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, in the Book-of-the-Month Club News, in the A.L.A. lists, and in the commercial booksellers' lists, and from them has culled a list of books that are obviously of good enough quality to be suitable for our shelves. As the list is read out at the meeting of the directors, each member of the book committee (there are six of them, with the librarian seven) in turn gives a brief description, from these reviews and reports, of the book and author. The description can be *very* brief, you must understand,

for these twenty-four people are practiced in thinking about books. A few phrases are enough.

"... just another Faith Baldwin."

"... powerful, sincere, very depressing picture of anti-Jewish prejudice in New York City."

"... by the man who wrote *The Keys of the Kingdom*."

"... wild fantasy by Franz Werfel about life a hundred thousand years from now."

"... another story of Mormon life."

"... a Vermont boy keeps the home farm going while his older brother is in the Army."

"... good book about Japan."

You get the idea.

Then with the budget set-up almost visibly before our eyes — a pretty small one, as you can imagine from the size of our village — we start in to cut our coat according to the cloth.

3

HERE are a few of the books about which there have been, in recent years, long, hammer-and-tongs discussions. *The Lost Weekend*. Of course now everybody is talking about this strange and powerful book. When we rural volunteer book-choosers first came across the name and description of the book, it was just a book about a man, otherwise decent, who couldn't help drinking to excess. Would Arlington people be interested in reading about such a case? Some people on the board cried out vehemently, "No, indeed, there is plenty of that in real life without reading about it." Others said, "But, look, we have all known nice families where there was one such person." (A decent silence while we all vividly remembered cases both past and present.) "Modern doctors and psychologists have something very different to say about drinking from the W.C.T.U. ideas. Maybe it would do us good to read a modern book about it."

"Who wants to read a book about a drunk!"

"Well, I wouldn't want to, for *fun*. But there's a whole lot in life besides fun."

The never-ending, never-to-be-ended discussion goes on between those who think of books as substitutes for ice-cream sodas or cool bottles of beer, and those who think of books as thoughtful invitations to reflect on human life and its meanings. To get it all out — each in his own voice — does everybody good, stimulates everybody's brain, arouses his interest in books. By and by when the supply of breath and words is running low, the chairman asks if they are "ready to have the question put" — the basic formula for New England community life. The vote is taken. The ayes have it. The secretary notes that the book is to be bought.

And do you, reading this account of a rural library, please note that a book which has been loudly discussed like that in a gathering representative of all kinds of the people in town *will be read* when it

appears in the library. Curiosity, if nothing more, has been aroused. And there is more.

A novel, also powerful and vivid (consensus of the reviews) about social injustice done to American Negroes comes up. The same kind of lively discussion takes the floor.

"It is one of the rawest questions of our times. We must not ignore it."

"Oh, for heaven's sakes, that's *one* problem we don't have to fight. Hardly a Negro in our state. There are enough troubles we face every day, without looking for more."

"It's a part of American life. Just because we live in Vermont . . ."

"We can't take on *all* the headaches there *are*."

After a while the question is put, the vote taken. The noes have it. Many of us don't like this decision. But those who are outvoted waste no time in resentment, but turn, with the practiced ease of old habitués of the democratic process, to the next question.

The next book is *Focus*, that poignant fiction-portrayal of the savage sufferings caused by anti-Jewish feelings. And here we cannot say that the problem is outside our personal field. For alas! Vermont, like most places where the social aspect of real-estate values is important from a cash point of view, is not free from the ignominy of anti-Semitism. So, soberly, it is voted to buy *Focus*. We know we need to read it.

Then *The Wisdom Tree* is brought up. Somebody explains quickly what it is — not only a history of the different religions of the world, but an interpretation of the religious impulse in humanity, from the cave age on.

Instantly around the circle runs that chorus (which you have probably often heard) of "Too high-brow! Absolutely over the heads of our readers. You can't get them to read serious books. All they want is detectives." These familiar remarks are interspersed with comments such as, "*I* should like to see it, but they . . ." "Sounds interesting to *me*, but most people . . ."

After a time the chairman of the board (no, I'm not the chairman. Never have been), instead of asking if they are ready for the question, raps for order and asks *them* a question, "How many of those here would themselves like to read this book?"

Instantly every hand shoots high. And a murmur of good-natured self-mockery follows, "Well, who are we, any different from other people in this town?" "If we'd like it, why, we *are* 'most people.'"

The vote is taken. The ayes have it. The book about comparative religion is bought. And — you may be interested to hear — is being widely read in the tiny Vermont hamlet. Would it have been read, we wonder, if a professionally trained librarian had chosen it, accessioned it, put it on the shelves and its name in the county newspaper in a list of "Books purchased by the Arlington Library this month?"

Of course we do not by any means discuss only

books of value. Like any other librarians, professional or volunteer, we always set aside a percentage of our money to buy (by the yard, as it were) detective stories, Westerns, mysteries, and happy-love-stories with wedding bells ringing. But those we spend little time on. That is almost like attending to a material detail, such as getting the floor of the library varnished (our chairman finally did that with her own hands) or washing the dishes after our communal supper.

What we remember are such discussions — how the fur did fly that night! — as the one over the Bible, illustrated comic-strip fashion. You have probably debated that question yourselves and know what can be said pro and con. Everything that *can* be said pro and con *was* said, I assure you, that evening. Everybody argued in circles. That was the only time we did not stick to orderly procedures. We never did vote on that question. But (you may be interested to know) that Bible was never bought.

We remember too the evening when a quiet voice suggested that the rule be revoked that no book from the Harvard Classics (one of our prides is to own that fine collection) might be taken from the library. After a momentary surprised pause several people ran off glibly the traditional answers to such a question. "Why, those are *reference* books." "You never allow reference books to be taken out." "Suppose one should be lost? You'd never be able to replace it."

That member of the board who was asking the question (it was the youngish man who runs one of our grocery stores) asked, "Which would be better — to lose one, maybe? Or never to have them read?"

He went on to say he thought those rules about reference books were meant for big libraries with lots of people coming and going. "Here," he said, "we want to be able to take a book home to our own desk and chair and light. Those rules were made, weren't they, for people who live in hall bedrooms. And if anybody else needs the book that's been taken out, our librarian knows just who's got it. She can telephone and get it back again in ten minutes."

There was a long pause while we pondered these revolutionary ideas. Then somebody said, "Why yes, this is *our* library. We keep it up. We can have its rules any way we think it will fit *our* life best. We don't have to have other people's rules."

The question was put. The board of directors, free Americans, voted to run their library as best suits the needs of the community they are a part of. "Harvard Classics" *can* be taken out.

And maybe you think this matter was not talked over, with all its implications, at dozens of local breakfast tables the next morning, and in more dozens of stores and offices and kitchens as the day went on.

That's what it is, we think, to have the books in the local public library chosen and the rules made by representatives of the citizens — all the citizens of the town. We think that is why our books really circulate.

THE SUNSHINE OF GENIUS

by HAROLD NICOLSON

HAVING embarked upon an ambitious study of the causes and nature of the English sense of humor, I had occasion recently to read and analyze *The Pickwick Papers*, a book at which I had not even glanced for a quarter of a century. In my early childhood I used to sit upon the floor while my mother read to my elder brothers the works of Charles Dickens. I was not, I suppose, intended to understand these stories, and I would sit there, quite happily to all appearance, playing with little lengths of string, pretending that they were boa constrictors swinging like vast lianas through the jungle of a Turkey rug. Yet something of what was being read must have pierced my infant consciousness, since I am aware that the word "Dickens" aroused in me thereafter feelings of confusion, bewilderment, and fear.

To these unpleasant associations was added a few years later a feeling-tone of embarrassment. When I was about seven or eight my mother conceived the extraordinary idea that I possessed a gift for amateur theatricals, a form of self-display to which I must always have been unutterably ill-attuned. Certain of the more farcical situations devised by Dickens were removed from their context and turned into "features" or "sketches," in which I was expected to play a — and sometimes even *the* — leading part. Arrayed in a blue coat with brass buttons, a top hat upon my head and spectacles upon my nose, I was obliged, for instance, to enact the truly idiotic scene in which Mr. Pickwick loses his way in the Great White Horse Inn at Ipswich and enters the bedroom of an elderly spinster. I am prepared to believe that at the time — at the age, that is, of seven or eight — I derived some satisfaction from this performance; but when I reached the age of self-consciousness the memory of these displays aroused in me all the sensations of acute shame. I felt that my dignity had been degraded, my personality outraged.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when, on reaching adult age, I sought to understand the point of *The Pickwick Papers*, these unfortunate associations

should have risen from the shadows of the past and have intervened between me and my appreciation of what I suppose is one of the undoubted masterpieces of comic literature. The whole book then seemed little more than an artificial and most ill-constructed jumble of facetious episodes and ludicrous caricatures. Not only did the work appear devoid of all composition; it seemed to lack all reasonable content or intent.

It was quite apparent that the young Dickens (he was only twenty-three at the time), having been commissioned by Chapman and Hall to write the captions for a series of Cockney sporting prints, had started off with a purely farcical conception of Mr. Pickwick and his friends and had ended by turning them into sentimental figures of great beneficence and romance. Mr. Winkle, for instance, begins as a buffoon and ends as a charming and acceptable young man; and Mr. Pickwick himself, who at the outset is represented as an elderly gentleman of innocence and pretension, becomes in the final sketches the shrewd and calculating benefactor: the old zany in a wheelbarrow turns into the god in the machine.

These undeniable defects of composition (which can be explained by the fact that the first few numbers proved that Dickens's captions were far more popular than Mr. Seymour's illustrations) led me to suppose that Dickens had from the start trimmed his sails to the breeze of public sentiment, and thus induced in me a mood of chill dislike. In such a mood the faults of Dickens's style, which are irritating and frequent, blinded me to the bright sunshine of genius by which the book is illumined.

The increase of tolerance, which is among the many adornments and consolations of later middle age, teaches one to regard with surprised regret the wasteful intolerance of one's younger years. It seems to me today that I approached works of art which had secured the approval of minds which to my vanity appeared less subtle, or merely more old-fashioned, than my own, in a mood almost of disapproval and with a desire to expose their faults rather than to enjoy their virtues. I am today just as conscious of the faults of Dickens as I was twenty-five years ago. I am fully aware, for instance, that the following passage might well be taken as an example of meaningless rhetoric, and therefore of sheer bad writing: "The

HAROLD NICOLSON, a Governor of the BBC and a biographer and critic of note, contributes to the *Spectator* an informal essay each week. This is one which we believe will be of particular interest to American readers.

river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream." That, I admit, is very bad indeed, and there are many passages in Dickens's later work which display the same unscrupulous inattention.

I agree also that much of Dickens's facetiousness, especially when he is indulging in verbal felicity, grates upon the modern ear. His employment, for instance, of the device of polysyllabic humor is intensely irritating; nor is our present sensibility enlivened by such phrases as "auricular organ," "the metropolis," or "Mrs. Nupkins's tears continued to gush forth with great velocity." It is not that we are too priggish to appreciate the verbally ludicrous. I adore good puns. It is rather that, of all jokes, the verbal joke is the most perishable, and that this brand of humor is the one which most rapidly becomes stale. The necessary surprise is numbed by repetition.

There is one form of verbal dexterity in which Sam Weller indulges and which, although it irritated me twenty-five years ago, now fills me with fascinated interest. It is a form of quip or simile, invariably introduced by the comparative conjunction, which I am assured still retains its popularity in barrack-rooms and canteens. Sam Weller employs this device some thirty-five times in the course of *The Pickwick Papers*, and his father, who was not a man of many words, employs it twice. It consists of a tag, or "notion," which implies a double incongruity: first, the incongruity between the momentary circumstances and the simile which it suggests; and secondly, an incongruity in the terms of the simile itself. "Well, it's no use talking about it now," said Sam. "It's over, and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, ven they cuts the

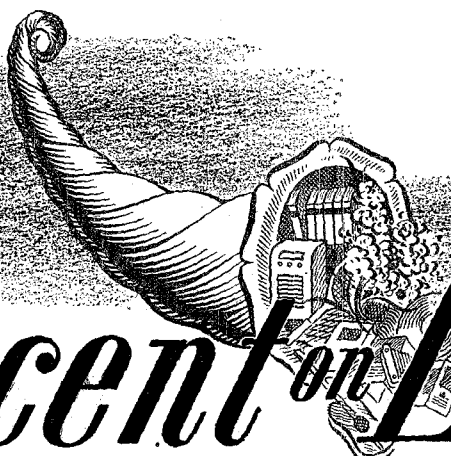
wrong man's head off." "Business first, pleasure afterwards, as King Richard the Third said when he stabbed the t'other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies." "There; now we look compact and comfortable, as the father said ven he cut his little boy's head off, to cure him o' squinting."

A large proportion of Sam Weller's notions are thus concerned with sudden murders or decapitations, and these similes, while providing a contrast with the ordinary circumstances by which they are suggested, also contain a logical inconsistency within their own terms. It is this which renders the device as employed by Sam Weller more ingenious than the facile "As the bishop said to the actress" music-hall or barrack-room type. It seems to me that this love of imaginative unreality, this delight in impossible analogies or illogical similarities, is what distinguishes more than anything else the English from the foreign, or even the Scotch, sense of the ludicrous.

Yet what surprises me most on reading *The Pickwick Papers* after all these years is that I could ever have remained unaffected by the contagion of the high spirits with which it is inspired. Is it that with the approach of second childhood one reverts to the play-attitudes of one's infantile state? Or is it that one's palate becomes sated with the refinements of intellectual subtlety and that one comes to hate Lord Chesterfield for never having laughed at a bad joke, or even laughed out loud at all? I feel ashamed of myself for having remained coldly unamused by Bob Sawyer's antics upon the coach from Bristol to Birmingham.

I have repaired this omission. And I now realize that as one becomes older one comes to value vitality, even exuberant vitality, as one never valued it before; and that after six years of anxiety, and on the threshold of a world which may seem at moments a little too interesting for our tired nerves, the boisterous energy of *The Pickwick Papers* forms an admirable stimulant.





Accent on Living

This Month

A recent attempt to eliminate horseflies from a Massachusetts beach prompted a comic artist hereabouts to predict that the campaign was bound to fail. There would be too many protests, he said, from horsefly lovers. It seemed to us a fine example of the kind of problem which always pops up in any dealings with a fairly large number of people. The scheme may look like an airtight benefaction; at the worst, it seems harmless. Yet there will always be some unexpected specialist to discover in it the most sinister consequences ever plotted against mankind. He will write a Letter about it.

Our author Frances Eisenberg (page 139) reports on how the inner councils of radio networks react to the constant possibility of getting a Letter. One gathers that they take these things rather seriously in radio. Newspapers take Letters just as seriously, of course, but sometimes for exactly the opposite reason. Radio may feel that heads must roll if even a single squawk is heard. But we know one newspaper publisher who accounts for a particularly idiotic columnist in his pages by the great number of denunciatory letters provoked by the column. The letters show, he says, that people are reading the column. This makes him very happy, although the amount of paper thus wasted by his columnist and the correspondents in the course of a year is obviously enormous.

Without too much stretching, M. F. K. Fisher's views on the youthful appetite (page 134) could apply equally well to adults. We can only guess at how many of the world's ills are caused by poor timing in regard to food, quite apart from its quality and quan-

tity. Gromyko often sounds to us like a man who tries to make his major decisions before breakfast instead of waiting, as he should, until the coffee has taken hold.

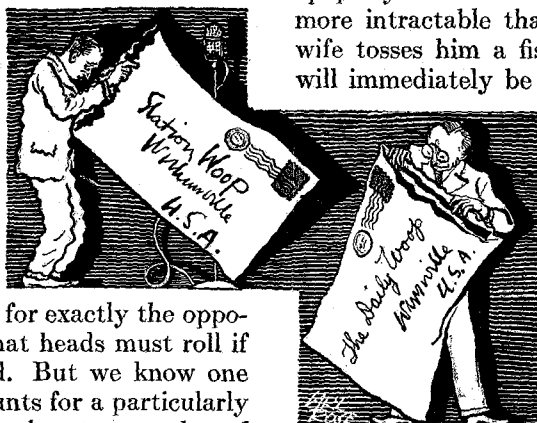
The final fifteen minutes before dinner are another risky period for any householder, a breeding point for small arguments which sometimes lead to divorce and crimes of violence. Just as she keeps a first-aid kit, a fire extinguisher, and a sewing basket for other emergencies, so will the competent housekeeper stand ready to quench any flare-ups on the part of her husband by the prompt application of food. At such times, even though he may seem headed for apoplexy or a cell in Murderers' Row, the man is no more intractable than a veteran circus seal: if his wife tosses him a fish or a bit of round steak, he will immediately be waving his flippers and beam-

ing on her. Such is the stubbornness, alas, of some women that they scorn this simple aid to the relationship and let the mean old thing suffer until dinnertime.

The easiest solution, once the officiating parson's last pronouncement is made, is that both parties shall seek a detached understanding of breakfast and dinner hazards.

Nothing of any kind would be broached until after breakfast, and dinner would be moving toward the table the moment the man's first footfall was heard on the front steps. The hunger of age fifteen is no more exorbitant, in our experience, than the 6.00 P.M. gnawings which convert even the most fatuous husband and father into the enemy of the home. Waiting for his dinner, the man loses self-control, dignity, and his own sense of position. If he takes to strong drink or evenings out, by way of self-protection, his dilatory wife has only herself to blame.

C. W. M.



FOOD

Young Hunger

By M. F. K. FISHER

IT is very hard for people who have passed the age of, say, fifty to remember with any charity the hunger of their own puberty and adolescence when they are dealing with the young human animals who may be frolicking about them. Too often I have seen good people helpless with exasperation and real anger upon finding in the morning that cupboards and iceboxes have been stripped of their supplies by two or three youths — or even *one* — who apparently could have eaten four times their planned share at the dinner table the night before.

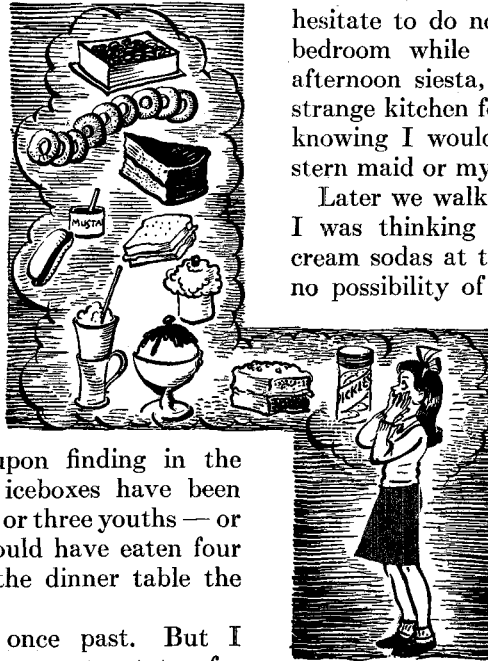
Such avidity is revolting, once past. But I can recall its intensity still; I am not yet too far from it to understand its ferocious demands when I see a fifteen-year-old boy wince and whiten at the prospect of waiting politely a few more hours for food, when his guts are howling for meat-bread-candy-fruit-cheese-milkmilkmilk — ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO EAT.

I can still remember my almost insane desperation when I was about eighteen and was staying overnight with my comparatively aged godparents. I had come home alone from France in a bad continuous storm and was literally concave with solitude and hunger. The one night on the train seemed even rougher than those on board ship, and by the time I reached my godparents' home I was almost lightheaded.

I got there just in time for lunch. It is clear as ice in my mind: a little cup of very weak chicken broth, one salted cracker, one-half piece of thinly sliced toast, and then, ah then, a whole waffle, crisp and brown and with a piece of beautiful butter melting in its middle — which the maid deftly cut into four sections! One section she put on my godmother's plate. The next *two*, after a nod of approval from her mistress, she put on mine. My godfather ate the fourth.

There was a tiny pot of honey, and I dutifully put a dab of it on my piggish portion, and we all nibbled away and drank one cup apiece of tea with lemon. Both my godparents left part of their waffles.

It was simply that they were old and sedentary and quite out of the habit of eating amply with younger people: a good thing for them, but pure hell for me. I did not have the sense to explain to them how starved I was — which I would not



hesitate to do now. Instead I prowled around my bedroom while the house slumbered through its afternoon siesta, wondering if I dare sneak to the strange kitchen for something, anything, to eat, and knowing I would rather die than meet the silent, stern maid or my nice, gentle little hostess.

Later we walked slowly down to the village, and I was thinking sensuously of double malted ice-cream sodas at the corner drugstore, but there was no possibility of such heaven. When we got back to the quiet house, the maid brought my godfather a tall glass of exquisitely rich milk, with a handful of dried fruit on the saucer under it, because he had been ill; but as we sat and watched him unwillingly down it, his wife said softly that it was such a short time until dinner that she was sure I did not want to spoil my appetite, and I agreed with her because I was young and shy.

When I dressed, I noticed that the front of my pelvic basin juttied out like two bricks under my skirt: I looked like a scarecrow.

Dinner was very long, but all I can remember is that it had, as *pièce de résistance*, half of the tiny chicken previously boiled for broth at luncheon, which my godmother carved carefully so that we should each have a bit of the breast and I, as guest, should have the leg, after a snippet had been sliced from it for her husband, who liked dark meat too.

There were hot biscuits, yes, the smallest I have ever seen, two apiece under a napkin on a silver dish. Because of them we had no dessert: it would be too rich, my godmother said.

We drank little cups of decaffeinated coffee on the screened porch in the hot Midwestern night, and when I went up to my room I saw that the maid had left a large glass of rich malted milk beside my poor godfather's bed.

My train would leave before five in the morning, and I slept little and unhappily, dreaming of the breakfast I would order on it. Of course when I finally saw it all before me, twinkling on the Pullman silver dishes, I could eat very little, from too much hunger and a sense of outrage.

I felt that my hosts had been indescribably rude to me, and selfish and conceited and stupid. Now I know that they were none of these things. They had simply forgotten about any but their own dwindling and cautious needs for nourishment. They had forgotten about being hungry, being young, being . . .

In an essay by Max Beerbohm about hosts and guests, the tyrants and the tyrannized, there is a story of what happened to him once when he was a schoolboy and someone sent him a hamper that held, not the usual collection of marmalade, sar-

Few Americans have combined such lively experience in the field of cookery and such ability to describe it as M. F. K. Fisher, author of *The Gastronomical Me*, *Serve It Forth*, and *How to Cook a Wolf*.

dines, and potted tongue, but twelve whole sausage-rolls.

"Of sausage-rolls I was particularly fond," he says. He could have dominated all his friends with them, of course, but "I carried the box up to my cubicle, and, having eaten two of the sausage-rolls, said nothing that day about the other ten, nor anything about them when, three days later, I had eaten them all — all, up there, alone."

What strange secret memories such a tale evokes! Is there a grown-up person anywhere who cannot remember some such shameful, almost insane act of greediness of his childhood? In recollection his scalp will prickle, and his palms will sweat, at the thought of the murderous risk he may have run from his outraged companions.

When I was about sixteen, we were allowed one bar of chocolate a day, which we were supposed to eat sometime between the sale of them at the little school bookstore at 4.30 and the seven o'clock dinner gong. I felt an almost unbearable hunger for them — not for one, but for three or four or five at a time, so that I should have *enough*, for once, in my yawning stomach.

I hid my own purchases for several days, no mean trick in a school where every drawer and cupboard was inspected, openly and snoopingly too, at least twice a week. I cannot remember now how I managed it, with such lack of privacy and my own almost insurmountable hunger every afternoon, but by Saturday I had probably ten chocolate bars — my own and a few I had bribed my friends who were trying to lose weight to buy for me.

I did not sign up for any of the usual week-end debauchery such as a walk to the village drug-store for a well-chaperoned double butterscotch and pecan sundae. Instead I lay languidly on my bed, trying to look as if I had a headache and pretending to read a very fancy book called, I think, *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*, until the halls quieted.

Then I arranged all my own and my roommate's pillows in a voluptuous pile, placed so that I could see whether a silent housemotherly foot stood outside the swaying monk's-cloth curtain that served as a door (to cut down our libidinous chitchat, the school board believed), and I put my hoard of Hersheys discreetly under a fold of the bed-spread.

I unwrapped their rich brown covers and their tinfoil as silently as any prisoner chipping his way through a granite wall, and lay there breaking off the rather warm, rubbery, delicious pieces and feeling them melt down my gullet, and reading the lush symbolism of the book; and all the time I was hot and almost panting with the fear that people would suddenly walk in and see me there. And the strange



thing is that nothing would have happened if they had!

It is true that I had more than my allotted share of candy, but that was not a crime. And my friends, full of their Saturday delights, would not have wanted ordinary chocolate. And anyway I had much more than I could eat, and was basically what Beerbohm calls, somewhat scornfully, "a host" and not "a guest": I loved to entertain people and dominate them with my generosity.

Then why was I breathless and nervous all during that solitary and not particularly enjoyable orgy? I suppose there is a Freudian explanation for it, or some other kind. Certainly the experience does not make me sound very attractive to myself. Even the certainty of being in good company is no real solace.

FILMS

One Psychological Moment, Please

By GORDON KAHN



DON'T you think, Doctor, that against secondary oedipal defenses I should be able to counterpose a *Widerstand* regardless of a repetition-compulsion of *Urangst*?"

The doctor has behind him sixteen years of medical education, ten of specialization in psychotherapy, and a file of enlightened correspondence postmarked "*Wien*." But he is caught flat-footed, with his mind in cement. He hasn't been to the movies in a year.

"*Natürlich*," he says, meaning yes and no. "If we rule out —"

"Rule out anything but reaction-formation of concurrent narcissism."

"*Aber* —"

"Certainly not with syndrome of hallucinatory cathexis, don't you think?"

"Ah — dreams," probes the doctor, and scores.

"And the only way I can describe them is in simple, layman's language. They're anagogic. Anagogic as all get-out."

The doctor defrosts. Here's a simple fellow who has picked up a few random professional phrases while shopping around for treatment. And now, by Mesmer! — he'll get it. "I might suggest a trial analysis."

"Where have you been, Doc? Why, that technique went out with *Lady in the Dark* — you know, where Ginger Rogers goes off into a lot of yackety-yack there on the couch."

"Just to fix a point of departure."

"Frame of reference, you mean."

GORDON KAHN is a frequent contributor, from Hollywood, to the *Atlantic*.

"Precisely. By free-association —"

"Are you kidding, Doc? That stuff was all right in *Spellbound*, where Bergman and that little Russian analyst had Gregory Peck on the ropes. Put old Freud back on the shelf along with Charcot."

"But Freud discovered —"

"And so did Columbus. But you wouldn't think of using his maps now! What about Selznick — and Zanuck —"

The patient himself is a busy man. He wants to catch *The Spiral Staircase* and *The Blue Dahlia* before they put up the night prices.

"I'll go for narcosis," he says, "the way Doc Larsen gave it to Ann Todd in *The Seventh Veil*. Just hit me lightly with one cubic centimeter of pentathal intramuscularly, and in a couple of minutes I'll open up like fourth-class mail."

And no reaching for that crock of insulin, either, Doc. This man is hep. He's seen the movie *Shock*. Twice, he's seen it. He knows what a maniacal psychiatrist is likely to do with a hypo of insulin.

Yet, before the motion pictures took over the entire bazaar of the mind, all this poor man complained about was lower-plate wobble. If he dreamed at all it was wholesomely, of Jeanie with the light-brown hair. While film stood at the psychical threshold, an amnesia victim was about as complicated a figure as it dared to handle.

The amnesiac would be made to suffer two fierce cracks on the head. The first assault was by a Daimler, on Old Bond Street, London, W.1. As a result of that, he becomes (a) balmy; (b) a noted barrister; (c) a member of the Privy Council; (d) a belted earl. Twenty years later, in Hyde Park, while he was shouting, "Peace in our time! Huzza for Chamberlain!" a Dubliner named Leopold Bloom slugs him on the temple with a tin of Plumtree's potted meat.

A choice between the distinguished bores and the characters in the back of Havelock Ellis's works is not difficult to make, in favor of the latter. But supplanting the member of the Aqua Velva After Shave Club with Lombroso's Delinquent Man has in too many instances made burlesques of science. Psychoanalysts will continue to be portrayed as buffoons, incompetents, or criminals until they make a formal, organized protest to the film producers.

It has been twenty film years since a surgeon entered an operating theater drunk. Now, when he recognizes the man under the ether-cone as Raoul Palafox, his wife's lover, just one lateral slit with the bistoury severing the . . . but no! He sweats it out, and the wretch recovers, only to go back to the Argentine — this time with the doctor's daughter.

In California *felix*, where dozens of screen writers, directors, and producers are undergoing psychoanalysis or have already been bleached out, there are enough practitioners to demand for themselves as much respect as the films give to phrenologists, corn doctors, and deputy sheriffs. Occasionally, one who is hired as technical expert is able to impose some accuracies on the film. But the analysts still listen



too little and talk too much, usually with Weber and Fields accents.

With new characters like psychotics and psychiatrists to deal with, and with every convolution of the human mind possible of photography under new techniques, the dramatic content has not advanced a single foot. The Chase ("get to the crossing and throw the switch before the Limited bisects the heroine") and the Cinderella theme remain the standard formulas.

Represented as the best thing done along psychiatric lines thus far, *The Seventh Veil*, an English importation, turns out to be vastly overtouted. Hollywood has already uttered every motion picture from which this one cribbed a bright slab. The fact that the heroine is a certified manic-depressive, bent on suicide until her psyche is ventilated by a Middle European analyst, is not enough to obscure the clichés which hold together a mosaic of *Jane Eyre*, *Suspicion*, *Rebecca*, *Trilby*, and chips of *A Song to Remember*.

Miss Todd in *The Seventh Veil* is a waif, looking as waif-like as a thirty-year-old Duse can, in pinafore and cotton stockings. She is sent to live with her uncle, James Mason, who has no visible means of support, and none is hinted at, but who inhabits a house as big as the Morgan Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Mason snarls and yaps and finally svengalizes her into becoming a very hot pianist.

Throughout the picture Mr. Mason clumps around the house with a walking stick, although there is no reason given for his limp. Having seen Mr. Mason's prototypes in other pictures, we are to assume that his barb threw him during the hunt. A simple orthopedic shoe would serve to make him walk normally. But he needs that knobkerrie. It is the most important prop in the picture. For, later, when Miss Todd at her piano tells him that she has fallen in love with a man, he lays about him with that cudgel. He wants to break her hands so that she'll never play again. It isn't possible that he missed one of the eighty-eight keys on the instrument, but her fingers weren't even bruised. What the man really needed was glasses.

Characters bent on self-destruction in motion pictures rarely do a thorough job, even though implements for *Selbstmord* are handy. Like Miss Todd, they prefer drowning. The males walk into the surf as a rule, and the girls, like Miss Todd, pitch themselves from the Embankment into the Thames.

Their rescuers are either bobbies who shout, "Ere! 'Ere, young woman!" or gentlemen walking home from The Club. In the latter case, the man has quite a tussle. They beat their little fists on his chest screaming, "Let me go! You have no right — !" The next scene finds the girl ensconced in His Rooms smiling up from behind a steaming cup of Bovril.

Throughout *The Seventh Veil* Miss Todd plays many fine pieces on the piano, including the "Warsaw Concerto," which is rapidly becoming the "Eli, Eli" of the sound screen.

Lines just as long as those waiting to see *Veil* were observed at *Specter of the Rose*, which proves to be a rather limp piece of salami. The Boy's condition could be determined instantly, even by a naturopath, as dementia praecox. He had already slain his wife at an earlier performance of the ballet, but he looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He knows that eventually he will do the same to the Girl. She knows it. He knows that she knows it. But they do nothing except repeat this cozy prognosis like a mantra.

Eventually, they are fugitives, he as much from his guilty neurotic self as from the law. She is sleepless. As soon as her head drops, he will have at her, with Ben Hecht's personal letter opener, a Florentine dagger. She sleeps at last. He dances, and with each veronica he brings the blade nearer to her throat. Finally, he lays his knife, itself a sacrifice, at her sacrificial throat and does his last leap out of the window, falling twenty — maybe thirty — stories. The picture is over before he lands.

But there are others coming, about nymphs, satyrs, and cretins, until one fine day we'll have Van Johnson back again as fun-loving Buster, the Nice Boy Next Door who'd as soon kiss a girl as break a strike.

RADIO

"Here in the Studio . . ."

By EDWIN O'CONNOR

IF RADIO had accomplished nothing else during the quarter century of its existence, it would have gained the respect and admiration of allied entertainment media solely on the strength of its bold and realistic treatment of its public. The theater, the motion picture, and the ballet, forever aware of the connection between the box office and life itself, have customarily handled their audiences with gloves of purest kid. It remained for radio to strike out and demonstrate that one really excellent way of winning

A Rhode Islander who was graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 1939, EDWIN O'CONNOR served in the Coast Guard during the war and now lives in Boston. This is his third appearance in the *Atlantic*.

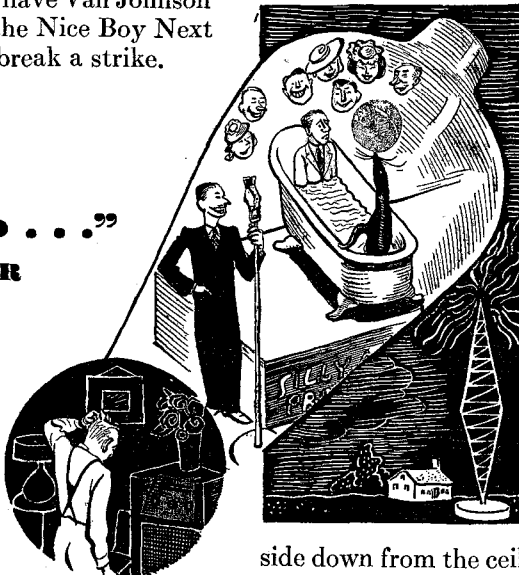
and holding a vast, sympathetic, and eventually profitable audience was to treat that audience as if it did not exist.

Back in the days when radio was content to abide by the maxims of tradition, the radio set was considered a satisfactory link between the listener and the broadcasting studio. Radio, in other words, appealed only to the ear. Now, after twenty-five years of growth, it appeals to the eye. The progress has been swift and rewarding. Beginning with those days of uneasy experiment when the listener first was to be baffled by waves of inexplicable laughter from the studio, only later to be informed that Eddie Cantor had just come on stage all dressed up as a little girl, there have been rapid strides in the direction of complete unintelligibility to the listener. And with several of its most highly regarded programs, the broadcasting industry has sternly reminded the listening public of their fall from grace and of their replacement by the smaller but more directly responsive group known as the studio audience.

At present the wooing of the studio audience is being carried on chiefly by comedy quiz programs — that is, those audience-participation shows which have as their goal the human laugh. Pre-eminent among these is "Truth or Consequences," whose twin discoveries, made some six years ago, are to present-day radio what the discovery of the artificial snowflake was to the modern motion picture. The first of these discoveries was that a substantial portion of the country's adult population is interested in playing

idiot on a coast-to-coast basis. The second was that material which had heretofore been considered the exclusive property of Olsen and Johnson and similar manipulators of purely visual humor is in reality ripe for radio. Accordingly "Truth or Consequences" went on the air: a program which could be fully savored only by those directly witnessing it; a program which drew its substance from those beholders who were willing to be half-drowned, spattered with egg yolks, or suspended upside down from the ceiling. Today, in radio, such doings are known as "having fun," and all who participate in the high jinks are referred to as "swell sports."

The principle which activates "Truth or Consequences" also bubbles within "People Are Funny," a program of more recent birth, but one which differs from its predecessor in age only. Both programs are nourished by a series of ingenious and hearty stunts, which go on from week to week, and of which the following are fair samples: —



1. There is a double bed on the stage. A blindfolded man is prompted to crawl into it, believing that the other half of the bed is occupied by his wife. When the blindfold is removed, the man sees that he is really in bed with a live seal. Response from the studio audience: bedlam.
2. A man has a pie thrown into his face. The pie may be custard; or it may be lemon, pineapple, or chocolate meringue. Response from the studio audience: more bedlam.
3. A man sings a sentimental song while simultaneously gobbling a banana. Studio response: as before — especially if the banana is pushed into the man's face before he finishes his song.

Cut of the same cloth, though with a few trappings which are properly its own, is the program "Detect and Collect." Here there is a reliance upon a valuable piece of stage property called "the big magic curtain." From time to time during the evening, this big magic curtain is raised, much as though it were a big non-magic curtain, and there behind it is the yeast of the show. Up to this point, the studio audience has not come into its own. Despite every effort of the master of ceremonies, it has been decorous, even noiseless; it is when the curtain is raised to reveal a whole stageful of cats that the madness begins. Before the evening is over, those in the studio will be entertained by visions of a stuffed grizzly bear; a brand-new "pin-stripe" suit, with the "stripes" made entirely of safety pins; one hundred and fifty "giant-size" piggy banks; and a just plain "life-size" caricature of one of the contestants.

Here is all this fun going on; and the radio audience, composed of some few million people who, for one reason or another, were unable to get down to the studio that night, is still standing by, patient if unenlightened. A few clues to the mystery have been distributed by the master of ceremonies in a running explanation, much in the manner of a man in Miami dispatching a "Wish you were here" postcard to an underprivileged friend spending the winter in Bangor, Maine. The success of this explanation depends to a large extent upon the behavior of those in the studio audience. If, instead of panting quietly in their seats and waiting for the next balloon to go up, they recall the hilarities so recently witnessed, they find it difficult to contain themselves, and accordingly they out-howl the master of ceremonies with shouts of reminiscent mirth.

These three programs are broadcast during the evening hours, but this does not mean that due deference is not paid the studio audience at other times. With an intrepidity rarely found in radio, several programs have dared to brave the formidable competition of the soap operas, and are now doing a successful business with the studio audience in the broad light of day.

Each of these shows has its own particular visual trappings. "Breakfast in Hollywood," oddly enough, features a man who tries on ladies hats! The response from direct witnesses is nothing short of tremendous. "Queen for a Day" has a figurative

horn of plenty, which is forever emptying into some fortunate woman's lap. On this program, a single pair of nylon stockings, elevated reverently before the studio audience, provokes a succession of admiring sighs, such as have not been heard since the golden days when Rudolph Valentino was stalking Agnes Ayres around a tent. "Queen for a Day," however, taking no chances, does not stop at nylons. It also presents, in dazzling sequence, furs, dresses, perfumes, jewelry, flowers, shoes, and — for a sure-fire laugh — a girdle! This is the show that has brought Christmas to America on a five-day-week basis, and for those who can get down to the studio to see Santa, it's fine.

Perhaps the explanation of all this lies, buried and mute, in the fact that three of the five programs just mentioned have already been translated into motion pictures, where indeed their particular qualifications might seem to have placed them in the beginning. It may be that these programs are whistling and marking time, waiting for television to reveal them in their true glory. Since television, as a popular medium, seems to be yet a distance away, this does not do the radio listener of the present day any great amount of good.

The reaction of the radio audience to these programs is worth noting, since the repudiation of a primary audience by an entertainment medium is news. A few listeners, keenly aware of social niceties, have abandoned their radios altogether, holding that listening to them, now, would constitute eavesdropping. This is a minority movement, however. On the whole, the attitude has been one of becoming docility, and the majority of listeners remain at their posts, just as prehistoric woman, beaten but loyally adhesive, stuck by the mate who had flogged her.

Since radio has been so successful with this radical technique of presentation, I suggest that other art forms adopt it in the near future. I propose, specifically, that on the night when the Theatre Guild presents its next major stage attraction, the entire dramatic action take place behind closed curtains, for the exclusive benefit of the stagehands. This would place the cash customers, who might be able to hear but most certainly would not be able to see, in much the same position that the radio audience is in today.

And, in place of the radio master of ceremonies, who from time to time doles out occasional bits of information, I suggest that the theater might that



night use Lawrence Langner, co-director of the Guild. Whenever anything particularly uproarious took place behind the curtains, he could emerge from the wings, with an oral footnote for the orchestra seats. It might seem strange at first, but you never can tell: it might — catch on.

RADIO

Letter from a Horse

By FRANCES EISENBERG

SOME of the people in the department were surprised when we got a letter from a horse. But it was a valuable experience to us all for two reasons. First, it shows what an important force radio has become. And second, it illustrates how careful you have to be about what goes out over the air; if you aren't careful, somebody is going to get offended.

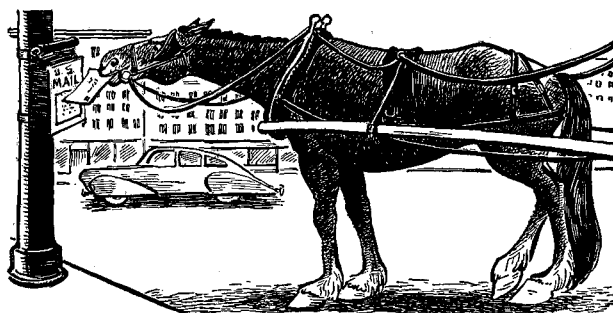
One of the aims of our company is to please each and every one of our listeners. No matter how lowly their station in life, we welcome the opinions of our audience. And right here I want to say that we read this letter from a horse with as much interest as we should read a letter from the President of the United States. Also, if it were not for the fact that the envelope had no return address, we should have sent our usual Form 415 thanking the writer for her comments. After all, this is a democracy and everybody who writes to us gets the same courteous reply. We don't care who you are. A listener is a listener, whether he eats off the finest china or out of a feed bag. At least that's the way *we* feel.

Everything that goes on the air passes through our department first. We read every word. That's why the programs you hear over our network are so clean and inoffensive. We take out everything that might annoy somebody. For instance, a lot of listeners disapprove of sex; so we remove it wherever we find it. Again, suppose a lawyer should turn on his radio and hear some character in a script described as a shyster, or a doctor hear somebody called a quack. Naturally lawyers and doctors would resent these insults to their professions. So we take things like that out.

It's a very ticklish job. You have to keep remembering that the radio audience is made up of the whole American public, which contains Protestants, Catholics, Daughters of the Revolution, members of the CIO, people who live in penthouses and people who live in shacks, Democrats and Republicans, Northerners and Southerners — and we try not to forget any of them. It's not easy, but it's our job. We want to keep everybody happy, with their radios turned on. Yet, in spite of all we can do, once in a while some group we didn't know about makes itself heard.

It doesn't happen often, but it *does* happen. For instance, this horse. Somehow we had overlooked that particular portion of our listening audience.

It happened that Miss Ellis read this particular script — "The Story Book Lady," a four o'clock sustaining show for kids, which dramatizes children's books and fairy tales. I remember Miss Ellis looked up from it with a doubtful expression. "Can a man be cruel to a horse on the air?" she asked.



The girls develop an instinct for trouble spots after they have been with us awhile. Sometimes they have a feeling that there is something offensive in a script, even though they don't know exactly whom it will offend or why. It's just something you acquire when you work in Continuity Acceptance — a kind of sixth sense. Miss Ellis has this sense developed to a stronger degree than any of the other girls, but she lacks the courage to make decisions.

"It's a dramatization of *Black Beauty*," she said. "I remember that a man did beat the horse in the book, but I wonder if we should let him do it on the air."

All the girls stopped reading and considered. "I don't see why not," Miss Olson said after a moment. "There's no doubt that people are cruel to animals in real life sometimes. I knew a —"

Miss Olson is new to our department. She can't seem to realize that it's not what people do in real life that's important, but what our listeners want to hear.

"It's the villain that does it," Miss Ellis explained.

"If it's the villain that does it, I think it's all right as long as the script ends on a happy note," somebody else ventured.

"I guess I'll pass it then," Miss Ellis said. "I don't feel right about it somehow, but I guess nobody will mind. He only gives him a whack or two." So she O.K.'d the script and sent it through, and nobody thought any more about the incident.

It was two days later, Thursday morning, that I opened the mail, and there was the letter. The address was typewritten, partly in capitals. When I opened the envelope, a few grains of oats fell out. The letter read as follows:—

DEAR STORY BOOK LADY:—

For your information I am and have been for five years connected with a delivery wagon of the C. H. Shultz Bakery and proud of it. It is a humble position, but it keeps Oats and Hay in our mouths and I don't see anything to be Ashamed of in honest Labor. Yesterday I was waiting in front of a Grocery Store for my employer to finish a delivery and happened to overhear a radio in a taxicab across the Street. It was your program the adventures of a horse named Black Beauty and all the troubles he went through. And frankly I am Astonished that you would let such things go on the air. Is this your idea of what a young Horse ought to hear? I am the mother of two and spend my life working my hoofs to the bone to pro-

After teaching in the city schools of Knoxville, Tennessee, FRANCES EISENBERG is now in New York on the staff of a national radio network.

vide for them and keep them away from anything Sordid. My youngest is very Sensitive and if he had heard your Program he would have cried himself to sleep for a week. Is it right to play on the Sympathies of young horses like that? Surely there is enough Unhappiness in real life without having it on the Air to upset our minds. So why don't you show the Cheerful side.

Yours truly

The signature was somewhat blurred.

I took the letter with the rest of the morning mail to Miss Hart, the editor, who read it and called in Miss Ellis for a conference. Miss Ellis was disturbed because she had let something go by that had given a listener offense. She explained that she had questioned the script herself and had also asked the other girls, and none of them had seen anything objectionable. It was true that the horse went through a lot of harrowing experiences, but they were no worse



than the things a lot of characters in the afternoon kid shows went through.

"Look at Arizona Pete," Miss Ellis said. "Last week he and his horse Lightning both fell over a cliff and lay there without food or water for two days."

"Yes, and some horse is going to write in objecting to it," Miss Hart said. "We're overlooking the minority groups. We're relaxing too much. We've got to make vigilance our watchword."

So she dictated a memorandum to the staff, advising the greatest care in passing any script that might annoy our horse audience.

And since then the girls have been very careful. Only yesterday Miss Ellis deleted the phrase "mare's nest" from a script, and on the change slip she wrote as the reason: "This expression is used in a derogatory sense and might be considered disparaging by any of our audience who are horses."

The Politician's Prayer

By NINA BOURNE

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

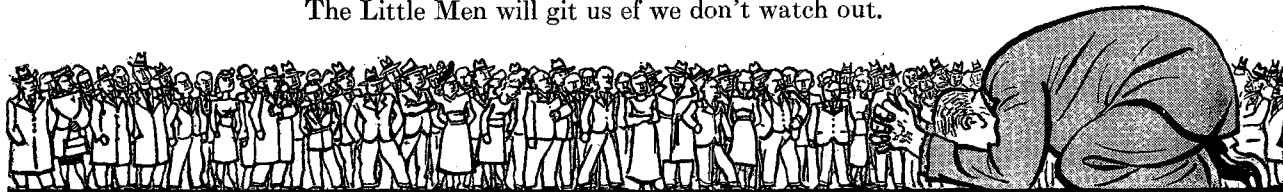
WHEN first we entered Public Life we thought that it was meet
To smile at friendly bankers when we met them on the street.
We broke our bread with brokers, yet our reputations soared.
We scarcely blushed at being flushed with Chairmen of the Board.

We never cut a Croesus dead, and yet you may be sure
Noblesse obliged: we did not shirk our duty to the Poor.
We chartered many a ferryboat. We bakèd many a clam.
We kept it in mind to temper the wind before we sheared the lamb.

But now, alas, what's come to pass! The Poor are vanished, fled.
A race of Little People overruns the earth instead.
These Little Folk are everywhere and they don't give a fig
For politicians who consort with anything that's Big.

No more we'll mill with millionaires — except beneath the rose.
And when we waltz to Wall Street, we'll go on tippy toes.
The Little People's Era's here, and if we would survive it,
Our love for Private Enterprise we must, at times, keep Private.

And I, a District Leader, Lord, beseech thee humbly. Bless
And guide our feet upon the paths of righteous Middleness.
But help us love the masses, Lord, because without a doubt
The Little Men will get us ef we don't watch out.



MUSIC

Carillons**By PERCIVAL PRICE**

A CARILLON combines the features of a monument of the most time-resisting character with the utilitarian aspect of a musical instrument for the free enjoyment of the public. More than this, it can express sorrow when a community mourns, and joy when it rejoices. In other words, a carillon is a living memorial, a community voice that will last for centuries.

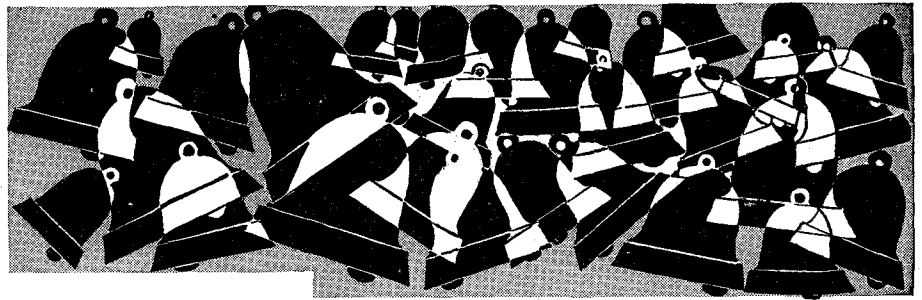
A carillon is a musical instrument using finely tuned bells, placed in a tower. Its whole historical development has been that of a community instrument. The smallest carillon might cost \$20,000; the largest, four or five times that amount. If a tower that would serve to hold it is available, half the expense is saved.

A large carillon is to a chime what a piano is to a child's toy imitation of the same instrument. Concert virtuosi play on it; in addition to arrangements of well-known music, special pieces are composed to display its effects, and audiences come to reserved listening grounds to attend quietly, as at any concert.

The bells of a carillon are of the same design as those in common use, but of superior quality because of accurate tuning. Most single bells are unaltered, untuned castings. This tuning, done by taking off small portions of the bell's inner surface after it is cast (a founder's secret so closely guarded as to be lost until recently), is what distinguishes the carillon and makes it an instrument of musical value. There must be a sufficient number of bells to permit chords and chromatic notes (two chromatic octaves or twenty-three bells is considered a minimum), and they must be so hung that wires attached to their clappers can be brought to a central point. The bells are stationary, suspended from beams, and are sounded by the striking of their clappers.

The wires from the clappers, passing over a system of levers, lead to a "console" of gigantic keys and pedals. These keys are of a shape and spacing that permit them to be depressed by blows of the fist. The pedals are usually an alternative means of lowering the keys which sound the largest, deepest-toned bells, and which require a more powerful thrust. The arrangement of keys is like that of the piano, a row of "white" ones (they are not usually so painted) projecting about eight inches, and about three inches above them a row of "black," in groups of two and three, as on the piano, projecting half as far.

The first carillon to come to the United States was placed in the Portuguese Fishermen's Church in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1922. Three sets of bells of carillon range came about fifty years earlier, but they lacked the necessary tuning; two have been



dismantled and one is played as a chime. The Gloucester instrument, though not large, attracted thousands of listeners and was soon followed by a small (two-octave) carillon in Cohasset, on Boston's South Shore. About this time, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., decided to place some bells in the tower of the then Park Avenue Baptist Church, and was soon convinced of the merits of the carillon. The largest carillon in Belgium was in Ghent and had fifty-two bells. The Rockefeller set was made to contain fifty-three, and it later surpassed all others when it was moved to its present site on Riverside Drive and augmented to seventy-two bells.

By 1927 fourteen carillons had been brought in, and this same year an American firm made its first carillon. By 1929 there were fifty-two carillons in the United States, of which forty-seven were imported.

A unique carillon, in this country, is at Alfred University, Alfred, New York. Three professors of that institution, — Watson, Saunders, and Whitney, — and their wives, formed a committee which eventually succeeded in procuring thirty-five bells from the Low Countries, sixteen the products of Pieter Hemony (1674), sixteen of Dumery (about 1737), and one by A. Van den Gheyn (1784). While not all cast to form one instrument, they blend well, and are as valuable in the bell world as a product of Stradivarius in that of the violin. It is the only ancient carillon outside Europe.

The carillon is the "horse" of instruments — it may be loved none the less for that — and playing it, like the king of sports, is cause for perspiration. Senator Picard of Brussels remarked: "Is it possible that such nuances can be obtained with this apparatus, analogous to a war machine operated by the fiendish gestures of a man who sweats as he strikes out in combat!"

It is by just such gestures, under minute control, that nuances can be achieved. While the number of bells is large, it surprises visitors to the bell chamber that most of the bells are small. Yet they must be made to sound at considerable distance, and a faint note to the player would be scarcely audible to the listener outside. In its most powerful volume the carillon is not thunderous, and its music is distinguished by lightness and flexibility. Successions of high-pitched sounds ripple and cascade, deeper ones speak with more decisive melody; and if the range extends to really heavy bells, their notes are solemn and express a majestic calmness.

PERCIVAL PRICE is Carillonneur and Professor of Composition at the University of Michigan.

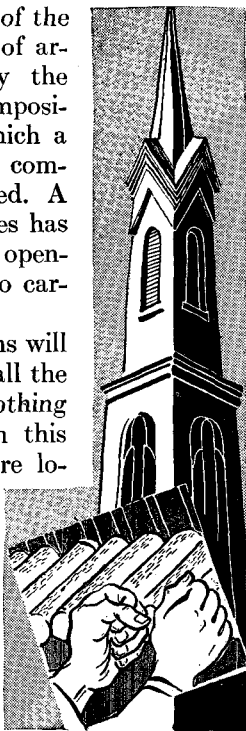
The purchaser of a carillon should make certain that he is really getting a carillon. Although the word has been in the English language for over a hundred years, — it was first used to describe the instruments of Belgium and Holland and then those of modern make in similar design and musical effect, — several modern manufacturers have striven to increase the sales of quite different products by parading them under the same name. One manufacturer seeks to justify this title by combining two definitions in the dictionary, as one might juxtapose two Bible verses to bolster an action that neither supports by itself. Another does not make even this futile attempt. Their products cannot produce carillon music; they do not even approach it as well as the “harp” stop on an organ approaches the real instrument in the hands of a virtuoso.

One can always test the instrument by trying music composed for carillons on it. Carillon music has been published by the Curtis Institute of Music, the University of Michigan, and the Public Works Department of the Canadian Government. Also, manuscripts of ancient carillon music have come down to us.

A feature of the carillon which recommends it as a war memorial is its permanence. The only major act of upkeep is to give the bells a quarter turn once every two centuries. Another feature is the variety of music playable on it. Glancing at three programs chosen haphazardly from three carillon concerts in different parts of this country, I find that the “lightest” selections are: “When Morning Gilds the Sky,” “Anchors Aweigh,” and “Old Folks at Home.”

On the same programs the “heaviest” are: “Serenade, Op. 3” by Rachmaninoff, “Spring Song” by Mendelssohn, and “Sonata for a Musical Clock” by Handel. Most of the repertoire for carillon consists of arrangements, usually made by the carillonneur; there is some composition for the instrument, to which a number of modern American composers of merit have contributed. A concerto for carillon and brasses has been performed, and in Canada open-air ballet has been presented to carillon accompaniment.

It is to be hoped that carillons will not suddenly blossom forth in all the town-hall towers in America. Nothing could be worse, for usually in this country municipal buildings are located in the poorest sites for carillons. Where they are successful in such locations abroad, the town-planning and traffic conditions are very different from ours. A carillon site must be carefully selected, and if necessary a tower built there.



You Never Knew My Cat,

Walt Whitman

By DAVID BROCK

WALT! Old Camerado! This is me, hollering after you.

(If you can address me across seventy years
I guess I can reciprocate and holler right back at you.)

I want to complain to you about my cat, you old son of a gun.

You have told fibs, mon ami, not to mention untruths,

Equivocations, whoppers, claptrap, fudge, and taradiddles

About animals, old amigo. You overestimate them a whole lot.

Because they cannot talk, you say they would talk sense if they *could* talk.

You say my cat, being an animal, is placid and self-contained.

Well, let us call it self-satisfied and I'll give you that one.

But oh, mon chou, my kabbage

(You put a K in Kanada and I one in kabbage),

When you say my cat does not whine about her condition

You simply do not know my cat, old stranger.

Walt, meet the cat. Cat, may I present Mr. Whitman? Sit down

(You on the chair, Cat, and Walt on the floor).

Make each other's acquaintance. Start grumbling, Kitty;

Mr. Whitman is going to be plumb interested.

You say, Walt, that Kitty does not lie awake weeping for her sins?

No, but she does for mine, and that is much worse.

She is never dissatisfied? Listen, brother, you err. You, errant, err on a big scale.

She has no mania for owning things? Oh, Mister!

Oh, Mister, Mister, Mister! She owns the house

And all that lies therein except one chair, yet she raises Cain

Because I want to borrow my own chair once in a while.

Not one animal is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth?

Oh, brother! Bro! Cut it out, you're killing me.

This cat, feline, this little striped bundle of nerves and conceit,

This jumper at sudden noises and sudden conclusions,

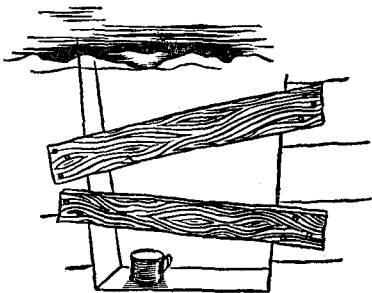
This sorry little snob . . . not *respectable*?

Not respectable . . . you'll have to tell her that one yourself

And if she's as happy as you say, maybe you think she can stand it,

But me, I'm taking cover. Let me know when it's over,

If you're still alive. This is going to be good.



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By NELSON GIDDING
END OVER END

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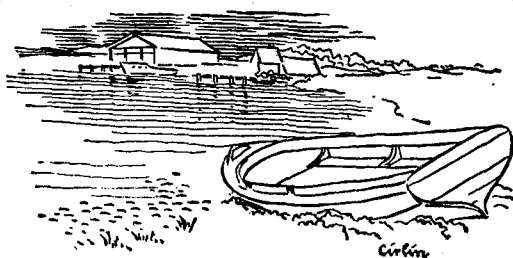
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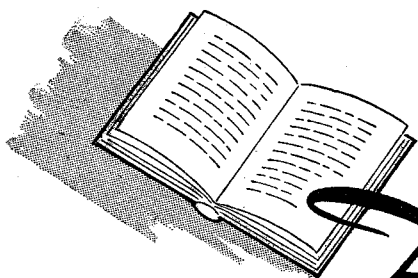
By ELIZABETH PARSONS

AN
Afternoon

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The
Jungle



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

IPSWICH BAY is as moody and sensitive as a woman. This lovely body of water, estuary of the Ipswich, Essex, Parker, Rowley, and Merrimack rivers, reflects more truly than any weatherman the changing season and the quick, the all too quick, approach of fall. Here come the low skimming flights of sandpipers and the higher, slower V's of black duck to tell us, long before the leaves turn, that summer is cooling off. The flights came earlier than usual this year, causing the boatmen to shake their heads at the omen. "Cold coming," they said, "and soon. The birds know."

The sandy moors and marshes are a natural sanctuary for the migrants and a secure resort for those who choose to linger. On one afternoon's run from Rowley to the mouth of the Parker River, I saw purple martin pairing, dipping, and swooping together in that flight which resembles the grace of young skaters, and further down I watched their counterpart, the swifts, darting in and out of their tenements in the sandy bank. I saw white crane, cold and immobile above the eelgrass; heard the protest of the shrike; saw the ponderous beat of the gray heron and was answered for an instant by the piercing whistle of Canadian plover.

For a time our little boat lay motionless against the marsh grass; and as I gazed downstream, the water fifty yards distant was suddenly riffled as if young fish were feeding. A striped bass broke surface in a curving leap; and while it seemed that he hung suspended in air, the pursuing force was revealed in the hungry ferocity of a seal's head. Fish and seal disappeared in the twinkling and were, I suspect, one. And the tide continued to run in. "Those seal," said the boatman, "they push 'em right out of water."

We were to see six other sleek heads on our way to the river's mouth, all of them feeding close to shore, and one old grandfather so stuffed with fish that he no longer bothered to submerge, but lay there logy with his beady eyes on us as we passed.

The five rivers in their confluence form an ever refreshed feeding ground for the schools that in August turn north from Cape Cod. These incoming cycles of fish recall that cold-blooded but beautiful novel of the sea, *Salar the Salmon*, by Henry Williamson: first come the squid and herring, and feeding on them the striped bass that are in turn pursued by the tuna feeding further out in the Bay. The seal just play along the edges and take their choice, while overhead the terns, hovering close to the purple-shadowed water, — sure sign of the school beneath, — dive and dive again for the silver splinters driven to the surface by the tinker mackerel or the larger perennial hunger beneath.

In times past, no time as fish go, but more than half a century for us, the shad, salmon, sturgeon, and stripers were commuters to all these streams. Then wood pulp and rubber goods, textiles, and ladies' girdles monopolized the power of white water and polluted the run. The fish went elsewhere to feed and to spawn. Cunners, flounders, cod, smelt, and haddock kept to the outer reach, venturing in on the fresh tides; the game fish made new rendezvous away from industry. Came the depression, mills closed down, and as streams ran clean again, the telegram went out underwater. The fish returned home.

There is something still and powerful in the flood tides of late September as they embrace the warm brown sedge and spill over the marsh. The Coast Guard station, the lighthouse and the cottages on Plum Island, stand out in pristine detail. If only one could hold back time and tide to dwell forever in the golden pause of Indian summer! Now should high tide and full moon coincide and the wind drop; now in a small boat trolling close to the northern rocks of Wingaersheek Beach, trolling an eel skin deep at the end of fifty yards of line, your reel is suddenly spun from your control, and as it whines, your companion cuts the motor. For at

**MY BOYHOOD
IN A
PARSONAGE**

Thomas W. Lamont's

delightful memoir of youth, which *Atlantic* readers have read in part and may now have complete in book form. "One of the most beguiling books of the entire year."—BENNETT CERF

Illustrated. \$2.50

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J. B. Priestley's

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A treasury of odd and fascinating information, by the author of *A BOOK ABOUT THE BIBLE*. "Answers a myriad of questions from cabbages to kings, entertainingly, comprehensively and factually."—*Christian Science Monitor*

512 pages, fully indexed.

\$3.50

**OSCAR
WILDE**

His Life and Wit

Hesketh Pearson's

best selling biography of "the greatest of modern wits." "Thoughtful and studious, lively, sympathetic and entertaining...enthraling reading."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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BRUCE MARSHALL

Yellow Tapers for Paris

" . . . So much brightness and charm, so much real freshness and excitement that reading it one is frequently diverted by the phrasing from the fundamental seriousness of the theme. In a very true way it is the story, not only of Bigou and France, but of innumerable well-intentioned but puzzled, infirm, fumbling men living in the world of our time and making (often unknowingly) the mean, cumulative, deadly concessions which that world so constantly demands. A really remarkable characterization, rich in knowledge and compassion, yet always delicate, never forced, never obvious." — *New York Times Book Review*

By the author of **THE WORLD, THE FLESH, and FATHER SMITH**

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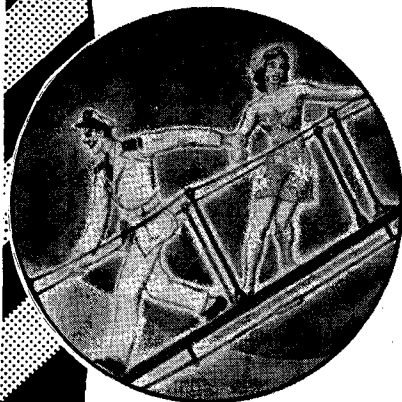
What is Mister Roberts

By THOMAS HEGGEN

It is "A SMALL MASTERPIECE," says the
Chicago Tribune

It is "A SMALL CLASSIC," says the *New York Times* and Orville Prescott says:

"Thomas Heggen is the fortunate possessor of a natural aptitude for writing and of a delightfully raucous sense of humor. MISTER ROBERTS is broadly funny in a coarsely biological Navy fashion. Instead of the leer or snigger of some writers, his hearty, vulgar haw-haw rings out with such youthfully healthy animal spirits that even the most prudish should find themselves enjoying the deplorable spectacle of life aboard the *Reluctant*. Sportive and merry stories, filled with epic alcoholic binges, ingenious practical jokes and enthusiastic concentration on the one element of a rich, full life most conspicuously lacking on 'this bucket' — women."



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the end of your leader stretching out in the black deep is an incalculable strength; now he is running away with you, and now in sudden slack as you reel in like mad, your heart sinks at the thought you have lost him. But again the rod goes down as he makes his spurt; now the pencil beam of the electric torch picks out the joining of line and water and silhouettes the dark, fierce turning shape against the clear bottom; now the gaff goes into action, and with a heave the big silver-scaled striper thuds into the floor boards; now for an hour autumn has stood still.

Hurricane warning

Along the coast the equinoctial storms, usually three-day northeasters, ring down the curtain on summer. On the clearing thereafter you notice how many leaves and branches cover the lawn, how the nasturtiums have been flattened, how the tough little asters reassert themselves. Summer has been blown away. But when in 1938 and again in 1944 the blow became a hurricane, the loss was more profound. The land was changed, beach colonies were swept out of existence — trees of a century, the King's pine preserved in the Harvard forest, the old elms of Stonington, were pressed down by a giant thumb whose reach extended as far inland as Peterborough. An island as beautiful as Naushon lost a third of its trees, many of them beeches which went back to the Revolution; or a harbor as protected as South Dartmouth saw five boats piled one above the other in splintered wood against the breakwater. Because it was the first, the hurricane of 1938 was the high-water mark in the lives of many New Englanders, who never again will take storm warnings lightly.

Christopher La Farge was one of many coast dwellers who saw their beloved home places inundated and denuded. He was shocked, as were we all, by the unfathomable power of the wind, against which man-made resistance was no more than that of a grass blade. In his novel *The Sudden Guest* he seeks to measure the force of the two hurricanes in descriptive prose and to imagine their effect upon a group of Rhode Islanders dwelling on the exposed coast not far from Saunderstown. The story is centered in the summer place of Miss Leckton, a sixty-year-old spinster, austere and self-centered, a New Englander who has made the minimum concession to modern life. It begins on that September afternoon in 1944 when the storm warnings are out and when Miss Leckton and her servants are taking the puny precautions against what may come. As she moves about the big house, which is soon to be deserted, Miss Leckton's mind goes back again and again to that afternoon six years earlier when, in the violence of the first hurricane, her house had been shattered, her elms destroyed, and her privacy invaded. Her conscience, which she had enslaved in her long life of selfishness, on that day had shaken free. And now, as the barometer drops and as the roaring of the new storm weakens her resistance,

conscience once again forces her to face the life she has denied. Vitality had taken shelter with her when her house was the outermost refuge. Grover La Perche with his red hair, the emotional Maude Cleever, dirty Harry Frosten, and the naked little Italian girl he had saved from drowning — these people, all so importunate in their own right, had by their very coming left her more terribly alone, more deserted than she could possibly have imagined. All this floods in on her as she tries to lock out the second storm.

I value this novel for its fine fidelity to New England and for its sure delineation of the battered coast and the coast dwellers. I value it for its skill in contrast: the contrast of the demoniac force without and the human sanctuary within; the contrast in effect of the two great storms — the first, so unexpected, so ruthless, the second, foreseen and doubly dreaded; and above all, the contrast in these New Englanders, these people of Negro, Jewish, Italian, and Yankee blood whose impact cracks the hard shell of Miss Leckton and reveals the heart of the story.

The White Ensign

Three sea narratives of color, movement, and authenticity have lived in my mind since first I read them years ago: the story of the clipper ships, *The Bird of Dawning*, by John Masefield; the superb trilogy, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, by Nordhoff and Hall; and the books which celebrate the audacity (and misgivings) of Horatio Hornblower. Captain Bligh, whose iron will and inhuman discipline made such a hellhole of the *Bounty*, and Captain Hornblower, no less a leader for all his self-analysis and modesty, have this in common: they were graduates of the Royal Navy in its greatest epoch, the time of Nelson, and they accepted, each in his own way, the risk, the isolation, and the friendlessness which went with command. Needless to add that in any choice we should all have preferred to serve under Captain Hornblower.

I remember Mr. C. S. Forester's remarking that the idea for the Hornblower stories first occurred to him while he was serving as a war correspondent in the Spanish Revolution; on the ground of the old Peninsula campaign he began to realize the part which the British Fleet had played in the defeat of Bonaparte; and as he witnessed the Spanish people's desperate resistance to tyranny he was more keenly aware of what the continent had suffered under the Corsican. History has a way of reminding us of certain parallel patterns in human behavior, and Mr. Forester has quietly insinuated this reminder in the historical background of each of his stories.

In *Lord Hornblower*, the fifth and I suspect final novel of the sequence, we find the Captain at the top of his powers and ripe with honors. For twenty-two years of his seafaring he has been contending against the ever encroaching power of Napoleon. His actions have made his name a legend in the Fleet; he fought

Ellery Sedgwick FOR THIRTY YEARS
EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, RECOUNTS
HIS ADVENTURING IN HUMAN NATURE

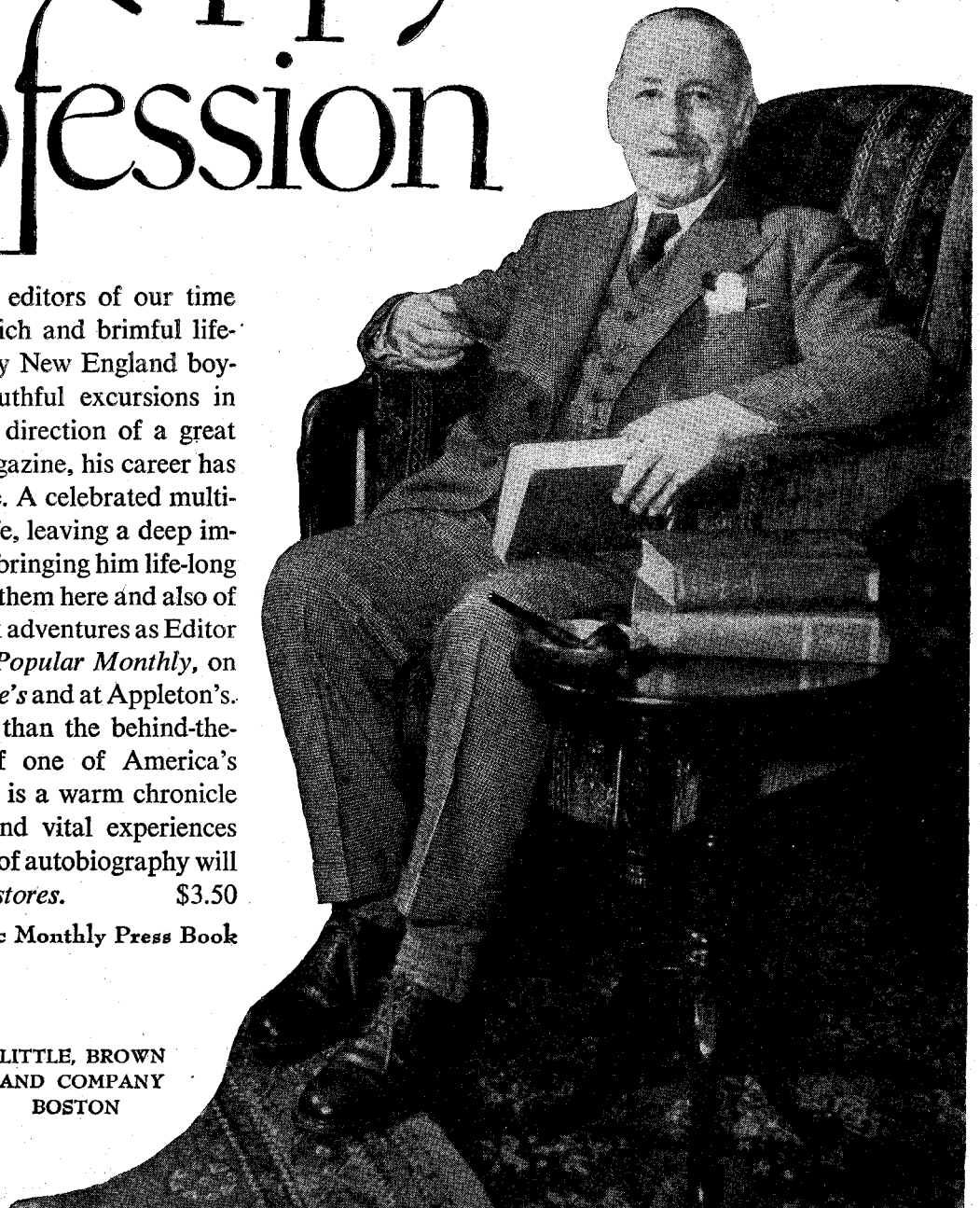
THE Happy Profession

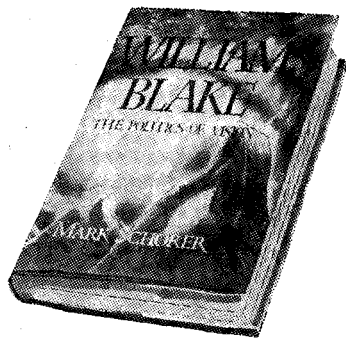
One of the ablest editors of our time looks back on a rich and brimful lifetime. From a lively New England boyhood, through youthful excursions in publishing, to the direction of a great and influential magazine, his career has been a notable one. A celebrated multitude crossed his life, leaving a deep impression on it, and bringing him life-long friends. He tells of them here and also of his early New York adventures as Editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, on the staff of *McClure's* and at Appleton's. His story is more than the behind-the-scenes account of one of America's greatest editors. It is a warm chronicle of vivid people and vital experiences which all devotees of autobiography will enjoy. *At all bookstores.* \$3.50

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*A brilliant study of one of
the greatest English poets*

William Blake

The Politics of Vision

By MARK SCHORER

- An illuminating analysis, not only of the poet's work, but of his mind . . . revealing Blake as a powerful, extremely individualistic thinker and revolutionary. \$5.00

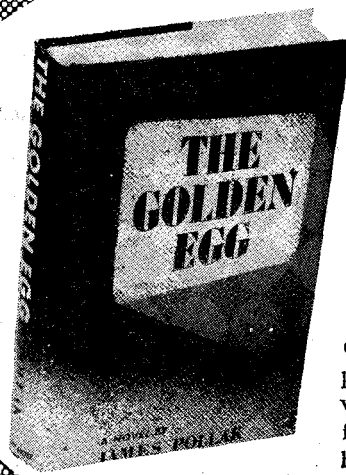


*The fascinating yet
terrifying story of a
modern sleeping beauty*

Mandrake Root

A novel by JANET DIEBOLD

- The forests and coastline of Denmark provide the unusual setting for this story of the extraordinary relationship between a young American girl and a bitter and lonely diplomat. \$2.50

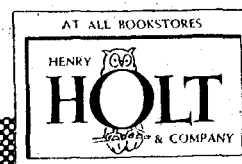


*A novel about a movie dynasty
tough, fast, unsparing*

The Golden Egg

By JAMES S. POLLAK

- The story of a movie family . . . and the personal history of a movie mogul drugged with power—who sacrificed his friends, his family, the girl who loved him, and finally his own soul—in the rat race of Hollywood. \$3.00



*Little farmers who struggled against
a giant farm corporation*

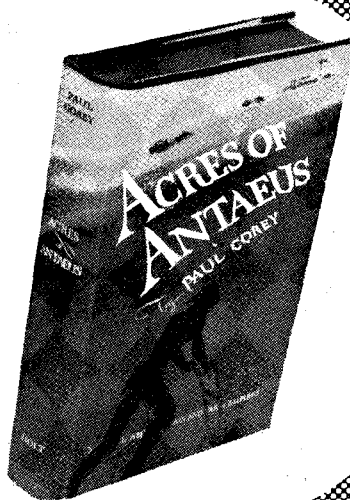
Acres of Antaeus

A novel by **PAUL COREY**

author of BUY AN ACRE

- The struggle for land between Mid-West Farms and the farmers in its path, and the effect on two people caught in the conflict, is a story of tremendous drive and power, warm with an intimate understanding of the people who love the land.

\$2.75



Blaze of Noon

A novel by **ERNEST K. GANN**

author of ISLAND IN THE SKY

- The four MacDonald brothers belonged to that gallant, reckless band of men who first flew the mails. Lucille married one of them but found she was a part of all their lives.

\$2.75

Women, Inc.

A novel by **JANE KESNER MORRIS**

- About career girls, those trim, tailored girls who work in offices in big cities . . . their men and their maybe's, their dreams and disillusionments, their secret loves and shared excitements.

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Running the Country

Edited by **A. N. CHRISTENSEN**
and **E. M. KIRKPATRICK**

- How the American government works—a stimulating, comprehensive collection of articles on the many facets of our democracy in action, by over a hundred noted authors.

\$3.95

With contributions by

LOUIS ADAMIC	MAX LERNER
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Selected Poems

By **RAYMOND HOLDEN**

- Written over a period of thirty years, these verses show the craftsmanship and literary taste that have earned for Raymond Holden a secure place in American literature.

\$3.00

to the death at Rosas Bay, struck his colors, was taken prisoner by the French, and escaped; he has risen from humble lieutenant to be Knight of the Bath. He has survived his first dowdy wife to become in his high rank the husband of Wellington's sister, Lady Barbara Wellesley. He could sit pretty. But ashore Horatio is a fish out of water, and when in 1813 he is ordered to suppress a mutiny which is threatening to infect the Channel Fleet, he feels the old incentive in his blood and enters expectantly on what is to prove the final phase of his long personal struggle against Bonaparte.

What makes Hornblower so appealing is that he constantly regards himself with the inner eye. In his own sight he is a "fortunate plodder" — a sailor who is always seasick before he can gain his sea legs; a disciplinarian who hates the cat; a leader who, in the pause before engagement, is torn by doubts of his own judgment. The beauty of Mr. Forester's portrait is that we see the Captain as others saw him, through the eyes of Brown, his body servant, or through the eyes of Captain Bush, his most devoted lieutenant; we see him as the crew saw him when, cramped by his tiny cabin, he comes on deck, strips, and has buckets of icy water thrown on his bony frame; or when he heads the ship's company skylarking to warm the blood before they assault Le Havre. He is, as I have said, at his best at sea; when ashore he can be diplomatic, but he can also be as bored or as vulnerable as any sea dog. France, whom he helps to liberate, almost seduces him, and Marie de Graçay, who once assisted him to escape, almost breaks his bonds to Barbara. With Boney shut away on St. Helena, all Horatio can look forward to is a peerage, the red tape of the Admiralty, a London club, and the elegance of Barbara's drawing room. But that, I surmise, would hardly be enough to keep him happy.

MASTERPIECES WEEKLY

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

A BOOKISH man, I have but a modest income, yet it is a wonder to me I have any of it left. For I have subscribed to the *Publishers' Weekly*, thinking in my simple bookish way I would learn something about trends in literature. And my goodness, have I learned! It is clear to me that if I am going to live the modern, complete, cultured, terrifying, informed, masterful, compelling, up-to-the-minute, powerful life the publishers plan for me, I shall be broke and breathless in six weeks. Either that or I shall have to cancel my subscription.

Let me stick to the issues of July. The thought of the bombardment I am going to get in August, September, October, November, December, and so on, until my subscription runs out, is a little more than I can take when I think of the startling, fas-

cinating, racy, brilliant, bawdy, strange, shocking, informative, inimitable, interpretative volumes the publishers have planned for me to read. Besides, the *Publishers' Weekly* gives, to a privileged few, information about books from two to three months before they appear, and judging from what is laid out for me in the July issues, I am going to be too busy with my palpitating, expertly told, engaging, sympathetic, heartening, rousing, romantic, beautiful, immensely readable volumes described in July to have time for the October issues of *PW*. Miss Mildred C. Smith tells me on July 27 that "the book industry has been one of the little islands of comparative calm in the restless seas stirred up by the lapse of OPA," but now that OPA is back again, the literary tempest this fall is going to be marvelous, unprecedented, record-breaking, nationally advertised, and something to set America thinking.

Take fiction, for instance. Right away, on the very first pages for July 6, I find my fall reading is going to open with the most famous book of 1946, a direct story expertly told, although the author never intrudes or points a moral, which takes on meanings from what we have all noticed in the affairs of the world. This is *Animal Farm* by George Orwell, and it is the dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for September, and there are to be only 50,000 other copies in the first printing, so I shall have to buy fast to be among the lucky few first purchasers.

Another publisher is bringing out, late in August for only \$2.50, an adventurous tale of romance, intrigue, and murder in the vigorous days of America's youth. But then, for \$2.00, I can buy a new kind of murder mystery as thrilling and terrifying as the Atomic Age we live in, with bombs all flying south to reach their targets in a world waiting in terror and mad with fear, and a girl suddenly appearing on the glacier above Burrow 89, whatever that address means. It's a story that might happen tomorrow, and I don't see how I can afford to miss this contest between push-button death and the men who live to extract a horrible vengeance from history's most ruthless criminal.

And then there's Rex Stout's first full-length Nero Wolfe novel in six years, which will be backed for the largest sale Stout has ever had. And I'll have to learn who the distinguished new author is whose robust, earthy novel of nineteenth-century Italy, which weaves a love story, the struggles of a simple parish priest, and the lives of the people in his village in an extraordinary, rich and colorful texture, appears in October. It seems to me I'll have to have a go at it, unless I get sidetracked by the suspense novel that follows no previous mystery book pattern, which the Crime Club people are publishing earlier. This is an intensely written story of suspense and personalities, and includes an awakening surge of passionate love, being violently shaken by death, and a heroine who is intricately involved. I see also I am going to need the book of practical

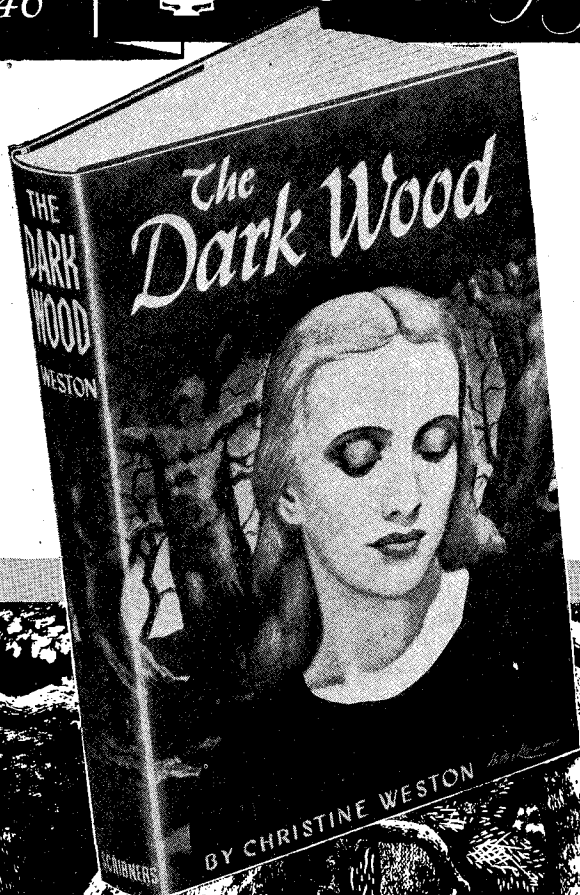
1846



A Century of Publishing



1946



First Printing 825,000 copies

Literary Guild Selection for September

THE DARK WOOD

by
CHRISTINE WESTON

Author of "Indigo"

HERE is an enthralling adventure in the dark wood of human emotions. It is a novel in the tempo of today . . . the story of a group of fully realized characters enmeshed in one of the strangest problems that ever concerned human minds and hearts.

It is the story of a young war-widow whose life went to pieces after her husband's death in action. Then by chance she saw a man whose likeness to her husband was startling. She determined to meet him—and when she finally did, there began one of the strangest love-stories ever chronicled in fiction . . . a story that moves swiftly through scenes and situations charged with drama to a stunning climax and a satisfying conclusion.

\$2.75

at all book stores, \$2.75

THE AMERICAN SCENE

by HENRY JAMES

with an introduction by W. H. Auden

This new edition of a long out-of-print book presents Henry James in his most perceptive and readable style. It is a description of American cultural and social centers of the 1870's and 1880's and is "a prose poem of the first order" says Mr. Auden. Illustrated from contemporary photographs.

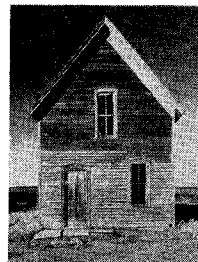
\$5.00

THE INHABITANTS

by WRIGHT MORRIS

The 52 full-page photographs and accompanying text of this book achieve a startling and remarkable fusion of pictures and words. There are no people in the photographs. The text is *all* about people. The text and pictures are subtly and definitely joined in a uniquely effective treatment of the American scene and folkways.

\$3.75



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy to help folks get ahead — the “how” book of successful living, brightly written, gayly illustrated, and packed with the punch that makes book sales — that is already out.

The best-selling novel of the fall season has its picture on the cover for July 13 — a dramatic, exciting historical novel of a ship, the men who sailed her, and the women they loved. Besides, \$10,000 advertising will start the campaign for this major new novel. I see I’m in for it, because August is producing a compelling book of mental crack-up for an ever expanding market, filled with characters who are individuals but who have retreated from reality. The same publishers are bringing out another novel, too, about the exciting and eternal conflict between one who is normal and one who is a fanatic, so I can see what they mean by an ever expanding market.

But hold on — Reynal and Hitchcock promise to lead me into a cobwebby, candle-lit world, just the other side of human experience, a strange, intense story that unfolds, which I mustn’t confuse with another exciting first novel, which captures the lush color and vibrating rhythm of the South American jungle, wherein simple, dignified people are brought into sharp focus as they struggle against the corruption and exploitation of the outer world. After the half-lit domain in which I expect to be immersed, it will be a relief to come back to the drama, sorrow, and achievement which fill the pages of Miss Josephine Lawrence’s — a first-rate novelist — most engaging, most sympathetic, most heartening story of Minnie Fearing, who is a real woman, deeply appealing, whose victory over doubt and adversity thousands of readers will share with me as a personal triumph. I think I’ll return to normalcy all right, because Appleton-Century have a promotion and advertising campaign worthy of a top best-seller, as they tell me, now in the works.

But fiction is a one-sided diet, and I must save time for serious reading. A giant rises, in all his vast and lusty splendor, from a biography coming in late autumn and sold under the new Viking Protection Plan. Viking is filled with eagerness. It is exciting, they tell me, to present one of literature’s greatest personalities as portrayed by one of our generation’s foremost biographers. I won’t tell who this is because I don’t want to be unfair to the fascinating story of a man on the previous page, also under the Viking Protection Plan, a man who played a major role in vital issues. This book is going to be one of the year’s big biographies, because it is the masterful portrait of a great American.

I hope Viking gets away with it, because they are also going to publish a warm, human, revealing book which will remain a contribution by a woman who knows never-before-published anecdotes about the world’s great, and who was the long-time personal friend and close governmental associate of F.D.R. Moreover, they are up against the book everyone has been waiting for, the story of Bernard M. Ba-

ruch, not to speak of the masterly biography of a great musician, which is also the story of a whole man, that Knopf is producing in September, and an incisive, riotously entertaining biography, built upon firsthand knowledge and extensive original research, about the founder of a religion, a redoubtable fighter, businesswoman, spiritualist, and wild eccentric, who lived one of the most theatrically compelling of modern lives — trailing lovers, law-suits, and wide-eyed converts. Viking is going to have to hump itself. But then, so am I.

It’s all pretty breathless, but William H. Chamberlin promises to help me with his mature viewpoint and ability, which give his reviews both authority and readability among a widening audience of readers; and where he can’t, Walter Havighurst, a scholar of the Mississippi, familiar with its history, legend, and literature, will write vividly drawn, warmly understanding, and entertaining reviews of regional non-fiction which are bound to carry weight with *his* readers. And besides, David Appel, distinguished and experienced newsman, editorial writer, lecturer on literature at Western Reserve University and the University of Chicago, with all the qualifications of a successful editor of a Book Review Section, will review the latest literary offerings with insight and understanding in case I don’t get along with either Mr. Chamberlin or Mr. Havighurst.

Across from some information about a novel whose subject is the kind of hell a selfish woman can create for herself in an interplay of physical and psychological drama, and remarkable writing with immediate appeal for a wide variety of readers by Christopher La Farge, Mr. Frederic G. Melcher tells me that there are going to be many temptations to keep control by restraint of free speech and freedom of the press in the years of disorder ahead and that with such temptation it will take all the faith that is in us to keep from adopting or recommending the right of a controlled press in the interests of public order.

I suppose after this statement of Mr. Melcher’s I had better not ask for a little controlled advertising in the interests of public sense. No, I shall be too busy finding out how career girls get that way, reading a racy novel about a movie titan, tough, fast, unsparing, or be deep in the fascinating yet terrifying story of a modern sleeping beauty, a strange story of a magic spell, a bitter and lonely diplomat, a very frightened young American girl, and a sinister Ambassador — unless I fall for Henry Hazlitt’s *Economics in One Lesson*, which is exactly the kind of tonic the American people need and which Harper is backing with the kind of national advertising that makes books sell *nationally*.

But probably I shall need *The Cookbook for Ulcer Patients*, published August 27 by a famous gourmet, with easy-to-follow menus and recipes which embrace all ulcer diet rules, yet are energy-giving and delicious, and tasty enough for the entire family.



DONALD M. NELSON'S

revealing, personal account of America's industrial miracle

ARSENAL of DEMOCRACY

THE STORY OF AMERICAN WAR PRODUCTION

THIS is a story of big industry and of little industry, of organized labor and of American farmers, of labor leaders and captains of industry, of government officials and plain, everyday Americans—all working together to do one of the biggest jobs in human history.

No story could be more inspiring or encouraging than this one. It is a testament to the democratic way of life—a stirring book to thrill every American.

Illustrated, \$4.00

Not with the Fist

By RUTH D. TUCK. A detailed, thorough account of Mexican-Americans living in a typical Southwest city. A hopeful book, it shows how this minority problem can be solved.

\$3.00

Off to a Good Start

By IRMA S. BLACK. A sound, non-technical handbook for parents of young children. It provides commonsense answers to questions concerning the development of good habits, discipline and punishment, and the child's intellectual and social growth.

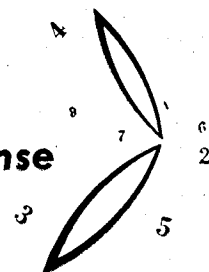
Illustrated, \$2.50

The Poet in the Theatre

By RONALD PEACOCK. Eleven brilliant essays on the cleavage between realism and poetry in the drama of the past 70 years. The author, a professor at Manchester University, interprets the dramatic works of T. S. Eliot, Shaw, Ibsen, Chekhov, and many other dramatists in relation to the main thesis.

\$2.50

*A smooth and potent
cocktail
of satire
and suspense*



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PUBLISHING IN THE DARK

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

IF SUCH a thing as Book Publishers' Row existed, there would undoubtedly arise from it, above the thunderous rolling of the giant presses and the raucous shoutings of Book Salesmen hawking their wares, a thin crying or keening, as of strong men in pain. This occupational moan would faintly express the mental anguish of Publishers and Editors, unable to estimate in advance the public's reaction to the books they are about to market. In their sanctums they chant to one another the grievous refrain that publishing a new book is as hazardous as producing a play on Broadway. You just can't tell what its reception will be—whether the fickle public will ignore it coldly, be your ballyhoo never so fervent, or will, for some inexplicable unreason, take it to its collective bosom. Naturally such aesthetic and financial uncertainty translates itself into the keening sound, which, in texture, is not unlike the sounds emitted by Irish matrons in an Abbey play when Seumas is brought back from the fishing, drowned entirely, God save us all, in the black night.

Despite much evidence to the contrary, I incline to the belief that most of this moaning is more vocal than real. Publishers do not assume a financial risk comparable to that of the theatrical producer. The first lessons they learn in their chosen profession are those of the Manly Art of Self-defense. You seldom see a publishing tycoon plunging heavily on a volume of poems by a new poet, or on a 600-page book on "The Psychic Undertones in the Backgrounds of Beowulf." For that matter, Broadway does not fling out the banners far and wide when an author appears with the manuscript of "Clytemnestra in Hades," a Play in Blank Verse in Five Acts and Sixteen Scenes. Instead it flings out the author.

Publishers generally know what is obviously unsalable. They are, as a rule, equally alive to the possibilities of a made-to-order best-seller candidate. In a recent review I referred to the happy certainty of the *Reader's Digest* group as to the publishing fate of their recent volume, *Getting the Most Out of Life*. It is an obvious natural.

If, however, I were the Council on Marriage Relations, Inc., I should feel less certain about *Shall I Get a Divorce and How?* by John H. Mariano (\$2.00), although a statistical survey of the results of mate-picking in the United States would indicate cause for optimism. "One out of every five or six American marriages" is destined for the scrap heap. "The problem," as Mr. Mariano in one of his purple passages puts it, "is indeed serious. Mismatching is not just a pastime to be treated cavalierly. It calls for serious understanding and disciplined treatment." But will the public, in the pursuit of understanding and discipline, read this book? In his Preface, the author says: "Many couples are confused about

marriage—their own marriage particularly. Often they do not know any lawyer—even fear them! They do not know where to turn. Besides, marriage is such an intimate thing! Not to want to talk about it is only natural." I read this several times and think I have the gist of it. I am a couple and I am confused. I don't know a lawyer, but I fear them (him?). I do not want to talk about my marriage. It is such a sacred, intimate thing that all I want to do about it is to scrap it. Therefore, here is a book which tells me how to do so without violating that shy reticence which is my outstanding characteristic. The line forms on the left. Or does it?

Where the publishing world seems least secure—and naturally so—is in dealing with that type of book which has genuine and obvious merits but may not possess that curious oomph which spells Sales Appeal. In these borderline cases the publisher, manfully protecting his jaw with both gloves, decides that a small edition is indicated and that the best policy is wait and see. The critics—impartial reviewers all—announce that the book is masterful, something new under the sun, a magnificent performance. This is most gratifying; and after a fortnight, the publisher examines the list of repeat orders from the retail trade. He notes with a temperate enthusiasm that Fort Worth, Texas, has ordered three more copies; Birmingham, Alabama, two; one is craved in Los Angeles, California, and another (if autographed) in Buffalo, New York. The book has, of course, been tentatively banned in Boston. Thereupon, the publisher decides to pull in the horns of his dilemma as far as that particular item is concerned, and retires to contemplate with a sour aversion the humiliations involved in fathering a *succès d'estime*.

As a reviewer looks back and remembers the reception refused or accorded to books which he admired or despised, he cannot help sympathizing with the publisher in his confused hedgings. The publisher, as a result of painful experience, guesses rightly more often than the reviewer. The latter becomes so used to seeing a book which he praises with honest enthusiasm selling a brisk 1300 copies that he ends up by believing that any good book—that is, any book which appeals to him—is doomed to fail.

I recall reading an advance copy and writing almost tearfully about the great merits of *How Green Was My Valley*, lamenting the fact that it would, of course, make no impression at all on the American reading public. Here is a book, I said, so new in its approach, so unfamiliar in its idiom, so special in its kind of fugitive beauty, that it will appeal only to the most discriminating readers—in short, to readers like myself. In answer to a recent inquiry, the Macmillan Company wrote me that "Richard Llewellyn's *How Green Was My Valley* had through 1945 thirty-five printings, totaling well over 500,000 copies." One member of the firm, however, added: "I was interested to know that you had believed the book would not meet with

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popular success, for that was my own feeling exactly." What price book reviewers?

How much does the title have to do with the popular acceptance of a book? Nobody seems to know. Titles such as *Anthony Adverse* would seem to carry a grim undertone. *Gone With the Wind* has no implication of a rich possession. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* or *The Sun Also Rises* would not, of itself, induce a buyer's stampede to the bookshops. On the other hand, one may point to excellent books with discouraging or repulsive titles which have failed to attract the public, and argue that the titles were responsible for the failure.

Albert and Charles Boni published in the 1920's *The Worm Ouroboros*, by Eric R. Eddison, followed in 1926 by his *Styrbiorn the Strong*. As the publishers wrote me lately, the former (and the better book) "was received by practically every critic as a masterpiece of romance." It was just that. Quoted on a catalogue page enclosed by the publishers, I read with bemused nostalgia words which I myself had written in praise of *Ouroboros*. Twenty-odd years ago I possessed a more trenchant, vivid style than is the case today, so I was able to sum up my opinion of the volume in one dazzling phrase which at that time I was able to coin with little or no difficulty.

"An amazing book!" I wrote.

In spite of that eloquent endorsement, Mr. Eddison's books remained almost unknown, and that is a great pity. They were vigorous romances of sheer, frank magic, the scenes laid in a vaguely Scandinavian fairyland where the supernatural was entirely natural and titans and devils dealt with forces more formidable than the atomic bomb and with motives as native as humanity. Mr. Eddison died last year, presumably in the belief that he was a failure as an author. Some day *Ouroboros* will be republished and will become a classic. And some other reviewer with the gift of the illuminating adjective will discover in his turn that the book is "amazing." It really is.

In 1916, Mr. Edward Lucas White wrote, and E. P. Dutton and Company published, a novel called *El Supremo*, dealing with the life and character of "indubitably one of the greatest men this world has ever produced, and, without exception, the most wonderful man ever born in North or South America, Dr. José Gaspar Rodríguez de Francia, Dictator of Paraguay from 1813 to 1840." Alas, the attitude of the North American public toward Dr. Francia and nineteenth-century Paraguay was a bland, contented ignorance of the know-nothing variety. A few people read the book and realized that here was something new in historical romance, a vast picture whose structure was firmly based on thorough documentation and profound understanding of the human actors in a vanished civilization. An exciting narrative which needed no cumbrous "plot" or mechanism, — such as was later found in *Anthony Adverse*, — *El Supremo* should have delighted hun-

dreds of thousands. Its readers — all word-of-mouth advertisers — have been faithful. The book has, at my last account, enjoyed twelve printings and, to quote the publishers, has "to date rolled up a sale of 17,000 copies." Twelve goes into seventeen — how many times?

In 1921, Mr. White's superb novel of Imperial Rome, *Andivius Hedulio*, was presented to the reading public. It received the endorsement of fourteen printings (up to and including October, 1941) and has sold the enormous total of 25,000 copies. Mr. White committed suicide in 1934.

I do not claim immortality for either of these spacious books, but I am entirely confident that in most good and enduring qualities they are the equals of any best seller of the last thirty years. They have every desideratum except plot and brevity and, if you like, literary distinction — which should win for them, not only applause, but a great popularity. Why are their sales, after all these years, 17,000 and 25,000 respectively, the equivalent of ephemeral novels by bright young people? Their successive small printings must have been in answer to an insistent demand. It will take an indefinite period for a secondhand dealer to find a copy of *Andivius* for your order. I know, for I have a standing order to replace copies purloined by dear friends to whom I have sung its praises. I am now engaged in trying to build up — as we say — a backlog. Were the titles of these four books responsible for the fact that they belong only to the few?

There is no denying the fact that publishers are often unaware of how good — in the long run — a book of theirs may be. While I am boasting about my critical acumen, I may mention Hudson's *Green Mansions*, which I read sometime before World War I. I trotted up and down, busily buttonholing acquaintances, telling them that here was a very great book, but that it was almost impossible to get a copy of it, and that nobody knew anything about it. Other things seemed more interesting to my contemporaries than a book dealing with a bird bride. I can't give facts and figures to show the slow, slow steps by which *Green Mansions* crept into the public's favor. Mr. Knopf wrote me this year: "I am pretty sure that Putnam originally published *Green Mansions* in the form of sheets which they imported from Duckworth. I persuaded Galsworthy, who had interested me in Hudson by his enthusiasm when I was first in England in 1912, to write an introduction for our edition, which we published from American plates in the spring of 1916. It was our first great success. I remember Major Putnam's great courtesy in turning his firm's rights in the book over to us."

Green Mansions is, of course, permanently enshrined in glory — and Major Putnam's courtesy will be long remembered. In fact, it could hardly be forgotten, either by Mr. Knopf or by Major Putnam's successors in the firm which bears his name.

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PUTNAM'S SONS

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After all, omniscience is not commonplace, and good books will often be inadequately appreciated by reviewers, publishers, and the public, or any one of the three. The role of Publisher's Prophet is more difficult than that of the classical *haruspex*, whose only duties were interpreting the flights of birds, studying the omens in animals' entrails, and trying not to laugh out loud in front of his customers. How would you estimate, for example, the publishing chances of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's latest, *Joy in the Morning* (Doubleday, \$2.00)? Here are Bertie Wooster and Jeeves and Aunt Agatha, and the Earl of Worpleston, risen, like so many Lazari, from the grave. The old mechanism creaks a little, someone has forgotten to oil the wooden bearings, but the plot is refreshingly familiar and the dialogue just as it was in days of yore. Will the public boycott the book because Mr. Wodehouse broadcast that he was a comfortable prisoner — after Dunkirk — and that some of the Germans were in reality stout fellas? Will they agree with Mr. Orwell, who alleged that Mr. Wodehouse, when it came to politics and World Wars and Germans, was quite as imbecile as some of his characters and should not be judged by ordinary standards? Or will a repressed desire for more Jeeves sweep all impediments away and carry the volume into every self-respecting household?

If you can answer these questions correctly, there is a job waiting for you in any publishing house. Unfortunately, few opportunities are open for ambitious young men to become book reviewers. There are too many reviewers already — and, after all, what ambitious young man wants to be a book reviewer? There are always openings in the bull ring game or the flagpole-sitting world or steeple-jacking. This is the land of opportunity.

THE WILSON ERA

\$4.00

Josephus Daniels

CHAPEL HILL

Of the original Josephus, it is recorded that as one of a group of forty partisans, he found himself in a very tight place. Roman legionnaires were moving to the assault and the only recourse seemed to be that every man should cut his own throat. But Josephus suggested a better way. Let every pair, he advised, slay each other. Two by two, they followed his advice until there were left only Josephus and a single companion. "Quite obviously," said Josephus, "the experiment is satisfactory. There seems no further need of going on with it."

Something of this spirit inspires Josephus Daniels. With a venerable ruthlessness he presides over the assassination of many characters amongst his ancient comrades of the Wilson Crusades. Out of his memory come detailed conversations, out of his files letters; and both do lethal service. Yet all the while he remains the benevolent old gentleman, wishing good things to all men except Black Republicans, English admirals, and those misbegotten Democrats who disagree with him. For Josephus Daniels was born to be

right. Did he not hail from the Tar Heel State? Is he not an Evangelical, a Prohibitionist, and the editor of his own newspaper? For righteousness you cannot beat that combination. When a North Carolinian like Walter Page sells his birthright for a mess of New York pottage, he may go astray, but if the authentic Tar sticks to your heels, you can walk the political tightrope with unflinching rectitude.

The letters which Mr. Daniels produces cannot be slighted by the historian. They are effective weapons, but the exactness of his memory of conversations is open to argument. Take this illustration. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Daniels, is in Paris. There is a contentious Peace Treaty in progress. Mr. Daniels calls on Colonel House. The Colonel is out, but Gordon Auchincloss, his son-in-law and secretary, greets him.

"I asked where I would find Secretary of State Lansing. 'Why call in Lansing?' says Auchincloss. 'Nobody in Paris pays any attention to him. Wait and see Colonel House. He is the man all Paris looks to in the negotiation.'"

Is it likely that a man with experience in the State Department would volunteer so inane a remark regarding the Secretary of State to an important Cabinet colleague? Mr. Daniels has no doubt of this. This reviewer has; and Mr. Auchincloss is securely dead. The real moral of this little story Mr. Daniels does not envisage. He never questions the unwisdom of Mr. Wilson's policy in permitting two rival machines, Lansing's and House's, to operate simultaneously on opposing lines. The President's policy was one and indivisible. Two discordant agencies were not calculated to accomplish it.

However this may be, Lansing, House, Page, Sims, McAdoo are all bitterly assailed. But if Mr. Daniels hates the enemies he makes, he loves his friends. He is the soul of loyalty, and his devotion to the great memory of Woodrow Wilson is magnificent. Indeed it borders on idolatry. Every act of the President is the judgment of God.

Mr. Daniels's book is a substantial contribution to history. It is ill-constructed and written in the tradition of the reporter of a local newspaper. So carelessly is the book put together that in a facsimile reproduction of a letter written in his own hand designed to show the intimacy between them, he displays as ungrammatical a scrawl as was, I imagine, ever written to an American President by a member of his Cabinet. How the Professor-President must have grimaced as he read it!

But *The Wilson Era* remains an interesting and important book. Amusingly childish when he recalls the simple dignity of a God-fearing American walking with kings on no unequal terms, Mr. Daniels saw a vast deal of history and in his shrewd up-country way has set down a history which cannot be neglected. To say that every deserving Democrat should read it is not enough. Many who disagree should ponder it and reflect, with greater candor than before, that to every question there are two sides.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

HARDY THE NOVELIST

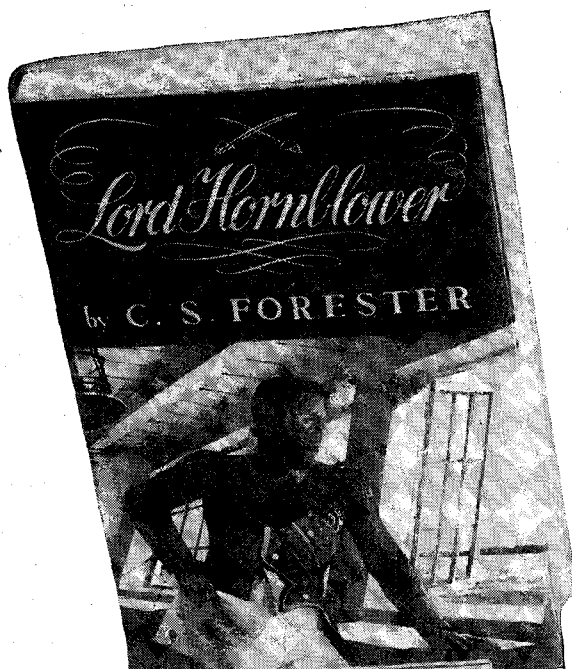
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LORD HORNBLOWER

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home, every
night was
opening night

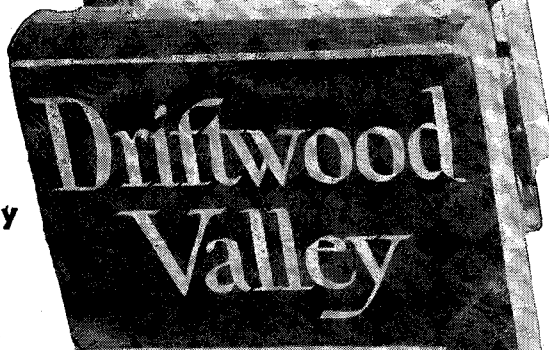


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was an adven-
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and self-
discovery



Together in the wilderness

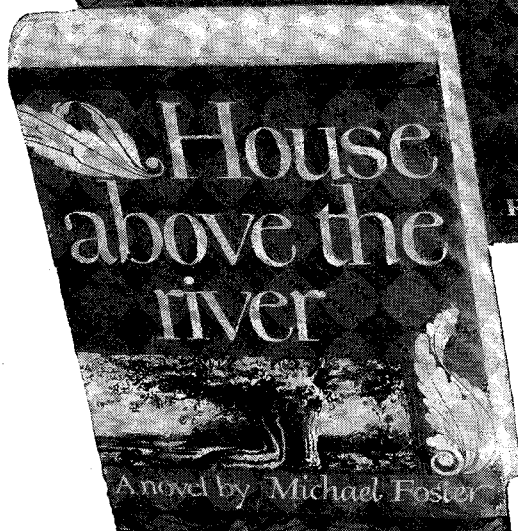
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—ALAN DEVOE, *Saturday Review*. \$4.00

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by **Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher**

The novel
of a love
that was
a lifetime



Michael Foster

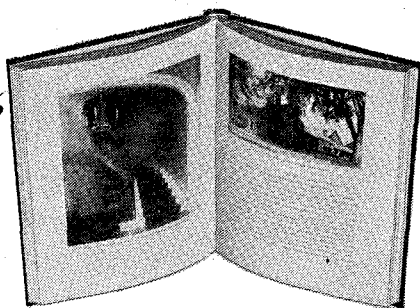
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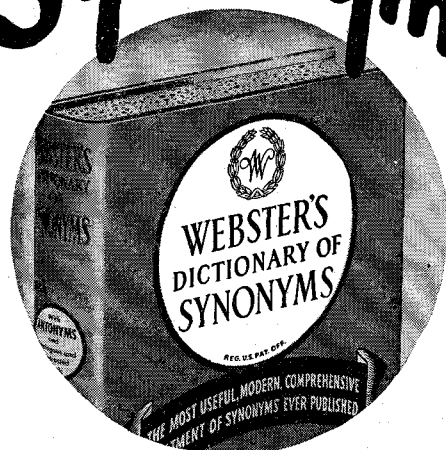


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in 1943, so filled the needs of a book-starved British public that the little volume ran through three impressions in three months with no copies left over for the American market. It is high time that so rare and delightful a book as this should be made known to American readers. For David Cecil's book is a delight. It is genial without being flippant; it is wise without being ponderous. As a critical thinker Lord Cecil shows himself to be perceptive, discriminating, and scholarly; as a writer he is gracious in attitude and graceful in utterance. In short, this is one of the most enjoyable books that have appeared in a long time.

Cecil announces at the beginning that he is going to discuss Hardy's novels and nothing else. He will not wander off into literary aesthetics on the one hand or into psychological biography on the other. He will stick to "the path of true criticism," which winds precariously between "the barren upland of pedantry" and "the steamy swamps in which the so-called personal critics disport themselves." Cecil warns his readers at the outset that they must not expect him to "begin gossiping about Hardy's relations to Mrs. Hardy." Nor does he.

In five chapters he discusses Hardy's scope ("his theme is mankind's predicament in the universe"), his power, his art (Hardy's "creative impulse seems to have instinctively expressed itself in picture"), his weakness (he "was a great artist, but not a great craftsman"; . . . "when Hardy's preaching mood is on him, preach he must, whatever muddle it gets him into"), and his style ("he writes clumsily; but he writes creatively"). These sound like old subjects but the lectures are, for all that, fresh and stimulating. Cecil has found a surprising amount of new things to say and he says them in an unusually attractive way. Readers who like Hardy will like the light that Lord Cecil throws on him; those who may care little for Hardy will delight in Cecil for his own sake, as a genial and witty essayist.

The Oxford critic emerges from his review of the Wessex novels with a sincere admiration for Hardy the man. "We do not just admire, we love him. . . . Behind the work stands the man. . . . Bitter and hard as he conceived life to be, Hardy himself was never hard. . . . The burning flame of his charity blazed all the higher" because of what he conceived to be the "unrelieved blackness of the universe." Cecil's remarks here are as wise as they are kindly. They leave one with the feeling that this is the sanest book on Hardy published since his death in 1928.

CARL J. WEBER

THEME AND VARIATIONS

\$5.00

Bruno Walter

KNOPF

His theme is the development of an artist; his variations are the impact upon an artist by life. Suppose a sculptor, assistant to Phidias, who had worked on the frieze of the Parthenon and known the thirty men credited with having made the greatness of the Periclean Age, had left us an intimate, modest, but thoroughly competent account of Athens from 480 B.C. to 430 B.C. — personalities, manners, theories of craftsmanship, and general ideas; then for Hellas substitute the musical culture of Central Europe at its zenith, not of creation, for that had begun to wane, but certainly of recreation, of performance, and you have some notion of the scale of Bruno Walter's autobiography.

He uses the word culture more freely and less self-consciously than we do, meaning by it not the arts and sciences alone but the entire range of civilization. His personal experiences, brilliantly though they are told, are constantly generalized into theory and practice of his art and conduct of life, and so pregnantly that his pages invite study and reflection. They are required reading for every serious student of music, and far from painful to take.

They are also much more. Again, while music is his theme, European civilization in its golden Indian summer, 1895 to 1914, then in its first throes, 1914 to 1918, next in its rally of the two decades between wars, and the final catastrophe are his variations. Like so many other "culture personalities" he was late in grasping the urgency of the social question. He admits the fault and sees it as characteristic of the social system in which he lived.

Music must have taught him to write, for such writing is extraordinary. Vivid and accomplished, his pages are strewn with memorable portraits of distinguished people all over Europe and America, pictures of domestic interiors, witty anecdotes, epigrams, and arresting reflections which cause a reader to linger and savor and resolve to restudy them at more leisure.

Much of his major thinking lies beneath the surface. He does not say it, he lets it be inferred. Is he invariably aware of the implications of what he says? Music is religion, perhaps the religion, and with the other arts, the only religion of sufficient universality to be practicable for modern man. The custody of the musical art has suddenly passed from Europe to America in a time of crisis. Shall we be able to maintain and advance it? In Central Europe it took centuries to prepare the floruit of which Bruno Walter writes, *Et quorum pars magna fui*. A man of the world in the best sense, he is also a man of heart as well as of talent and intellect. Troops of old friends, by us seen or unseen, heard or unheard, of the operatic and concert stages, of the theater, studio, and salon are here introduced, treated with unflinching tact, respect, kindness, admiration, forbearance, tolerance, or heartfelt affection. The emanation of Bruno Walter's personality from the whole book is one of nobility.

LUCIEN PRICE

FOR ALL MANKIND

Léon Blum

\$2.50

VIKING

THIS book of less than 200 pages was written in 1941, for the most part in the prison of Portalet. There, by one of history's ironies, Philippe Pétain, the senile egoist at whose order Léon Blum was imprisoned following the formation of the Vichy regime, was himself to spend long months awaiting trial for treason. Parts of the book, smuggled from Portalet after the famous Riom trials, were published anonymously in the French Underground press. The whole book was in circulation in Paris by the spring of 1945, when Blum was rescued from Buchenwald by the United States Army. The appearance of *For All Mankind* in an excellent English translation finds Blum once more directing the destinies of the French Socialist Party and sharing in the rebuilding of French democracy.

For All Mankind is as remarkable in matter as in its origins and adventures in manuscript. There were, of course, Frenchmen in France and in exile whose faith did not falter during the dark autumn of 1941. But was there among them all, at home or abroad, in prison or in the Underground, any other who dared to assign himself the task which Léon Blum chose? At a moment when force ruled triumphant, and the consequences of defeat grew each week to an ever more appalling dimension, he decided that the time had come to analyze calmly and objectively the defects which had caused the downfall of France, to rescue the principles of democracy, to point out the ways in which correction would be found, and to design the kind of re-made world which is needed if those principles are to function in peace within and among nations.

M. Blum's book is by no means an attempt at personal exculpation. He treats his own Socialist Party with the same impartial rigor that marks his handling of the Radical

"THE MOST IMPORTANT INTELLECTUAL EVENT IN THE UNITED STATES THUS FAR IN 1946"

—HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
NEW YORK TIMES

F. S. C. NORTHROP'S

The Meeting of East and West

In this monumental new work F. S. C. Northrop of Yale University has made a brilliant analysis of the philosophical, political, economic, and religious beliefs of America, Europe, and Asia, to arrive at a synthesis of values, free from the provincialism which would insist that one set of standards only has the right to exist.

"In my considered judgment the appearance of this volume is the most important intellectual event in the United States thus far in 1946," writes Howard Mumford Jones in the *New York Times*.

"The book is great because its theme is great," Mr. Jones adds. "It is important because it is, so far as I know, the only book by an American philosopher to state the fundamental ideological conflicts in world culture . . ."

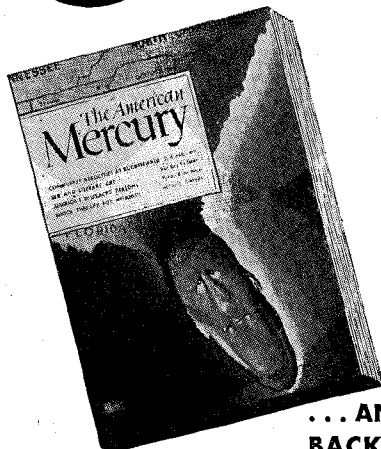
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Socialists, the various Conservative factions, and the Communists. In this respect, *For All Mankind* differs sharply from most books thus far written by French statesmen who found themselves involved in the common disaster. His book assumes less importance as a chapter in autobiography than as a remorseless political treatise on government and the frustration of the democratic principle in the twentieth century. It lays bare the central political phenomenon of our day: the failure of the historic middle class in Western democracy to fulfill the role assumed by it through control of power; and the reasons for that failure as illustrated by the response of the French ruling class to the crisis of 1939-1940.

The democratic principle, as the leader of the Popular Front government of 1936 points out, remains unshakable and unimpaired. What is needed is revision and readaptation of democracy's instruments to a changing society. For that task M. Blum finds the old political middle-class capitalism unsuited and incompetent, lacking in vision and devoid of will. His answer, given some four years before post-war elections in Europe, is social democracy at home and a cooperative world government to which all nations would yield some part of their sovereignty in exchange for the assurance of peace.

The lucidity, the moderation, the subtlety, and the power of this little book are equaled by the generosity and breadth of its author's vision, and by a profound political sagacity which foresaw, half a decade before they arose, the difficulties which now beset the peacemakers.

JAMES H. POWERS

THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS

Ferris Greenslet

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN, \$4.00

ABOUT midway in the book — about midway in the Lowells — Ferris Greenslet has this to say of John Amory Lowell's senior year at Harvard: "He applied himself seriously to his studies from whatever motive, and secured, he says in his diary, 'At the minor exhibition a French oration, at the second major a mathematical part, at the third a forensic with Whitman, and at the Commencement, August 30, 1815, a forensic with Chandler.' . . . The subject of the final disputation was 'Whether prosperity and the increase of wealth have a favorable effect on the manners and morals of the people.' The decision was for the affirmative."

When the ultimate nightmare of tabloid monthlies condenses the 400-odd pages of *The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds* into the required single paragraph, that statement can stand as pure essence. The book spans from Percival, who came from Bristol, England, to Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, to Lawrence, who died in 1943, ten years after resigning as president of Harvard College. The sum of this country's history is contained therein; seven worlds indeed, and a Lowell to expand, to consolidate, to triumph, in each. The wonder, as we read about them, is not so much that every one rose, but that no one fell. A persistent, arrogant, gifted line of people, deciding always for the affirmative.

You cannot warm to all of them. Yet they cannot fail to have some importance for you, kindled as they are by Mr. Greenslet's skill. Lowell genealogy aside, the book is swift history of New England, even of the United States. The Lowells are the book's backbone — and what backbones they did have! — but the flesh, the color and light, and anecdote are Greenslet. You feel that he loves best Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., the "beau sabreur." This reader inclines to Percival, the astronomer, in spite of his Sakkara patine. But for the banker there are bankers; for the lawyer, lawyers; for the literary, littérateurs: a great many Lowells, and none idle.

The book succeeds where many biographies fail, because over and above the research, the documentation, the check and double check, New England's history is the air the author breathes. He doesn't need to guess what the Newbury marshes looked like in 1700. He knows. He need not wonder what the drawing room at Sevenels looked like. He was there. This is probably why we can read here, for the first time, the details of the strange and pathetic Fairbanks murder trial in Dedham, where, in the summer of 1801, John Lowell (of the Higginson line) and his partner, Harrison Gray Otis, were counsel for the defense. Here the citizens of Lowell, Massachusetts, can discover that their town is the unexpected outcome of one of those formidable Lowell "breakdowns."

In the autumn of 1810 Francis C. Lowell, in need of change and rest, took a little tour to England with his wife and brought back from it (in his head, because the spinners' mechanical secrets were jealously guarded) the technique of the manufacture of cotton cloth. And thus, says the author, did "more perhaps than any other man to swell the pocketbook of New England and shape its economic future." His wife's comment on their return from this momentous trip was that Boston harbor was "more beautiful than anything I had seen in my absence." The Lowell ladies seem not to have been very articulate until Amy articulated for a hundred.

It was, I think, Lady Russell in *Persuasion* who was "prejudiced on the side of ancestry." Even though you may not share her amiable weakness, you are bound to enjoy the Lowells, who did.

FRANCES WOODWARD

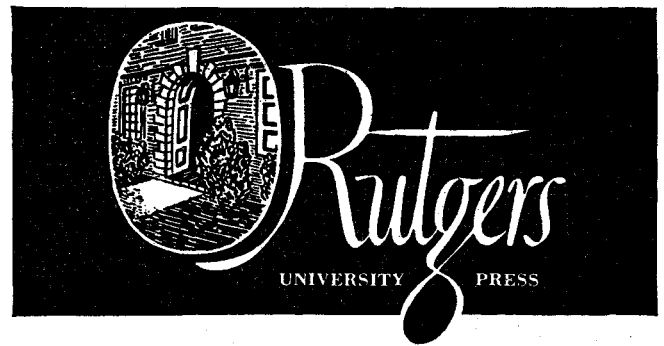
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THE formulator of no revolutionary creed, the discoverer of no revolutionizing principle of knowledge, Louis D. Brandeis is nevertheless clearly one of those central figures who must be understood if their age is to be understood. In some respects the most remarkable man he had met in America, was Arthur Balfour's judgment. "We of the inner circle," Franklin Roosevelt said, "call him Isaiah."

Professor Mason has laid his material before us in great fullness and intimacy, drawing on correspondence, diaries, and memoranda, the flavor of which he has generally refrained from flattening by paraphrase. The turbulent years before the Supreme Court phase are re-created in the richest detail. If wisdom is absorbed by a study not of wise saws but of modern instances, then surely this account of how Brandeis grappled with the perennial, or at all events recurring, dilemmas of our national life is a source book unsurpassed.

The problems are familiar, some of them painfully so: regularity of employment, bigness in government and business, coöperation and the competitive system. The solutions—or resolutions—are devised with the utmost resourcefulness and ingenuity, but they proceed from the simplest and most passionately held premises: that the development of men is the basic aim of organized society, and that responsibility is the great developer just as excessive power is the great corrupter.

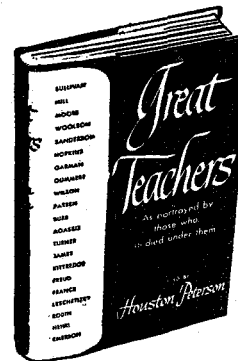
Brandeis was not a professional student of foreign affairs. Perhaps, like some of our early Western judges, he did not know enough to reach a wrong conclusion. At any rate, this is part of what he wrote, in the third person, for Herbert Hoover in November, 1918, in response to a request for advice on the eve of the Paris Conference: "The urgency of the Russian question, and the fact that upon its settlement rests inevitably the proper functioning of economic interdependence in Europe, indicates to him the necessity that it



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should be the first matter to be settled by the Powers at the forthcoming Conference at Paris. Any delay in facing the situation will postpone the restoration of normal world conditions and will allow the focus of disorganization to fester and spread."

Biographers, emulating dramatists, are tempted to find in their subject a major conflict to serve as a unifying theme. For that function Professor Mason appears to have fixed upon the asserted inconsistency of Brandeis. It is to be doubted, however, that the theme is worthy of its place in the biography. To be sure there are a number of interesting issues of another sort which emerge from a study of this career: whether Brandeis placed too much reliance on human perfectibility; whether he unduly neglected the force of mass movements (save perhaps in his Zionist activity); and how he managed to accommodate the legislative zeal of his years at the bar to the judicial restraints of his Justiceship — where suppressing, and where reinforcing, his convictions about wrongs and remedies in the social order. These are vital and complex issues, and by comparison that of inconsistency seems rather wooden.

Indeed, the essential symmetry of Brandeis's life transcends his own life span. In the first chapter of the biography we are introduced to Fredericka Dembitz (Louis's mother) reading Goethe in Prague; and in the last chapter the son, summing up the problem of man and the machine, recalls a favorite line from Goethe's *The Magician's Apprentice*:—

"Even if we had the wise man's stone, the stone would be without the wise man."

PAUL A. FREUND

THE SALEM FRIGATE

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John Jennings

DOUBLEDAY

In *The Salem Frigate*, John Jennings appears to have swung to a different medium from his past books in turning out what might be called period-piece-cum-thriller. Wherever there is naval action through the years 1800 to 1814, Tom Tisdell, the doctor hero, is to be found in the midst of it. For good measure, he falls in love with a carpenter's daughter and marries a Salem heiress. Love and battles are complicated by the unceasing activities of Ben Price, a 14-carat heel. He plays dirty in and out of action, marries the carpenter's daughter, and tries to assault the heiress bride in a rather tactless attempt to revive an old affair with her. His only redeeming trait is a somewhat fuzzy attachment for the "Salem Frigate," the U.S.S. *Essex*, which he helped build and on which he serves. In trouble, and there is plenty of it, Price turns to Tisdell, who always saves him and is rewarded in each case by being cuffed about once more.

The characters, major and minor, do not stand out sharply, perhaps because of the nature of the story. Except for Tisdell, they have a disconcerting way of vanishing from the pages, only to reappear as through a trap door.

The continuous, almost dizzying action ranges the seven seas. It includes the loss of the *Philadelphia* at Tripoli, the enslavement of the crew, a cross-desert escape which brings in Eaton and his handful of United States marines, the final loss of the *Essex* to the British off the coast of Chile, and the death of Price. At the story's end, Tisdell is on his way home to wed his first love, Price's widow, the Salem heiress having been conveniently disposed of earlier.

For all this, Jennings uses bold, strong colors, and sustains a swift pace that will please those who relish hair-breadth escapes and explosive events.

BRUCE LANCASTER

.....THE ATLANTIC SERIAL.....



Command Decision



**A NOVEL
OF THE ARMY
AIR FORCES**

BY WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

CHAPTERS I-XI

.....

COMMAND DECISION

by WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

In 1934 WILLIAM WISTER HAINES published his first novel, *Slim*, an Atlantic-Little, Brown book in which he told the exciting and hazardous story of those who work on the high-tension towers and on the electrification of our railroads. This narrative, like its successor, *High Tension*, attracted instant attention, and on the strength of it Mr. Haines went to Hollywood, where he has written motion picture scripts for several studios.

Appointed Lieutenant in the Army Air Forces in March, 1942, he first served on the Intelligence Staff of Headquarters Army Air Forces in Washington. Sent overseas in September, 1942, he spent thirty-three months on the Staffs of the 8th Air Force Composite Command, 8th Fighter Command, 8th Air Force and United States Strategic Air Forces, working the last eighteen months of the European War for the latter Command in the Office of the Assistant Chief of the Air Staff for Intelligence, Royal Air Force.

At the conclusion of the war with Germany he was transferred to Headquarters Army Air Forces, Washington, where he worked in the Office of the Assistant Chief of the Air Staff for Intelligence until relieved from active duty on August 27, 1945, at which time he returned to civilian life and writing. — THE EDITOR

I

ELMER BROCKHURST drove up to the gate of the Fifth Division Headquarters with deeper emotion than he would have disclosed to any of his fellow war correspondents in London. Pride had been stirring in him all the way up the Great North Road that led from the metropolis like the trunk of a tree to the branching, budding American air bases in the flat middle counties. To enter an American station was to come home. The glow inside him was intensified rather than diminished by the knowledge that he personally would be unwelcome here.

Brockhurst had quarreled with officialdom through five campaigns. A powerful syndicate kept him because he won a satisfactory proportion of the quarrels. Today he knew he would be fighting his own people in a good old-fashioned family row. The expression of the young Corporal on guard confirmed this pleasant presentiment even before the boy spoke.

"You're forbidden on the station, Mr. Brockhurst. Orders." Then, to modify the severity of this pronouncement the boy smiled confidentially. "The Old Man's got his tail over the dashboard."

Brockhurst produced his new pass and watched the young face pucker with perplexity.

"Just a minute, sir."

He went into the guard box. Brockhurst waited, studying the station with a practiced eye. This particular Division Headquarters had its little nucleus of buildings across the perimeter track from an Operational Group, — the standard, ugly brick rectangles, carved with the crazy angles of camouflage, and beyond them the loaf-shaped roofs of the Nissens nestling along the hedgerows. A dispirited volleyball game was in progress on the sandy flat.

His mind was on business as his eyes followed the long oval of the perimeter track, a two-mile enclosure of emerald grass slashed and crisscrossed

with runways. The black, oil-stained parking stands that studded its outer rim like teeth on a gear wheel were barren. The great greenish beetles that waddled and snorted here through darkness and half-light had vanished for the day.

Brockhurst saw that the ambulances and crash trucks were drawn up in meticulous formation near the Operations tower. But their motors were idle, the asbestos suits were still laid out on fenders, the crews not yet assembled. There was a mission out all right, a big one. But under the soft rare sunlight of a brilliant summer day the station drowsed.

Studying it more slowly now, Brockhurst wondered what it was that made this pastoral patch of Lincolnshire America. It was more than the drooping flag over Division Headquarters, more than the velocity of the occasional jeeps, more than the accent or attitude of the guard. He was remembering an old phrase: you could take the boy out of the country but you couldn't take the country out of the boy. That was what made this place, all these places, America. Brockhurst had seen this happen in both hemispheres, on both sides of the equator. The Army simply took the country along with it.

His reverie was interrupted by the Corporal.

"I guess it's okay, Mr. Brockhurst. That's General Kane's signature all right."

He returned the pass with a final, awed glance.

"But when Dennis sees you he'll spit a snake."

At four that afternoon Technical Sergeant Harold Evans had relieved his assistant, Corporal Herbert McGinnis, in the office of General Dennis with a sense of buoyant well-being. He had just had almost five hours of uninterrupted sack. He had had four fresh eggs and an orange in the combat mess. He had a date with Joan at the White Hart at seven and

he thought the chances of keeping it were good. After missions like yesterday's and today's the General wouldn't send them tomorrow. With the board scrubbed Evans was a cinch for at least six hours off.

When he had finished his missions Evans had thought himself lucky at the chance to become the General's Sergeant. He had been compelled to choose, fast, between that and Personnel. Headquarters certainly meant indoor work and better food and transportation than he was likely to get elsewhere. And traditionally it should have meant plenty of liquor. Evans had accepted only to discover that General Dennis rarely drank. The single bottle of whiskey in his desk was reserved for the visits of Colonel Martin and they both knew how much Colonel Martin drank and when.

Otherwise, the job was all right. General Dennis was real Army, even to that ring; curt, crisp, predictable. He was distant and took his job hard. But on the whole Evans had nothing against the General except the deplorable drought in the office, a drought that was partly compensated by Mrs. Dennis's regular shipments of the best cigars Evans had ever tasted.

As soon as he had taken over the office, Evans put on the General's coffee and then studied his watch. The General had not gone to the sack until eleven. The boys would scarcely be back for another hour. It seemed a fairly safe bet that he'd be alone for thirty minutes. He went over to the desk and selected one of Dennis's cigars with loving care. As a precaution before lighting it, he hung the CONFERENCE — DO NOT DISTURB sign on the anteroom door.

Evans seated himself within reach of the coffee-pot on the stove and lit the cigar with expanding content. He knew the boys were having it rough today but he couldn't help it and no one had cried for him while he was doing his twenty-five. There hadn't been any fighter cover through most of his missions and for a time after the end of his tour he had enjoyed pointing out to the replacement crews that the war was getting soft. By now they should be almost back to the fighters anyway and from there in was a good bet, even on three motors.

Evans filled his big lungs with the delectable fragrance of the cigar and lifted his feet comfortably up onto the General's map table. Then he dropped them softly and tensed as he saw the anteroom door swinging silently open. Anyone who barged through that sign should be big. His apprehension changed to outraged indignation as he perceived that it was only Elmer Brockhurst.

lot for Brockhurst in life; he had hoped it would be good for a look at the map board in the General's office this afternoon.

Finding Evans on duty only sharpened his scrutiny of the room. The maps and operational status boards were properly masked behind their heavy draw curtains. Brockhurst had been afraid of this; he well knew the working, as distinguished from the official, rule that the lower the echelon the higher the security. Lieutenant Generals regularly told and showed him things Lieutenants would have been busted for mentioning.

Divisions were relatively small units in the expanding Air Forces. The Brigadier Generals who commanded them were usually obscure, most conscientious, and often capable. The office of this particular one was the usual barren rectangle of damp brick.

Through the Ops room door across the room Brockhurst could hear the muffled clattering of the teleprinter. The rack of tommy guns, the General's tin hat, gas mask, and service automatic hanging neatly behind the big bare desk reflected not only the apprehension inherent in all Army Regulations but the wistful hope of all headquarters staffs that something might conceivably happen. The phones on the desk, black for admin, green for secrecy, red for Ops, were proof that to and from this dreary room there would be a great deal of talk.

The wall ornaments were as standard as GI soap. That Fortress propeller had unquestionably been removed from the first plane in the Division to survive twenty-five missions. The unmounted Browning .50 was as certainly the first in the Division to have shot down a German plane. The converted peanut tins on desk and map table were well into a second tour of duty as ash trays.

In a corner a carefully arranged cluster of British, American, and Division flags drooped over a squat, sturdy chest clearly stenciled Division Flag Locker. Brockhurst wondered whether the juxtaposition of flags, guns, and fire extinguishers represented some Sergeant's conscious sense of irony or perhaps was so ordered in regulations.

Then he saw something new. From a previously blank patch of brick wall now blazed the black and white Swastika-shaped marking cross of a German fighter plane. It was authentic. Brockhurst had seen captured ones before. But he knew that heavy Bombardment Divisions did not capture German planes. He had known it when, two days before, his startled eyes had seen this same marking cross on its own plane in Hangar 4 just before the guard arrested him for snooping. For the moment he covered his excitement.

"Is the Old Man in, Sergeant?"

"Does it look like it?"

The Sergeant's cigar dispelled any pretense that the General was around. But his manifest annoyance seemed to have thawed a little with the success of his crack and that was something.

2

BROCKHURST had barged in so boldly because he had learned over his coffee in the cookshack that the General was still asleep. Audacity had done a

"Seriously, Joe, where's the Old Man?"

"My name isn't Joe. What old man?"

Brockhurst hesitated. Sometimes a note of contempt for the brass went a long way with these kids. This Evans was a mature, self-reliant young man if Brockhurst had ever seen one. He smiled sardonically.

"Brigadier General K. C. Dennis, Commanding General of the Fifth American Bombardment Division, Heavy. Don't all good Sergeants call their Generals 'The Old Man'?"

Leaving Evans to chew that one over, Brockhurst walked calmly over to the fighter-plane marking cross. Assurance went a long way with the Army. He had just begun a closer study of the cross when he heard Evans's voice.

"Who let you in here?"

He continued his silent, absorbed examination.

"Who let you in here?"

"I can't hear you, Sergeant," he said over his shoulder.

Then he did hear the hard ominous steps, the hands on the tommy gun, the clatter of a hand-ejected shell on the bare floor. He turned to find himself looking into the muzzle of the gun. The safety was forward.

Brockhurst felt fear soak through him as if he were porous. The trigger pull on those guns was notoriously light, as light as the balance of impulses in that poker-faced boy who was pointing it squarely at his stomach. Too late he realized that he had been wasting subtlety on a barbarian.

"Who let you in here?"

"I've got a pass."

"I seen Dennis tear your pass up. A man without no pass is a spy."

Brockhurst gulped.

"I've got a new pass, from Dennis's boss."

Evans now had to shoot or forget it. Up to here it had been perfectly safe.

"Walk your pass over here, slow," he said.

Brockhurst extended it with exaggerated slowness over the tommy gun muzzle and listened while Evans muttered through a careful reading of the simple sentence. "Signed — who?"

"Major General R. G. Kane, that's who."

Evans nodded, awed, in spite of himself. "Imagine that! A goddamned old Major General probably gets as much money as a fair to middling third baseman and can't sign his own name clear enough to read. Yeah, that's old Percent himself."

"Why do you boys call him that?" Brockhurst knew very well but there was safety in continuing the distraction.

"Because of that crap he puts in the papers about what percentage of Germany his gallant forces destroy every afternoon, weather permitting."

Evans returned the pass, racked the tommy gun, resumed his seat, and puffed hard to restore the fading ember of his cigar. Brockhurst resisted a wish to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief and sat

down beside the Sergeant, keeping his eyes ostentatiously averted from that fighter-plane marking.

"Coffee?" said Evans.

Brockhurst welcomed this first intimation of cordiality. This Sergeant probably knew every detail of the story he wanted.

"Where is Dennis, Sarge?"

"In the sack."

Brockhurst lowered his voice persuasively.

"I hear he's got the German plane that Swastika came from, under close guard in Hangar 4. And I know he's flown it himself, several times."

"You know more than that," Evans encouraged him.

"You're damned right I do."

"You know he threw your ass in the guardhouse for writing a piece about it and kept the piece and tore up your pass."

The Sergeant burst into a triumphant chuckle. Brockhurst waited patiently for it to subside.

"I got out," he said. "And I've got a new pass from General Kane. That guardhouse was a break for me. But I still want to know what became of the German Dennis had in there."

"What are the other angles?"

"Well, yesterday, without even alerting us, Dennis runs off the longest mission of the war and has the worst losses to date. We try to help you guys take the curse off it with a good story and you won't even give us the target. 'Industrial Objectives'! That's a fine comfort to a lot of new widows back home."

"Go on."

"This morning everything that could roll to the end of the runway went earlier and they aren't back yet. Maximum effort, deep in Germany, two days straight. For what?"

"Why don't you ask some smart newspaperman?"

"Because I get paid for using my head instead of Public Relations handouts." He let this sink in and then leaned forward gravely, confidentially.

"Listen, Sarge, Dennis is washed up. Trouble with the press, record losses yesterday and probably again today, a Squadron Commander with a DFC in the guardhouse. Dennis is a ruptured duck, boy. But a couple of angles on this deal would be worth some good bourbon to me."

"What angles?"

"What became of that German Dennis had in the guardhouse?"

"Bonded bourbon?"

"Bottled in bond."

"How much?"

"Four bottles."

Evans's face darkened with indignation. "You give Rafferty in the guardhouse two cases, just for having his girl in the village make that phone call that got you out."

"I did like hell. I gave Peterson one case —" Brockhurst shut his mouth, too late. He had set too many verbal traps himself not to feel the click

of this one. "Okay, call it a case, for the whole story, though."

Evans looked cautiously at both doors, removed the cigar from his mouth, and leaned forward. Brockhurst's ears stretched.

"Dennis kept him there till last night. But yesterday they was a snafu at the Quartermaster's and he run clean out of Spam. The General, he said By God he'd promised the men meat for breakfast and if they wasn't no other meat we'd just have to use that Kraut. If you could have heard them boys at breakfast bitching about the meat packers profiteering —"

Brockhurst arose, livid. "Okay, you got your joke and I still got my whiskey."

Evans waited until the anteroom door banged shut on the correspondent. Then he jumped for the black phone on the General's desk: "Guardhouse — Rafferty, give me Peterson — Peterson this is Evans. Bring six of them twelve marbles you just found to General Dennis's anteroom in a musette bag." He locked his lips over the cigar and revived the ember before cutting off the paeon of protest that battered his eardrums. "You heard me — in twenty minutes. Well, Jesus Christ, I'm giving you half of 'em, ain't I?"

He hung up the phone and stretched his long arms with tingling satisfaction. His instinct not to shoot that fool had been right. Now, for a little patience, he not only had six immediate bottles of whiskey: he had discovered an operating procedure. It always took time to get onto a new job but he had the war under control again now.

3

GENERAL DENNIS returned to work that afternoon feeling a little better than usual. He had had nearly five hours of sleep — two troubled and fitful until they awoke him with the strike signal, then three of deep and blessed oblivion.

On the way over to the office he had noted that six of yesterday's crop of Minor Repairs were already restored to serviceability and practicing formation. It was a modest but tangible reserve against tomorrow.

But now, as his mind came fully to life again, returning anxiety dispelled his momentary relief. It would be forty-odd minutes before he would know about his losses, either in the abstract or about Ted himself. In the meantime he had to get on with the Jenks case and whatever else had come up while he slept.

He noted the Sergeant's flustered jump to attention and noted also that the man had been smoking with his feet on the desk. That was normal; it was also normal for them to think they were fooling a man who didn't care. The click of the phone probably meant he had been phoning his girl.

"Was that for me?"

"No, sir," said Evans blandly.

Dennis was already crossing the room for a hurried look through the window at the sky he had not studied for a full thirty seconds. He fired another question over his shoulder.

"Any word since the strike signal?"

"No, sir."

Dennis's eyes were lost in the sky. Gently Evans placed the partly smoked cigar in the ash tray on the desk. He made it safely, and then scrutinized the General at the window with a curiosity he had never felt about him until this afternoon.

Evans saw a wiry, almost fragile figure, immaculately trim and erect with half a lifetime's habit of perfect posture. A lingering trace of shaving soap by the left ear almost matched the pallor of that bony face, with tight skin furrowed ten years deeper than its rightful forty. Not until this moment had Evans observed that Dennis always looked deeply, permanently tired. The sharpness of those deep-set gray eyes and the alertness of that trim figure camouflaged this fatigue most of the time. Seeing him in comparative repose now, Evans was struck with the resemblance of his deep inner weariness to that he had noticed in older crew members toward the end of a tour. Without waiting to be asked, he poured a cup of coffee and placed it on the desk.

Abruptly Dennis dismissed a sky he could not change and strode back to the desk. Evans held his breath. The General looked about him with a little frown of perplexity and then lifted the cigar to his mouth and inhaled deeply. Evans exhaled. The General was all business now as he reached for the coffee.

"Ask Colonel Haley to step in, alert the weatherman, and have the guard bring Captain Jenks."

Evans vanished into the Ops room. Dennis reached into the top drawer of the desk and pulled out a manila-covered file an inch thick. It was filled with orders, reports, certificates, judgments, records, qualifications: everything the Army of the United States considered worth remembering about Jenks, Lucius Malcolm, Capt. A. C., from its original satisfaction about the proportions of sugar and albumen in his urine right down to that ghastly moment this morning. Dennis had read the file through before sleeping. Now he only stared at it as if the cover might show him something the contents had not, until Haley entered the room, saluting at the door.

The very sight of his Chief of Staff comforted Dennis but it was scarcely a personal emotion. Haley was solid gold and, like many forms of that substance, somewhat lumpy. He was painstaking about his uniforms but his appearance always suggested troublesome adenoids. Dennis leaned heavily on his tireless, phlegmatic capability but the relationship between them was more the product of custom than of written regulations.

These latter made Haley, in fact, Dennis's professional wife, who did multitudinous essential chores with skill and force, creating a serene, efficient back-

ground which freed the Commander's concentration for problems beyond the household. Haley's own notions of propriety and decorum kept the service rigid. Dennis had wondered at times if Haley, like himself, did not privately regret that the relationship was so inescapably functional. If so, he never showed it. He never showed anything.

"Anything from the mission?"

"Just the strike signal I woke you for, as ordered, sir."

"Read it again."

Haley's pudgy fingers pulled the right paper nimbly out of a sheaf. He read without emotion.

"Primary plastered. Warm here, Martin."

"Warm' —" mused Dennis.

"Intelligence said they'd fight today, sir."

"But he says he plastered it, Haley."

"Yes, sir. And Colonel Martin is always conservative."

"Ted conservative?" Dennis looked his astonishment.

"On operational matters he is, sir. I've noticed it."

Dennis grunted. "I guess you're right. How's the board?"

Haley walked to the wall and pulled back one of the curtain masks with relief. When the General was just talking, it was impossible to tell where the conversation would lead or what might come up. The board was the purest, indisputable arithmetic.

Dennis followed him over now for a close scrutiny of the welter of crisscrossing chalk columns on the blackboard. He, too, knew it was purest arithmetic and accurate. Haley would have torn a strip off anyone guilty of a digit's error in it. This board reflected, minute by minute, every demonstrable measurement of its operating condition. If Dennis had gone to it without the question, Haley would have stood behind him silently. Since he had asked about it, Haley read aloud the items of foremost concern.

"Thirteen Minor Repairs promised by 1500, eighteen promised from Major Repair by 2300. Twenty-two Maidenheads from Modification arriving stations now. Thirty of those new ones weather-bound in Iceland took off at 1100 this morning. They're already modified and we should have them for tomorrow's board."

"That's final on yesterday's salvage?"

"Yes, sir. Ten to Major Repair, sixteen Category E."

"Sixteen —"

Haley could feel the sense of loss in Dennis's voice. He saw that the General was a little down, anyway, probably about that Jenks business. In the circumstances it seemed to him proper to point out the compensation.

"Of course, Major Repair will cannibalize them for parts, sir. And there were only two killed in the crews."

Dennis nodded. "Are the newcomers from Iceland flying Ferry crews or replacements?"

"Mostly Ferry crews. But you can see, sir, that our crew position is better since these Category E's. And we've had twelve from Flak houses, eighteen from leave and sick, and twenty-eight new from Combat Crew Replacement Center today, sir."

The General nodded and concentrated now on the subtler revelations of the internal numbers. The board was much better than when he had gone to bed. "Why is the 641st slow again with minor repair, Haley?"

"That instrument man, sir. He was just a watchmaker, you know, a civilian. His work is good but he *will* fall asleep on his bench toward the end of the night."

Evans re-entered the room just in time to hear the last of this and see the General nod quietly. It was not necessary for him to return while Haley was there but today his new curiosity had brought him back.

"Fifty-eight crews then for fifty-three certain planes so far, not counting the Iceland bunch. Is all leave still canceled?"

"Yes, sir."

"And eleven crews graduate today?"

"If they get back, sir."

"We lose 'em anyway. Let's see, we put up a hundred and forty-four this morning —"

"Two were Category E, sir. Collisions. And three aborted, but two of them are promised in that fifty-three for tomorrow."

"Fifty-three and one thirty-nine is one ninety-two. What can you promise me for tomorrow?"

Haley looked blank. "I can't promise anything but that fifty-three until we get today's landing count and battle damage, sir. If you'd like a projection based on previous experience —"

"Never mind," said Dennis.

They both knew that previous experience was meaningless against today's target. That was where the projections — all the arithmetic, for that matter — always collapsed. Dennis could and often did work the whole long equation in his head.

So many missions meant so many hits; so many tons on the ones that hit (an internal equation of planes sent and distance) meant such and such a density of destruction in so wide a radius. Such and such a destruction over so wide a radius meant so many weeks of deprivation to Germany of something *y* useful or *x* vital.

Dennis knew the phones in Berlin were hot this minute with orders for new concrete, steel, labor, machinery. Somewhere else in Germany (Intelligence now thought it was probably Potsdam) Galland was doing his own arithmetic. His was in fighters that took only one motor and one pilot apiece and had not a quarter of the bomber's vulnerable surface. And he always had at least six hours more to repair and redispense. In many ways Dennis envied him. On the other hand he never knew whether he'd have to fight on the morrow. Dennis did. "Ted said 'Warm.' Make out leave passes for

10 per cent but hold 'em till we get a count. How do the boys feel?"

"They're too tired to feel, sir," said Haley.

4

THE arithmetic was over and Haley knew they might as well not have done it. It was always meaningless until the landing count and battle damage from the day's mission were tabulated. But the General checked his board after every absence from the office. Only then would he take up the rest of his problems. Haley braced himself slightly.

"All right. What else, Haley?"

"Nothing of consequence, sir."

"Get the weatherman."

Haley called curtly through the Ops door and Major Belding Davis shuffled in, unmilitary, untidy, and unconcerned about it as always. He was a first-rate civilian meteorologist and he considered it the Army's own fault to have put him in uniform. It had been done because the Army feared civilians as it feared everything it could not regulate; the result was to make a bad officer out of a good scientist. Davis knew that he did not need regulation. He was conscientious and diligent. The uniform simply made him resentful and the rank made everyone under him resentful.

The one bright spot in the matter for him was that General Dennis seemed to understand this. His dealings with Davis were strictly professional and he paid no attention to anything else. Davis had learned to respect the General's knowledge of meteorology up to a point. Beyond that it was hopeless because the General was incurably subjective about weather. He thought, as most people did, only of its accommodation to his own purposes.

Davis was familiar, from civilian life, with this attitude, but the Army had produced a variation on it that troubled him. Weather, for military understanding, was studied, estimated, and prophesied at two-hour intervals in each one of innumerable ascending headquarters from Operating Group to Hemisphere Commander.

The readings and estimates were made by different men, having access to different parts of the same available data; the prophecies reflected the many differences. At first Davis had thought this merely another instance of the superfluity and confusion of all things military. Lately he had begun to realize that, as weather was a determinative factor in action, its readings fixed responsibility for ordering that action. Davis now briefly explained the current readings, taking a grim satisfaction in the fact that even Army Regulations could not make nature disclose its intentions in the same forms to different men at two-hour intervals.

"General Kane's people refuse concurrence pending further development, sir. But I think when I bring you the 1800 map —"

Today Dennis was unusually impatient. He strode to the masking curtain and pulled it back from the Operational map.

"Show me what *you* think on this map and keep your mouth shut about what you see," he said.

To orient himself Davis studied the large, conventional 1:250,000 military map of England and Northern Europe. He had seldom seen this particular one on which targets were marked before attack. With a start he noted now a new little triangle of three black marks, deep in Germany. One of them had already been crossed through with savage red crayon on the plexiglas covering. It was yesterday's target; the inference was unmistakable. Humanly Davis had been irritated by his exclusion from any part in Plans except weather itself. He forgot himself in momentary astonishment at the location of those marks. Beside him Haley picked up a piece of red crayon and eyed one of them. "Time for an improvement, isn't it, sir?"

"Improvement?" The General's mind was on weather.

"Colonel Martin said 'Primary plastered,' sir."

The crayon was touching the plexiglas when the General stopped Haley. He was smiling but his voice was firm. "Let's let Ted do that."

"Of course, sir," said Haley apologetically.

Davis was ready now and began with an exposition of the prospects along the coastal fringe but Dennis stopped him short.

"Never mind the coastal fringe. What about here?" His knuckles rapped the little triangle of black marks.

"My God, sir. Three days running in there?"

Too late, Davis remembered that he was not a part of Plans. The General did not raise his voice but it bit like a drill.

"Major, I'm consulting you about the weather."

Evans could feel his hackles rise at the General's tone and was glad those eyes were not on him. For Davis he felt no sympathy. He had sweated out too many of Weather's mistakes to pity a fool who spoke out of turn about troubles that were not his. He saw Davis recoil a little, gather himself, and run through a rapid recital of the available facts and his opinion.

"I'm not sure Kane's people will agree, sir, but —"

"But you yourself think it will be all right in here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And over the bases for landing?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sure of that."

"Bring anything else as you get it."

Davis went out disgruntled. Dennis turned on Haley. "Have *you* anything from Headquarters?"

This, Evans knew, also meant Kane's command, which was the next step up in the progression. Previously Evans had thought of everything above the Headquarters of his Squadron as one homogeneous malevolence. Now he realized that Dennis was talking about his own boss, presumably the one who might fire him. Evans kept his ears tuned.

"They're releasing all Divisions to Commanders' discretion for tomorrow, sir. General Kane is reported so busy in that London conference that he will be unable to pass on the weather personally."

The Sergeant had a swift impression that Dennis and Haley might have smiled at each other if Dennis had not suddenly glanced over to where he was standing quietly at ease.

"Any squawk from Washington yet?"

"Not yet, sir." This time they both smiled as everyone did at mention of Washington, but the smiles were brief.

"Send Captain Jenks in."

"Want me with you, sir?"

"No. I'll try him alone again."

Evans thought Haley looked relieved, though faintly disapproving. But all the witnesses in the Army wouldn't help that one. Evans scuttled toward the anteroom door, anxious to take delivery on his whiskey. As he was going out he heard Dennis check Haley again at the door.

"Has that cable come for Ted?"

There were upwards of fifteen thousand men in the Division and every one of them felt a sense of personal concern over the kid Colonel Martin was sweating out.

"No, sir," said Haley. "I've even checked with Message Center London. Mrs. Martin must be late."

"She's ten years late," said the General wearily.

Haley and Evans both hesitated until it was plain that he had not been talking to them. After a second they went out.

5

ALONE, Dennis removed the coffee cup from his desk and threw the cigar into the stove. Then he sat down with the Jenks file before him but he did not open it. The roots of this case went to something deeper than that file. He was going to have to dig it out of the boy himself, if he could.

Dennis had not wasted a second cursing the misfortune that had brought this up at the most critical juncture, so far, of the Fifth Division's war. These things always happened in Armies sooner or later. This one had happened to the Fifth Division this morning. Dennis intended, if it were militarily possible, to keep it in the Division and save the boy. From the visible evidence it did not look possible.

Captain Jenks entered, marching correctly before a frightened guard. Dennis noted that the men in the guardhouse had been too literal about close arrest; they might have allowed Jenks to shave and change out of those flying coveralls. He returned the guard's salute, instructed him to wait outside, and studied Jenks narrowly through the brief interval of the guard's exit. The boy was scared but that young, rather strong face still had rigidity and restraint. No man flew nineteen missions without learning a lot about fear. This boy would still

fight. Dennis took pains to make his voice as even as he could.

"Jenks, have you thought this over?"

"I thought it over this morning," said Jenks.

Dennis noticed the absence of any "sir." The boy knew he was beyond the help of manners.

"You've had more time."

"I don't need more time."

There was always the chance that a few hours of solitude would produce a change. Dennis had already risked eleven hours for the chance. Jenks knew as well as he did that there were only thirteen hours left, but he had not changed.

"Damn it, boy, do you realize that this is serious?"

"Yes, for both of us."

"What are you hinting at?"

"I'm not getting killed to make you a record," said Jenks. "I'll tell the court so, too, and the whole damned world."

"What else will you tell them?"

"That you lost forty bombers, four hundred men, by deliberately sending us a hundred and sixty miles beyond fighter cover yesterday. This morning, when we're entitled to a milk run, you order us a hundred and eighty miles beyond the fighters."

"Why do you think you're entitled to a milk run?"

"After yesterday's losses. Besides, I can read a calendar."

Dennis knew now that the boy was going to fight to the end, as anyone would fight for his own life. He was working toward his one chance. Dennis couldn't tell yet whether it was transparency or purpose that had made him expose this chance a little, almost as if to show its strength. Under the letter of the law he was doomed and he was not going to fight the law. He was going to fight Dennis himself.

"What's the calendar got to do with it?"

"You big boys think flak fodder like us can't even read, don't you? Where does the Air Corps get all those lovely new statistical records for sorties and tonnages that General Kane announces every month? They get 'em on milk runs, the last three or four days."

"So you would have gone on an easy one today?"

"I'm entitled to it."

Inwardly Dennis was torn between immediate relief and a darkening sense of the ultimate hopelessness of this. There had been from the first the possibility that he was dealing with a sincere, stubborn martyr. The boy might have been risking personal fate to lighten for the others the severity of their official sentence.

"Eleven other crews took this for their last mission."

"That's their business," said Jenks. "If you big shots are entitled to a record racket so am I."

"Did it never occur to you, Jenks, that there might be another reason for these particular record missions?"

"What?"

"Destroying something that can kill a lot more than four hundred boys."

For the first time Jenks shifted uneasily on his feet.

"Everything in Germany is made to kill people. Why can't we hit targets under fighter cover like General Kane promised?"

"He didn't promise that."

Jenks hesitated. Dennis knew now that he was cracking the case the boy had worked out for himself in the guardhouse. Jenks made a further effort to sound reasonable, persuasive.

"Well, everyone who knows the Army knew what General Kane meant in the press interview after that rat race over Bremfurt six weeks ago. That day we lost nineteen and the whole Air Corps turned itself inside out explaining. Yesterday we lost forty and today will be worse —" Jenks hesitated. Then, as if realizing the irrelevance of all this, he lowered his voice insinuatingly. "How do you think the public is going to like this?"

Dennis had to fight down that feeling in the pit of his stomach. They were coming to the end of it. Possibly the boy's corruption did derive from the prevarications of the Army press and public relations policy. But Dennis had to deal with his behavior. He spoke curtly. "The public isn't my business."

Jenks misread his short silence for intimidation.

"What would the press say if they knew you ordered both these attacks on your own authority when General Kane was absent from weather conferences at his Headquarters?"

"That isn't your business. You were ordered to go. After learning the target you refused."

He saw Jenks stiffen under the gaff of the stripped, naked truth and then slowly go limp. His voice became defensive.

"I've been to plenty tough targets."

Dennis tapped the file. "You aborted from the two toughest missions prior to yesterday."

"For mechanical malfunctions." Jenks was breathing hard.

"One Engineer's examination said: 'Possibly justifiable.' The other one said: 'Defect not discernible.'"

"It was plenty discernible to me — and my co-pilot will tell you the same thing, unless he's prejudiced."

"He should be. He's flying your seat today. And you're a Squadron Commander with a DFC. That just makes it worse."

"For somebody," said Jenks but it was only an echo of bravado. Dennis had shattered him purposely to make him see the hopelessness of his case — to find, if it were humanly possible, some reason for this in the wreckage.

Dennis had thought himself familiar with every form of fear. He had seen them all, from the strait-jacket cases to the ones who simply sat alone, in lounge and bar and mess, waiting consciously for the inevitable moment when their own paralyzed reflexes would give them final release. He still did not think this was simple fear. He had not

thought so from the first. Something was eluding him here, as it would elude the court. No court would even bother to search behind such utterly damning facts. And yet the man had flown nineteen missions. Wearily, Dennis began again.

"Jenks, if you've got any legitimate reason whatever —"

The anteroom door crashed open and the General looked up with impatience to see Evans holding it ajar. Even before he could voice a rebuke the Sergeant spoke warningly.

"Major General R. G. Kane and party, sir."

6

GENERAL KANE seldom visited the operating echelons of his command. He would have considered any need to do so a symptom of weakness in the subordinate commander involved, a condition remediable by instant replacement. Like every Commander he bridged a gulf between upper and nether regions, connecting and explaining them to each other. Policy and plans came down: results went up. His duty was to execute the former and answer for the latter.

Officially his status between the worlds he linked was rigidly neutral. But no man became a Major General without realizing that the practical division of his two worlds was simple. Below him were troubles, above him opportunities.

Kane had moved upward through life because his eyes were fixed upward. But they had never been blind to the fact that men must climb on something solid. He had always fought fiercely, on his own level and above it, for the subordinates he wanted. When he got them he made it his business to see that they liked working for him.

This temporary war with Germany had not changed either Kane or the conditions of life that had made him. It had only expanded both his troubles and his opportunities. He remained vigilant over his key subordinates, who, sharing in the bonanza that had elevated him, were now mostly Brigadiers.

But the Lieutenant Generals, the Admirals, the Embassy, the press, the Prime Minister, and Kane's Allied opposite numbers were in London. There the battle lines of the permanent wars, between the Army and the Navy, between the Army and its troublesome stepson of the Air, between Service and Civilians, had been extended from Washington. And there, for most of every day and late into the night Kane fought the wars he knew best.

The luxury of liking or disliking people he had long since abandoned as an extravagance beyond the military life. But he had deliberately incurred the wrath of three Lieutenant Generals to get Dennis for himself.

Dennis could not only operate a Division, he could have operated an Air Army. He was young

but so was the war. There were men with three stars who would have traded records with him. Kane had spent long hours with his most private card index before making the decision. It was finally his conclusion that of all the coming men in the Army he wanted firmly placed before turning his back on the fickleness of Washington, Dennis was foremost.

Professionally it had been a hard decision. Final choice had lain between Dennis and Garnett, who had been strongly urged upon him. The two men were opposites. Garnett's very real talent for staff work and planning had taken him indoors to fight the Navy and Congress, while Dennis, by preference, was still flying and commanding small echelons. Among the other factors, Kane had had to weigh operational against diplomatic capability.

Earlier in his own career Kane had had to make the same essential choice for himself. He had judged that the future lay inside. He had lived through the bitterness of seeing some of the men who stayed out of doors appointed to superior commands which he himself had blueprinted. The lesson had not escaped him, nor had the fact that Garnett was urged upon him and Dennis stubbornly denied.

He had taken Dennis, and the victory of getting him, as proof of his own power at first. But, with Garnett's consolatory appointment to the Secretaryship of the United Chiefs of Staff, the decision had returned to haunt Kane. Confirmation that he was big enough to demand, and get, Dennis had automatically reduced Dennis in his eyes.

For Dennis never would have taken the job with the United Chiefs anyway, and, but for Kane's own choice, would by now probably have been safely sidetracked in the Pacific. Whereas Garnett, in the Pentagon, and conscious of Kane's known refusal of him, was dangerous. His sudden arrival in London on business that Kane instantly recognized as insufficient for an emissary of such weight had given Kane considerable anxiety.

Dennis, jumping to attention at Evans's announcement, saw instantly that Kane was worried about something. He carried his hard, spare figure more jauntily than ever. The ruddy face under the jet-black hair was frozen in the fixed, unnatural smile which the Army had once used to adorn recruiting posters. His air of affable, almost exuberant cordiality would have persuaded any stranger, as it was worn to persuade Dennis, that he hadn't a care in the world. Not until he saw Garnett step through the door after Kane did Dennis understand.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said. "If I'd known you were visiting us I'd have been at the gate."

"Don't speak of it, Casey, don't speak of it. Cliff Garnett here wanted to see a real operational headquarters at work so I brought him straight down from London without waiting on protocol. You remember Cliff, of course?"

At another time Dennis might have laughed. Every regular in the Army knew that Garnett was the fifth successive General Officer of his name. The Garnett legend had begun at Chapultepec. He and Dennis had been classmates. They had worked together as young men and, with their brides, lived across the fences from each other in the dismal family quarters at Hawaii, in the Philippines, in the Canal Zone. They had run neck and neck for the first silver bar in the class. Dennis had got it. Later, though they had drifted apart a little, within the narrow confines of the Corps itself they had remained as aware of each other as vice-presidents in a small firm. Garnett had got his star first but Dennis had the Fifth Division. At least, he reflected, he had had it until now.

"Hello, Casey. You fellows are certainly doing a wonderful job over here."

Dennis muttered something he hoped sounded satisfactorily responsive, and studied Garnett himself. The Pentagon had washed away the deep tan that had always been Garnett's peacetime pride. He was not yet fat but desk work and deprivation of exercise showed quickly on him. Dennis noted with amusement that he had already managed to procure one of the little British sword canes which so delighted some American Generals in London. Then, with a start, Dennis realized he'd been away from the higher echelons too long. Garnett hadn't had time to procure that toy: Kane had given it to him.

But Kane was now ostentatiously introducing Dennis to a Major, his new aide. The handshake was too firm; the face and eyes had already taken on the unctuous familiarity of the job.

"I'm very happy to meet the Commander of our famous Fifth Division," said Major Prescott.

"Have you replaced Major Taylor?"

"For the moment, anyway, sir," said Prescott. "He went home to do a book and movie on General — that is, on this Air Army, so I'm sort of taking over."

"And here, Casey," said Kane, turning again, "is my friend Elmer Brockhurst."

Dennis had been too intent on Garnett to notice that the correspondent had entered, chatting familiarly with Prescott, and now confronted him with an outstretched hand below his faint smile. Dennis ignored the hand. "General Kane, I've refused this man the station for worming operational information out of my people."

He saw anger flash and then fade, deep under Kane's blank simulation of a smile.

"Now, my boy, that's one of the things I've come down here about. You and Brockie were both trying to do right and —"

He had been looking about the room as he spoke and his eyes had fallen for the first time on Captain Jenks, waiting at rigid attention. With instant decision Kane left the Brockhurst matter in the silent air, which he had known to close over hotter

issues than this, and making straight for the Captain, he extended a hand, face and voice exuding paternal cordiality. "Why, Captain Jenks, delighted to see you, my boy."

Brockhurst watched Dennis almost visibly frosting over as Kane shook hands with the Captain and then, throwing an affectionate arm around his dirty coveralls, led him back to General Garnett.

"Cliff, this is one of our real heroes. I had the pleasure of decorating him with the DFC while Casey was in the hospital a while ago. He's a Squadron Commander and already has sixteen missions. It is sixteen, isn't it, Captain?"

"Nineteen now, sir." Jenks was embarrassed but he was visibly absorbing assurance from General Kane's patronage.

"Nineteen, eh," chuckled Kane. "I guess that name on your ship hardly applies any more. Captain Jenks named his Fortress the 'Urgent Virgin,' Cliff. Maybe you saw her. Elmer here got us a wonderful spread on her in *Coverage*, three pages and nine pictures."

Brockhurst now realized that this was indeed the boy on whom he had done the special article. He had begun the assignment with zest and ended it holding his nose. In twelve years of newspaper work he had never seen anyone, from actresses to presidents, as camera-conscious as that kid.

At the time he had shrugged and blamed the uniform. Since then he had begun to wonder. The effect of the uniform was illusory; it only intensified what was in the man. Kane's cunning and Dennis's inhuman austerity seemed sound examples. He attuned his ears as Kane went on.

"What brings you up to Division Headquarters, today, my boy? Are you helping General Dennis here?"

Jenks hesitated. "Not exactly, sir."

"It's a disciplinary matter, sir," said Dennis. "Captain Jenks and I will attend to it later."

He indicated the door to Jenks but Kane did not remove the firm arm from the Captain's shoulder.

"This is what you wanted to see, Cliff, real field problems. Now, Casey, you and Captain Jenks carry right on just as if we weren't here. If there's one thing I pride myself on it's not interfering with the vital work of my Divisions."

Dennis looked pointedly from Kane to Brockhurst.

"This is not a matter for the press, sir."

Sergeant Evans, watching intently from his post by the door, scowled to himself. Garnett looked like one of the finicky ones to him, and if Dennis were trying to get himself fired he could not have chosen a better way. Kane's courtship of the press was as notorious throughout the Division as in the Savoy. Evans saw him flush angrily before he addressed Dennis. "Brockie is a friend of mine, General." He let this sink in before turning his affability to Jenks again. "Well, what's the disciplinary trouble, my boy? Some of those high-spirited young pilots of yours getting out of hand?"

Jenks shuffled his foot through a perceptible silence. "Perhaps General Dennis will explain, sir."

"Captain Jenks is under arrest for refusal to fly the mission as ordered this morning, sir," said Dennis.

7

DENNIS had hoped to spare his visitors the pain of the preliminaries in the Jenks case. It would be bad enough for Kane if and when it got up to his level. To have it aired, prematurely, before the press and a visitor, especially a visitor of Garnett's level, shocked his entire training. He could see that Kane, too late, felt the same way. The truth had hit him like a quirt. He reddened and removed his arm hastily from Jenks's shoulder before regarding the Captain with reproachful appeal.

"My boy — Captain Jenks — I don't believe it."

Of all of them Jenks had had the most preparation. He had known it would have to come out, whether here or later. He spoke quietly, managing an air of patient grievance.

"It's true, sir, as far as the General went." Then boldly he counterattacked. "Do you know what the target was, General Kane?"

Kane palpably did not. Caught squarely, he hesitated and then turned on Brockhurst, his voice weighted with gravity.

"Brockie, I'm afraid there is a question of military security if you don't mind —"

Brockhurst did mind, acutely, but he knew that he could get what he wanted when he had Kane alone. He lingered just long enough to let Kane feel his displeasure and then walked out the ante-room door. As it closed behind him, Dennis tried swiftly to cover for Kane though he well knew that Garnett would not have missed the effect of the Captain's question. The boy was shrewd; he was going to make the maximum trouble.

"The target was Schweinhafen, sir," said Dennis.

"*Schweinhafen!* You've begun Operation Stitch?"

This was worse and worse. Inwardly Dennis now cursed Jenks for the first time. It was shocking to have Kane in such a position before Garnett but there was no help for it.

"Began yesterday with Posenleben, sir."

"*Posenleben!*" This time they could all see Kane wilt a little under the third blow. "What happened?"

"Excellent results, sir. Over three-quarters total destruction and —"

"I mean what did you lose?"

"Forty, sir."

"*Forty!* Good God! Does the press know it?"

"They haven't released it, sir. I put a security blackout on the whole thing as we agreed."

"Well, that's something." He had completely forgotten the presence of Jenks and was slowly regaining some of his composure when the horror of the next thought struck him.

"You didn't signal Washington, did you?"

This time Dennis had to check his own indignation before speaking.

"Of course not, sir. Routine report to your Headquarters only."

Kane knew they were all studying his agitation now but he had no energy to waste on appearances. As always in crisis he was sorting out the ramifications of the problem in the order of their urgency and importance. Washington was the thing that could not wait. Next he would have to prepare to handle the press. After that would be time enough to hush up the Jenks matter and make whatever explanations might be necessary to Garnett and Dennis.

"Were the claims high, Casey?"

"Very, sir. I was too busy with bomb damage assessment to count them myself but —"

"Have them tabulated at once, by groups, on heavy board, ready to photograph."

While Dennis was transmitting the order into the Ops room, Kane thought rapidly but he knew he was not thinking clearly. There were so many sides to this mess; Jenks, the Operation, the press, Washington, Garnett; each place his mind touched seemed hotter. The difficulty fired in him a surging wrath at the injustice of it. No man alive worked harder than he did; this kind of luck haunted him, every stroke of it compounding every other one. He could see that he was going to have to stop and explain to Garnett as he went along. It was unsafe not to. Garnett was already inquiring.

"Would someone mind explaining to a visitor what this Operation Stitch is?"

Dennis hesitated appropriately and then, as Kane kept his abstracted silence, spoke briefly.

"Kind of a three-horse parley, Cliff. Posenleben, Schweinhafen, and" — he glanced pointedly at Jenks and Prescott — "one other."

"I thought I was reasonably familiar with your directive," said Garnett. "But I don't remember those."

Dennis spoke dryly. "Some things aren't in directives, Cliff."

"Evidently." Garnett turned squarely to Kane. "I'm surprised that the United Chiefs haven't been informed of this, General Kane."

Evans, listening delightedly behind his inscrutable impassivity, had difficulty in suppressing a start. That guy might look like an actor but nobody spoke to Major Generals that way by accident. Locking his face muscles he waited for Kane to blast the Brigadier out of the room. Kane turned to Garnett with a rueful, disarming smile.

"I was going to send them a provisional plan but I didn't know General Dennis intended implementing it so soon."

Evans saw Dennis stiffen and saw the color change under the thin blond hair at the back of his neck. But it was the Major with a face like a toad's belly who spoke, ingratiatingly, to Garnett.

"The whole idea was General Dennis's, sir."

"And I'll explain it myself, Major," said Dennis

abrasively. "General Kane, do you wish to detain Captain Jenks further, sir?"

Kane wished that Captain Jenks had been still-born. He had just begun to figure out the line for Washington and the press when this was thrust back into his face. But Garnett was watching this, too, closely.

"Did you go on the mission yesterday, Jenks?"

"I did. It was a bloody massacre. Today will be worse."

With a spasm Kane realized that this was probably true. "Any news from today, General Dennis?"

"Strike signal from Colonel Martin, sir. It said: 'Primary plastered.'"

"I mean about losses."

"Ted indicated fighting. No details yet, sir."

Unexpectedly Evans now saw Garnett wheel on Dennis. "So Ted is flying missions."

"He led the Division today. Yesterday too."

He knew only too well what was coming. Garnett's sister was married, unhappily, to Ted Martin. Dennis had been Martin's best man. No matter how scrupulously everyone behaved, the alignment of sympathies was obvious. Garnett, with good reason, worried about the marriage. Dennis hated being dragged into it. But now that Prescott had pulled Kane a little to one side for some detailed reminder, Dennis could see Garnett gathering himself for the chance.

"You know about Helen, of course, Casey?"

"Sure — any news yet?"

"Not when I left but she's due any minute. Ted shouldn't be flying missions at all, let alone just now."

Dennis knew that Garnett himself knew better than this. Yet he couldn't help resenting the intimation that he himself had not thought of that. He spoke more curtly than he intended.

"He gets paid too. General Kane, have you any further need of Captain Jenks?"

Whatever Prescott had whispered to Kane had restored his composure somewhat. He was speaking again to Jenks and with more confidence.

"And after the terrible strain of yesterday you felt unable to take the responsibility of flying a crew again — you were under shock?"

Jenks got it instantly. "We were all under shock, sir. Two days running beyond fighter cover, when you had practically promised us —"

"That's not exactly what I said."

Jenks checked quickly. "Well, sir, we all knew you'd never ask a thing like that, just to make a record. When we learned you'd released the Division to General Dennis and then this came up, everyone was shocked."

"Everyone else went," said Dennis.

Kane cleared his throat. "General," he said, "as you know, I pride myself on never interfering with the functioning of my subordinate echelons. But in a matter that touches one of our combat boys I know you will forgive an older commander's con-

cern. With your permission I should like to talk to Captain Jenks alone."

He led Jenks to the anteroom and, with an afterthought, beckoned Prescott to follow them. Dennis shrugged. There was no help for it. He tried to make himself smile cordially as he faced Garnett and waited for some more dirty linen.

8

GARNETT, however, had understood his earlier rebuke. On everything, except this lamentable family trouble, he was a man of delicacy and perception. Recovering his normal urbanity now, he opened with some remarks about Dennis's own family. He had made a point of calling on them the day before he left. It was a normal courtesy but it was the kind many men overlooked. His consideration and the fresh letters he now delivered disarmed Dennis.

"They're fine, Casey, and terribly proud of you."

Dennis judged that Garnett might be using this as a cover for whatever official business had brought him over, but he was grateful for the chance to forget official business momentarily. The thought of Cathy and his children, especially in such inevitable contrast to poor Ted's troubles, took him for a minute out of that bleak room. He asked some further questions and warmed himself in Garnett's ringing reassurances. It was decent of Cliff to have driven 'way out into Maryland in all the haste and turmoil of his departure. And Cliff genuinely did like his family.

"Lucy carries a picture of you in a cellophane case she made herself, Casey."

"Yeah?" He was embarrassed, but greedy too. "How's the kid?"

Cliff smiled. "Young William Mitchell gave me special orders. You're to destroy all of Germany except one little piece which he wants saved for his first bomb. He means it too, Casey. He asked me if I thought you could do it."

Dennis could feel the very thought of that freckle-faced bundle of trouble renewing him. But he could no more share with Cliff than with anyone, except Cathy, the way he felt about his kids. He tried to make himself sound impersonal.

"What did you tell him?"

"Well, I told him with war you never know."

It was a typically guarded Garnett answer but it shattered the serenity Dennis had momentarily regained. Every time Ted took the Division, Dennis reminded himself sternly that it wasn't as bad as if young William Mitchell were doing it, but the margin was too thin for comfort. He spoke almost to reassure himself.

"Seven and a half years would be pretty bad even for the United Chiefs, Cliff."

Garnett tensed a little. "Don't be bitter, Casey. They have their troubles, too."

Then, detecting Dennis's instant contrition, he moved immediately to the inevitable topic.

"Helen is worried about Ted, Casey."

"Is she?"

"Very. You know that always was the real trouble."

"Was it?"

"Yes. In the early days, especially when you and Ted were testing, she got so she couldn't even answer the phone. That was why she wouldn't have kids then. She had no security, even for a day ahead."

Dennis knew that Garnett realized as well as he did that none of the other girls had had any more security. It was the thing that made him so sensitive about it, so desperate to change it somehow by talk. But it was past the help of talk and Dennis wanted only to drop the whole subject.

"No?"

"Oh, I know she left him, Casey, but think of her side of it —"

Dennis had known from the first that he would never be able to think of her side of it fairly. He had known Helen Garnett since the days when she used to come to Academy hops. The Garnett size and looks had been designed for men, but Helen had the carriage for them and the Garnett habit of authority. Dennis danced with her punctiliously, once at each hop, as he did with most of the sisters of his classmates.

Thereafter, he had seen more of her, at closer quarters, on her occasional visits to outlying posts. Dennis and Cathy both liked Cliff's Natalie. Army life forced propinquity upon them and they had exchanged dinners, played cards, alternated in the hospitality of the weekly movies, and loaned and borrowed food and bathtub gin on a dozen dreary fields from Clark to Bolling. Helen's visits always touched these exiles, for the girls at least, with the fleeting metropolitan glamour of new clothes and hair styles.

To the young bachelor officers who thronged the houses during her visits she brought the gayety of visiting royalty — brief, bright dreams of a powerful connection and an expert facility for terminating these hopes without undue pain. Even they seemed to understand and approve the Garnetts' tacit assumption that Helen belonged to a brighter world than the services offered. For all of his normal acuteness, Dennis had been a little surprised the first time Cathy had privately pronounced her cold-blooded.

Often by the imperial whims which wrote the orders in the service, the Garnetts and Dennises drifted apart to different posts on different assignment. It was following one of these separations that the Dennises had been ordered, as unexpectedly and inconveniently as always, to Washington during the summer while Cathy was having William Mitchell. The orders were only temporary and had caught them in what was even for them a financial crisis.

The sweltering, cockroach-ridden little flat on H Street was one of their few unhappy memories.

Even by then Ted Martin had become practically a member of the family. With the relative opulence of a bachelor on flying pay he had his own flat in Georgetown, a new car, and an expanding address book which did not run to dowagers. He had come over to the Dennis flat one Sunday with an offer to drive them out of the city heat for dinner, just as Cliff was telephoning to ask them across the river for a julep. Cliff had cordially included him in the invitation.

Two previous Generals Garnett had married prudently, and while Garnett's Tree was not a mansion, the big hall was cool with the river breeze coming in across the terrace, and the old Georgian brick wore the languorous charm of its generations with shabby grace. They had stepped from dazzling sunlight on the bluestone drive into a serene antiquity just as Helen burst into the opposite terrace door, her black hair vivid against a summery white dress.

She had greeted Cathy and Dennis warmly enough but with the slight inattentiveness she always accorded married people. She had been turning away from her introduction to Ted before the echo of his name caught in her consciousness, and she had repeated, as people had begun to repeat that name: —

"Not *the* Lieutenant Martin? Why, Cliff never told me he knew you."

On the terrace Cliff had introduced them with evident satisfaction to Helen's fiancé, a prosperous-looking middle-aged stockbroker, who sighed amiably over his julep. "You fellows have all the fun."

They had spent a pleasant afternoon, thanks to Cliff's excellent juleps, and departed over Helen's vociferous protests that they remain for pickup supper. On the way down the river Cathy had kidded Ted about Helen's obvious interest in him. Ted had replied indifferently that the brassiere had not yet been made which could keep her from being anything but another Garnett stuffed shirt.

The next morning Helen had called Cathy to ask for Ted's address and phone number. It happened that that week he had been flying something to Sacramento. In the eight days of his absence Helen had called Cathy three times more.

9

TED had been back about six weeks when Garnett had come out from the War Department to the hangar one morning to ask Dennis bluntly what he knew about this Lieutenant Martin. The question had astonished Dennis. He had begun to explain what he had very early perceived and what the whole service was now beginning to realize about Lieutenant Martin, when Garnett cut him short impatiently. "I know all that. Casey, Helen's broken her engagement to Morton Collins."

The connection seemed to him incredible. Ted

had not mentioned Helen since that Sunday. He remarked this but Garnett only shook his head and then blurted: "It's not as if he'd been at the Point with us. Does he understand *all* the rules, Casey?"

All the rules meant the unwritten but explicit one that propinquity and boredom had established to protect peacetime tedium; all the brothers were valiant, all the sisters were virtuous. An equally explicit corollary to this rule was that exceptions to it must be conducted three miles from the flagpole.

He had reassured Garnett as delicately as he could. He knew that Cliff's judgments were apt to be superficial and in this case probably not untinged with envy. Even by then the envious were trying to dismiss the foundations of the growing Martin legend with the simple explanation of Martin luck. Dennis knew better. There was far more than luck in the perfection of that flying, far more than an aviator in the complexity of the man himself.

Dennis doubted that any woman had ever touched the capacity for thought and feeling locked up in the pilot below the troublesome and insubordinate young Lieutenant. He could scarcely tell Cliff that Helen seemed the last woman in the world to do it. He did tell him privately that he knew Ted was happily preoccupied in half a dozen other directions.

Garnett had thanked him and gone off glumly. Dennis had forgotten it until, in the privacy of their bedroom that night, Cathy had remarked that they saw little of Ted lately. She had looked around from her hair-combing indignantly as he told her of Cliff's visit that day. "Ted indeed! Why doesn't he teach Helen the rules?"

"Helen?"

"Casey! She had rape in her eye that afternoon."

He had protested, more to himself than to her; in the first place he didn't believe it. If it were true, Ted had survived other encounters with that peril.

"No wonder you two can fly blind! Don't you realize she's playing for keeps?"

"Well, I don't know what we can do. Ted's of age —"

"And she's three years older. Casey, can't you order him somewhere?"

He had explained to her that newly created Captains did not order people anywhere, and had done his best to forget. Later in the week they accepted a hasty dinner invitation from the Garnetts with foreboding. Ted's car was in the driveway as they arrived. In the hall Ted and Helen greeted them arm in arm, Ted's face stiff with an unnatural smile as Helen announced the engagement.

Three months later Ted had driven into the hangar one morning, late again. One glance showed Dennis that he was also unfit to fly again. But instead of pretending, he had beckoned Dennis into the car and slammed the door for privacy. "Casey, is there any place officers can't take wives?"

Dennis had known by then — they had all known — that it was going badly. The finality of this shocked him. It was the first time Ted had spoken

of it. But they never beat around the bush with each other.

"Look, Ted, these things adjust themselves in time. And you've got the kid to think of —"

"There isn't any kid," said Ted. "There never was."

10

WITH an effort Dennis pulled his attention back to Garnett, who was still talking.

"Five years in boardinghouses on gold-bar pay," Garnett was saying. "The morning he made First he had to call his CO a goddamned fool and get busted before lunch. That afternoon he turned down twelve thousand a year from the best airline in America. What would you have thought?"

"I've always thought he was a rare guy, Cliff."

"She's realized that, Casey. She did go back to him."

"Cliff, what's all this leading to?"

"Does Ted think she just came back to him and is having that kid because he is pretty secure now?"

"You'll have to ask Ted what he thinks. It's his business."

"Ted and I were never very close," persisted Garnett. "You know what he thinks of you."

"Maybe that's because I don't try to run his life."

"It's in your hands. You don't have to send him at his age."

Dennis flinched and looked at his wrist watch.

"I don't have to send any of them. We could all be secure, under Hitler."

Instantly he felt ashamed of the retort because he knew that Garnett, too, was deeply troubled. He was relieved at the sight of Kane leading his party into the room again, walking with some of his old assurance as he brought Jenks straight over to them.

"General Dennis, Captain Jenks is obviously the victim of a shock condition induced by the strain of his nineteen missions. This is a clear-cut case of combat-fatigue — a medical, not a disciplinary matter. He needs immediate rest."

"Sir, did the Captain tell you that he finished ten days in a rest house Thursday and has been medically certified fit for the completion of this tour?"

He saw Kane coloring again, apoplectically, but it did not cool his own fury. This preposterous fabrication was an insult to his investigation. It was probably the idea of Prescott, whose smirk had vanished now. Kane, with a clear head, would never have fallen for such a stupid stratagem. Already he had begun to think of a new way out, but Prescott, now under a heightened obligation, spoke first.

"Captain Jenks, did you know of any defect in your plane that would have made such a long flight impossible for it?"

"His co-pilot took the plane. It hasn't aborted." Dennis chopped the words out fast to save Kane from

this second transparent trap. But although he had heard clearly, Kane clutched at the straw. "We won't know that till the plane comes back," he said.

"If it comes back," said Dennis. He had never seen Kane fumble like this before. There must be serious trouble in London or Washington. Dennis felt doubly guilty that his chief should have to be worried with such a business at the moment. But Kane was regaining a little of his old brusqueness.

"We'll continue the investigation later, General," he said.

The guard answered Dennis instantly and they all watched through a taut silence while he marched Jenks out.

"General," said Kane as the door closed, "this is very serious."

"Every detail will be checked, sir. It happened at 5.20 this morning. I've got the rest of the twenty-four hours."

He wanted to shield Kane from it as long as possible, to make him see that it was not his burden yet, that every resource would be strained to keep it from becoming his burden. But Kane's perceptions had outraced intermediate consolation.

"Twenty-four hours for what?"

"To charge him, sir." If Kane wanted to face it, that was it.

"What charge are you considering?"

"Unless something new comes up, the only possible charge is: 'Desertion in the Face of the Enemy.'"

"Good God, boy! We can't shoot a man with nineteen missions and a DFC."

Dennis pitied him. His own mind had recoiled from the implication of this case. He had hoped to save Kane some of what he had been through himself. But it was out now. He had to help Kane get himself together. "Do you think we'll ever have another tough mission if we don't, sir? At a group briefing this morning when the target map was uncovered I saw five men cross themselves. One fainted. But they went and they know Jenks didn't."

He could tell that Kane understood. It simply took time for any mind to face it. Garnett had already taken it in and was digesting it slowly. It was that presumptuous new aide who seemed to feel that speech, any speech, was better than what they were all thinking. "Couldn't a quiet transfer be arranged, say to transport or training?" he asked.

"So he could go yellow there and kill passengers or students?"

But Prescott either didn't want to learn or couldn't.

"Precautions can be taken, General," he persisted.

"There is such a thing as the end justifying the means. This case would put the honor of the whole Air Forces at stake."

"It already has. Every man in the Division knows it."

"I was thinking of the larger picture."

"You can. I'm thinking of the Division. It doesn't require your assistance, Major."

He did not enjoy squelching this worm but Prescott was going to embarrass General Kane with his effrontery sooner or later unless he learned some manners somewhere. Kane himself seemed to be catching up to this now. "Homer, go talk this over, very thoroughly, with Elmer Brockhurst."

As the aide closed the anteroom door behind him, Kane spoke a little apologetically to Dennis.

"Brockhurst has a remarkable feel for public reaction, Casey. We've got to consider every angle."

Dennis picked up the file and extended it to Kane.

"There are dubious Engineers' reports on two previous abortions, sir. He apparently got this DFC for happening to be in the lead and bringing a squadron home after the Commander had gone down over Brest. But that's routine. He was made Squadron Commander after his twelfth mission, which is pretty fast for a boy with one questionable abortion at the time, even in a squadron with 72 per cent losses."

Kane did not take the file. He had not been paying full attention through the recital and his next question shocked Dennis. "Have you talked to his Group Commander, Casey?"

"You didn't get yesterday's reports, sir?"

"No. I was at a meeting in London. Why?"

"Colonel Ledgrave went down yesterday, sir."

He could see both Kane and Garnett recoil from the news as he had done when he took it over the phone. "My God," said Kane softly. "Leddy! Any parachutes seen?"

"Two, coming out of the left waist gate, sir. But Leddy was riding with the bombardier and she exploded just as the waist gunners got out."

"Casey," said Garnett, "is it necessary for — for our own people — to go so often?"

"Yes."

Kane spoke again now, wearily but clearly.

"Had Leddy never mentioned Jenks to you?"

"Never, sir."

"That's my oversight, Casey. I had meant to tell you as I told him, in confidence, that Captain Jenks's uncle is on the Military Affairs Committee in the House."

11

COLONEL HALEY was not the most perceptive of men, but entering just then he could feel the surcharged tension in the room. Garnett and Kane were looking at each other tensely. Dennis was nodding his head slowly over the Jenks file.

Ignoring the others, Haley addressed himself to Dennis.

"Two sightings, sir. First from the Royal Observer Corps. Thirty-nine coming over the Channel now."

"How did they look?"

"Ragged, sir. Five feathered props reported."

"What's the other?"

"Two in the Channel, so far, sir. Air-Sea Rescue has a good plot on one and Spitfires will cover the pickup."

Dennis nodded. Haley did his most formal about-face and closed the door quickly behind him.

"How soon will you have a count?" asked Kane.

"About forty minutes, sir. They'll start landing soon."

Kane nodded and stepped over to the window for a look at the sky. There was tarnish on the old-style wings he wore, but he always forbade his Sergeant to polish them.

"Am I right in surmising this sounds bad?" asked Garnett.

"Ted says they plastered the target."

"I was thinking about losses."

"That's one way of thinking of it," said Dennis shortly.

"Casey, what are you trying to do that's more important than losses? I'm very familiar with your directive and *this is* your build-up period. Frankly, I don't know what the United Chiefs will think."

"When did they start thinking?"

"Casey!" Kane looked at him sternly.

"Sorry, sir."

He knew he had that one coming. Kane seldom bothered to rebuke trifles. Now, as if regretting this, he came over to them and made his voice conciliatory. "Casey, Cliff here has been sent over with some pretty important dope for us. I think I'll ask him to tell you the story just as he told it to me."

Dennis composed himself patiently, wondering which of Washington's multitudinous apprehensions had catapulted his classmate across the Atlantic. He could still remember the solemn minions who had flown in by highest priority to insist that the "nipples and other anatomical portions normally covered" of the young ladies painted on Fortress noses be overpainted with clothing.

Instead of opening immediately Garnett digressed for a short demonstration of the strength he represented. "I'll tell Casey, of course, sir. But before I do I would like to be briefed on this Operation Stitch."

"Haven't you told him, sir?"

Kane thought before answering, "I thought it would be fairer for you to, since it's so largely your idea, Casey."

The disavowal was so obvious that it startled Dennis. He decided that he must be touchy today, as he always was when Ted was out. The hell with it. He strode over to the Swastika on the wall and tapped it.

"Six weeks ago a German fighter, the one this came from, landed on the No. 1 Strip out there." He pointed and Cliff glanced briefly through the window.

"Shot up?"

"No. The pilot was a Czechoslovakian engineer and test pilot. He'd been forced to work for them but when they sent him to the Baltic with this job for testing he flew it here instead. The weather was ten tenths and this was the first field he saw when he broke through."

"Accommodating," said Cliff. "What kind of fighter was it?"

"Focke-Schmidt One."

"Focke-Schmidt One?"

"Remember the dope we got out of Lisbon on a new, jet-propelled fighter — Messerschmitt wing, the new Serrenbach propulsion unit — forty-eight thousand service ceiling and six hundred at thirty thousand?"

"Yes," Garnett nodded, "but Wright Field said it was impossible."

"I know. This is what it does."

Walking over to the board, Dennis stripped back another section of the curtain mask, wondering, as he did, how long it had been since Cliff had studied a performance curve. Garnett followed him to the board and ran a swift, expert finger along the coordinate lines of the big graph, inked on in different colors, while Dennis watched approvingly.

"These are the tests," said Dennis, indicating rapidly the red, green, yellow, and blue curves. "Thunderbolt, Mustang, Lightning, and Spit Twelve." Then as he saw Garnett beginning to gape with comprehension he lifted his hand to the heavy black curve so obviously in a class by itself. "And this is the Focke-Schmidt One."

"Jesus Christ!" said Garnett. Then he caught himself and spoke accusingly. "Oh, I see, the German job's in kilometers."

"No, it isn't. That's miles too."

Garnett wheeled from the incontrovertible evidence of the curve. "Who made these tests?"

"Ted Martin and I."

"You two?"

"Three turns apiece."

Garnett traced the black curve with an incredulous finger. "You did that in your — at your age?"

Dennis had prepared himself for this. It was not widely known, even among regulars, that he had been forbidden both speed and oxygen under the bluntest medical warning. His friends were always careful, when something brought it up, to remind him that it was an honorable deficiency. He had burnt out his capacity for extremes in the service. But it still hurt to be less than he had been, to see reservations about himself in other eyes.

In a combat command it had been downright awkward. Kane had advised him to permit issuance of a public statement about why he never flew missions as most Generals occasionally did. Dennis knew it was stupid, but he had stonily replied that unless his superior believed that it affected the Command's morale adversely he regarded his physical condition as a private matter. Kane had not forced him; he knew, as did the whole service, that in his present condition Dennis could work most men into the ground.

"You shouldn't have done it, Casey," said Garnett.

"I wanted to be sure. It gave me a week in the hospital to think things over afterward."

He was making a mental note to swear Cliff to silence about this when he saw Cathy on his return, but in the midst of it he remembered that he did

not yet know whether Cliff was returning. Garnett was tracing the curve again with an awed, rueful finger.

"Well, of course the new Mustang will be a big improvement —"

"This is not an improvement, Cliff. It's a revolution."

"Yeah. But with enough Mustangs, and the new Thunderbolts —"

"Can you arrange an armistice until we get 'em?"

"When will the Germans get these?"

"They've got three factories in line production now. Or rather," he added with a brief smile, "they had day before yesterday. The Czech thinks they already have one Group on conversion training. Our Intelligence has lost that Group for a month."

"Have you lost any planes to it?"

"Lost planes don't report, Cliff. We've had no sightings from the bombers. But last week we wrote off three reconnaissance planes for the first time in months. They were stripped to the ribs and flying at forty thousand but something got them."

Kane spoke now with a petulance that Dennis understood. He had tried to resist this information himself.

"Of course we don't *know* it was this plane that got them."

"It wasn't mice."

"What about this Czech, Casey? Could this be a double cross?"

Garnett's mind, too, was following the protesting pattern. He was begging for a denial of that curve. Grimly, Dennis went on to explain the other steps of his investigation. He told Garnett how, with Kane's permission, he had gone down to Whitehall itself, where the gray-faced men worked deep underground behind doors. He had a deep respect for Intelligence, the men who dropped into darkness by parachutes, who counterfeited their way into faraway hangars and headquarters.

He told Cliff how Intelligence had traced out the Czech's genealogy, how they had put infrared cameras on night fighters and photographed the Focke-Schmidts, which only came out of hiding after dark, on the aprons of three camouflaged factory airfields. Then, leaving the graph, Dennis pulled the mask from the Operational map and revealed the little triangle of black dots.

"Posenleben, Schweinhafen, and Fendelhorst. That's Operation Stitch, for Stitch in time —"

Garnett whistled. "They're far enough in."

"Marshal Milch thinks better of us these days," said Dennis ruefully.

"What's the present limit of fighter cover, Casey?"

Dennis picked up a piece of blue crayon and swung the arc on the plexiglas map cover. Garnett didn't even bother to reach for the measuring tape. The gap between line and dots was too clear.

As he proceeded with his exposition, Dennis noticed that Kane was studying Garnett as intently as Garnett was studying the problem. He had forgotten

Cliff's capacity for concentration and for absorbing information rapidly. The counter questions were pointed and pertinent. Dennis had time to reflect that the United Chiefs probably asked sharp questions, too. He could see that Kane, like himself, was trying to read the Chiefs through their Secretary. But it was also part of the Secretary's business to keep his thoughts to himself.

"This curve was made, Cliff, with four 30-millimeter cannon mounted."

He could see Garnett's brief silence reducing this last arithmetic to its shocking significance in range and lethal burst.

"Good God! How were they?"

"Sweet up to thirty-five thousand. That's enough."

It was. Garnett took a long breath.

"Casey, why hasn't this technical data been reported?"

"It has. Through channels. You'll hear from it in about a year."

A rueful nod. Then: "What's your honest opinion, Casey?"

"This can run us out of Europe in sixty days."

Kane broke into protest.

"That's giving them absolute perfection in production, in testing, in crew conversion, in armament operation, in spotting, signals, control, tactics —" He paused, plainly groping for still further margin between himself and the blunt truth.

"That's giving them thirty days to get two Groups operational and thirty more to catch one of our columns for just half an hour, sir. I put that in the report, Cliff."

"Why didn't you send this report to us?" asked Garnett.

Dennis did not answer. Garnett turned from him slowly for a deliberate, inquiring scrutiny of Kane. The Major General stirred like a man trying to shake off a bad dream.

"I couldn't endorse such alarming conclusions, Cliff. This would disturb the United Chiefs at the very time when everything depends on our getting well established here, on an acceptable loss basis, for the good of the whole service."

"You didn't agree with the report then, sir?"

"Nobody could prove these assumptions now," said Kane angrily. "We have experimental jobs of our own that could be hotbedded up to test like that with Ted or Casey flying. I did send a preliminary appreciation that we could not exclude the possibility of encountering an unsuspected enemy capability."

"Did you approve this Operation Stitch, sir?"

Kane's ruddy face was dark purple.

"I told General Dennis that this operation constitutes a tactical emergency within the scope of Division Commanders' directives. If, in his opinion, the threat justifies countermeasures —"

"That's my opinion, Cliff," said Dennis. "It's my rap."

Kane flashed him a grateful glance but Garnett shook his head.

"Your losses are the United Chiefs' rap, Casey. As a matter of fact, that's what I'm over here about. A lot of our people were very upset, even before yesterday. A very substantial body of opinion still doesn't believe we can succeed with daylight precision bombardment."

"A very substantial body of opinion didn't believe in the Wright brothers, either."

"It isn't quite that simple, Casey. This program is making a terrible drain on our over-all resources of the very best manpower and matériel. I may as well tell you that the United Chiefs are having another Global Allocation meeting on Tuesday."

There was instant relief in realizing what had been wrong with Kane today. He had already known this, Dennis gathered.

"Tuesday — I've had to wait three weeks for this run of weather, Cliff. You can only count on about one three-day run a summer here. But we got Posenleben yesterday and Schweinhafen today and this is only Saturday. Weather thinks it will be okay for Fendelhorst tomorrow. We can finish before that meeting can do anything to us."

"Have you thought what losses like this might do to that meeting?"

He had been thinking of exactly that.

Kane took up the slack of the silence. "This could upset the whole larger picture, Casey."

"Would you rather have Göring upset it, sir?"

"That's *still* an assumption," said Kane plaintively. "The over-all plan calls for me — for us — to have the largest bomber force in the hemisphere. These two days are going to be a terrible shock to the Chiefs, Casey. I'm not at all sure that, for the good of the whole service, I'm justified in permitting a third —"

"You've got to, sir," snapped Dennis. "Concentration is the crux of this matter. You agreed to that before I started."

"Why? Why just now?" inquired Garnett.

"Weather," said Dennis. "It may be a month before we can get back to Fendelhorst. These two attacks have tipped our hand. Half the rolling flak in Germany is probably on its way there right now. They'll either make it impregnable or disperse that machinery until we'll never find it unless we get it in the next forty-eight hours."

Garnett nodded absently but his frown reflected a detachment from such details as European weather. Kane and Dennis regarded each other stonily. Then, even before their ears could hear the first faint roaring, the three men with one accord made for the windows as everything else in their minds gave way to the pressure of the returning Fortresses.

(To be continued)



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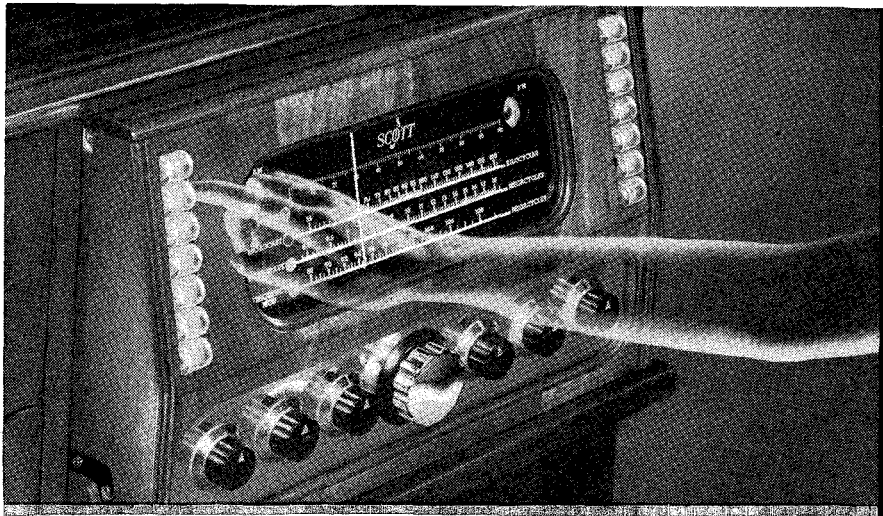
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